

A Picture of Life

Camouflage

A fine young man,
A picture of life,
Dislikes himself
In the mirror.
We saw him off,
We talked of love,
We talked of sin
And forgot him.
A fine young man,
A picture of life,
Died alone
In the gutter.
We drank the wine,
We felt the pain,
But no one felt
Like his mother.
Father's not there,
A coward's choice,
He scorned his son,
So inhuman!
We shook our heads
And turned away,
We also denied
That we knew him