

THE RICHEST HEART

YOU ROLL ALONG IN FANCY STEEL
THINKING YOU ARE A SUCCESS
WHILE YOUR HEART HAS GROWN COLD
YOUR THINGS ARE SHINEY
MINE ARE AS DULL AS MY FLESH
YOUR NAILS ARE TRIMMED – BUT SOFT
MINE ARE LONG AND HARD
YOUR TONGUE WHIPS UNJUSTLY
MINE COMFORTS YOUR FLARE
NO WRONG HAVE I SOUGHT
BUT YOU TAUNT ME WITH GOLD
WHAT USE ARE MATERIALS
IF YOU ARE CHAINED
BY THE MAJESTIC ZEAL

-James Collins