

## **Ragged Claws**

By William A. Cook

I should have been a pair of ragged claws  
Scuttling across the floors of silent seas;  
Barren of loins, bereft of kin, to cause  
No harm to friend or foe, to raise no pleas.

For forgiveness, justify no action  
Before another's iron commandments;  
Damned to darkness, a daughter's perdition,  
Lost forever to love and sad laments,

Purgations of the soul of those with flaws  
That undermine commandments, as roots, trees  
Determine kind, height, all and give us pause  
To condemn what gives us life to see.

Our time like waters of the heart do bend  
The course toward its inevitable end.

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