
The Parade of Men
Melody Landis

We are the parade of men, soft scents, decent looks and sheepish hearts.
We fill the souls of others by the emptying of our own.
Ours ears bleed with secrets and our mouths drip with honey.
White are our faces, but that is not our innocence.
There is neither time of peace nor state of war; for us, we always have strife.
What life have we here? What dust is this?
Passing, silence.