

Good and Evil

*When good and evil meet as one,
Everything tangles, comes undone.
The whole thing simply cannot flow,
For two such souls pull to and fro.
White cannot walk with black in peace,
Two different shades, two different creeds.
What do they do? They bite and fight —
This cannot bring a true, real light.
Let white not go where black resides,
And all will feel more whole inside.
The Creator too will smile above,
For less will weigh upon His love.
He'll live more brightly, free from strife,
See something fairer — live a better life.*