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By Robin Lipinski

Seeds of hate always,
Always waiting to grow,
Always stuck as a seed,
Never knowing conviction of love,
Never tasting the water of truth,
Never reaching the moment of bearing fruit.
It is eternal in trial,
Is is easy to plant,
It is easy to digest even though it is not truly edible,
Mankind stores it,
Mankind adores it,
Mankind is you and I,
Blinded by true love,
Blinded by compassion,
Blinded by forgiveness,
Blinded, you and I.
Eternal Son,
Shining eternal high,
One day,
Hate and we shall see,
Peace.

The End