Resentments

"When I stab me will you die?"

RESENTMENTS ARE NOT PLEASANT,
THEY¹RE EVEN HARD TO HOLD,
YET MANY PEOPLE KEEP THEM,
AS IF THEY¹RE PRECIOUS GOLD.

THEY POLISH THEM WITH SCORN
AND BUFF THEM WITH PRIDE,
THEN WITHIN THEIR PRECIOUS BODY,
THEY TUCK THEM DEEP INSIDE.

THEY CHOOSE TO BURY THEM DEEP,
INSTEAD OF THROWING THEM OUT
SO WHEN THE OCCASION ARISES,
THEY HAVE A CAUSE TO POUT.

THEY LOCK THEM AWAY
SO THAT OTHERS CANNOT SEE,
BUT NO ONE EVER SEEKS A
RESENTMENT KEY.

RESENTMENTS SERVE NO PURPOSE,
THEY DEVASTATE THE HEART.
THEY¹RE ROTTEN TO THE BONE,
AND TEAR A SOUL APART.

MANY JUSTIFY THEM WITH ANGER
THEN WRAP THEM IN THEIR PAIN.
IGNORE THE PART THEY PLAY,
AND SHIFT ALL THE BLAME.

AND EVEN WHEN APOLOGIES COME,
THEY SEEM TO COME,
TOO LATE.
FOR RESENTMENTS ARE NURTURED
BY DROPS OF BITTER HATE.

RESENTMENTS CAN WEIGH HEAVY,
LIKE A TON OF GOLD.
BUT THEY ARE WORTHLESS
AND DETRIMENTAL,
AND MUCH TOO HARD TO HOLD.