“Son”

Objectives are made, but seldom reached:
   Likely forgotten, or a stolen deed.
Dreams are chased, but realities faced—
   Like the many who cried, or rendered goodbyes.

Inevitably, we are confronted with the toils of life,
   Like Alice Paul who fought for her rights.
   Indefinitely, impediments arise,
   But the one who overcame eternally survives.

Unearth your passion as to never be lost,
   Since ordinariness will taint your thoughts.
Take your shots as to capitalize your threshold,
   For a fruitless existence will render one stagnant.

Do not be afraid to cross your boundaries,
   As the emperor who reigns was trained in a “foundry”.
“The Onlooker’s Misery”

It was Sunday when he had finished his chores,
Sweeping dusts for nickels—or perhaps more.
Cigarette butts and beer cans littered the floor;
Their colors perpetually contrasted the bleak cement walls.
A silent night, he walked alone,
Along the Bronx streets to which he called home.
Darkness lurked his path with an unforgiving tone.
Abruptly came a woman whose beauty, cannot be cloned.
Traced by a cloaked rogue, she asked him for help.
Hurriedly pleading, her meek body shivered, like a tender calf.
Trepidation fell, so the man scurried off.
Left her life hanging when all he had to do: was yell...
The next morning, he walked to work.
Along the road, he talked with a jolly clerk.
It was a gentle summer’s day, with a sunrise that glimmered like sweet glaze.
Both men were glad: they have earned their pays.
By the newsstand, they bought their coffee.
As he read the headlines, his head grew drowsy.
The words had blazed his eyes, stained his mind.
Myrtle was killed: a victim of his own crime.
The murderer was convicted during the night,
But he was the discreet culprit, playing the mime.
Alerting the police would have sufficed,
Yet his silence bred a needless sacrifice.

The word “mortal” holds two distinct definitions:
To be subject to death, or to be liable to cause death.
Negligence renders both meanings—thus paradoxically mortal.
Albeit negligence codes for lethal consequences,
A simple interference could shatter its devastation.
This critical event, however, is unfailingly absent,
Thus accounting for the perceived immortality of negligence.
I urge you in an attempt to battle and defeat inaction,
For negligence propagates evil and ignorance breeds abyss.