

THE WICKED COME

The wicked come and the wicked go,
And then they come again.

We stand and watch their path through time.

We seize the chance to help,
But their folly do we see,
And leave them to their misery.

We learned. We know.
They must, by choice, be undone.

Sympathy arises not, nor sorrow, for a kindred one.
We have walked and stalked and crawled that path before.
We know it leads to Holy Darkness,
An exponential magnitude of Light
Requiring the end of mortality to behold.

So we laugh and cheer, their like to watch,
Who've found the wicked path . . .
And may travel a hundred times before they ascend.

Then we give a toast to the secret of Joy in misery.

