

Harold's Justice

World is bemoaning Harold today for his virtue,
Little knowing what he wanted from life and what he got,
Life is a relentless dogfight for fairness, honor, and reward,
But what we get is a trickle for our pains.

Tell everyone that life does not do justice,
But is a heartless reckoner and broker,
What we offer is blood and sweat,
What we get is strife and wounds.

For nine decades Harold sowed flowers,
But he did not always see them grow,
Today he is in eternity where there are no judges,
Everything is truthful and there is only God's word.

What he suffered only he knew,
What he left behind is potent for humanity,
His smile and tolerance will linger on,
His rectitude and nobility will stay with us for a while.

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