Can poisoned apple blindness ever help
Rebuking those whose deeds eclipse the truth?
Unactive silence, seen as a coarse consent,
an ugly stain upon our secret-self.

A careful word so someone may discern;
refraining not an act when need is known.
our every act, like static sparks of life,
can stop or jump-start sunless shattered souls.

A timely touch to ease a mind in grief;
exposing truth when comfort elsewhere lies;
a kindness done that only God beholds.

Without an action wrongs shall taint today;
tomorrows promise, beautys truth undone,
our silence sleeps as ugly shamed consent.