

Aletheian, Wounds Of The Tongue

Blood drips down the spine of the unknowing victim.

Tongue like steel plunges deep into the spirit,
piercing more than just feelings, severing the ties of brotherhood.

Thought shot from the hip inflicts a mortal wound.

Festering contempt now burns darkly in the mind of the inflicted.

Clumsily worded, insincere apologies try to suture the wounds of the tongue,
motivated by self-concern rather than remorse.

Nonchalant disregard for the implications of destructive comments fuels the corrosion of social unity.

Smile in their presence, slander in their absence.

Cut the flesh from their bones as their backs are turned.

Years of bitter tears can flow from a split second comment.

Words can never wash away the wounds of the tongue.

Only love and remorse can heal the spirit.