Bourne toWrite...
creative writing workshops

The Leopard's Art

by Juliet Robinson

I track the weight of my remorse
Yet never alter on my course
Sorry I have often been,
yet never scrubbed the linen clean

Can put myself in others shoes
Can feel the weight of what they lose
Can trace the ache they didn't choose
And marvel at their growing bruise

So, here's the thing, the bug that burrows
I did not mean to cause you sorrows
I understand your aches and pains
The hurt that swims through your veins.

And yet, watch me argue innocence
Didn't mean such insolence
Odd you find me ambivalent
I swear I'm not malevolent

I know, repentance requires a different course
To change my actions at their source
The promise of my deep remorse
the riding of a different horse

But here's the rub, my fault at heart
My never wanting to restart
To change myself, the leopard's art
To shed my spots is a coward's part