

Armor of Protection
by Jim Gleeson

Why must steel surround?

A shroud of “wrong” enters.

Always wrong,

Yet somehow right

The protection is for those that say

“I am love,

I am vulnerable,

I ask protection.”

The Knight garbed in the

steel shroud returns

‘I shall do as you ask.’”

But is wrong for carrying out his duty

So, he’s the fool who must ‘give it up’

For he is wrong

Humbled, yet so misled

The mistress wonders

why he does not like her in black

He does not like those who shroud themselves

For he knows its deception

He has been shrouded by others