## **The Silver Platter**

Something has to be true Besides what is true Enraged at one's own helplessness Helplessness that is one's own fault God made us and now He wants us to die I cannot care

What do you think? What do you do? Kneel before you, just for a moment

A child's love is useless What is there left to withstand? Margarine spooned into illness Alone at both sunset and dawn To persist in inhuman fury It could have been wonderful It tastes like a cookie

What do you think? What do you do?