

Maskil 7

The Choice:

To live without regrets or this unwelcome retrospection

I never give myself a hero's life.

Most often melt to be less than a squire.

The dragon tally proves the living high'r

Than heads I bruise within my own desire.

The rescued child out-weigh'd by those that die;

Beyond my help I hear the cowboy cry,

And damsels in distress but vainly sigh

No glory blaze, I choose a coward's pyre.

The truth too cold, I rather love a liar.

My bargain loyalties high bidders buy

To trade for laughing smiles devotions' tie.

No Anthems sing, I play the coyote's fife.

To haunt Delilah's lap not Gilgal's knife,

I never give myself a hero's life.

Cactus Jack McCarty

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