

Gossip

*It steadily hums on the city streets,
In shops and houses, day and night . . .
Destructive gossip like viper's sting
And not one word is fact or right.*

*No one remembers that God has said
Each idle word shall have reckoning.
The gossips defy Him in flagrant joy
Of hearing their own vile whispering.*

*With hundreds of victims, they search for more,
Not knowing their own dark dirge is sung
On discordant notes on the ears of God,
By the treacherous barbs of an idle tongue.*



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