

Plundered Souls in the Night of Day

By Mark Edgemon

(Inspired by Robin Lipinski's challenge on the topic, "Blind Pirates of the Caribbean".)

Filthy lucre, stains the hands and injures the heart
Of those who cheat their way unto success.
Winning at all cost...is loss and more over
Dread is the fate that is laid in store
For the predators, bereft of true purpose and meaning
Whose might is only a shadow of things they might have been.

They hide their plunder in accounts overseas,
In island banks of the Caribbean, their buried loot
Like pirates of old, stashed for a time and a season.
The true bounty of a clean spirit, unfettered by marring
Has been ransacked by one too many deeds of self gain
Now matching their decaying souls with wrinkling flesh.

The diseases within take hold without
As their dimming eyes match the darkness inside.
They wait for death, laughing to themselves of their hidden treasure
Until the messenger of death reaps their souls,
Their money now up for grabs to whoever connives possession of their spoils
For there are no treasures where they are going, just languishing regret.