

# Blame's Not Born Yet (Say Something in Poetry)

[Lex Zaleta](#)

The ever-faithful sun  
Greets us each new morning.  
Then storm clouds overrun  
Our dreams without warning. We walk in shadows,  
Eyes pressed to the ground.  
We walk in shadows,  
Afraid to turn around. Let's bypass all this sorrow,  
Dead end this regret.  
Let's step into tomorrow  
Where better angels tread.  
Let's slip into tomorrow  
Where blame's not born yet. Each new day seems to take  
Every bit of our strength.  
Each night, we lie awake  
And replay it at length. We pray we can make  
Something of our cold lives.  
We curse our past mistakes,  
Curse our husbands, curse our wives. Let's bypass all this sorrow,  
Dead end this regret.  
Let's step into tomorrow  
Where better angels tread.  
Let's slip into tomorrow  
Where blame's not born yet. Peace is a freedom rider;  
She's a lover, not a fighter.  
Next war, don't invite her -  
She won't be comin' 'round your door. Let's bypass all this sorrow,  
Dead end this regret.  
Let's step into tomorrow  
Where better angels tread.  
Let's slip into tomorrow  
Where blame's not born yet. Let's slip into tomorrow  
Where blame's not born yet.  
Where better angels  
Banish sorrow,  
Remorse, and regret.  
Let's slip into tomorrow  
Where blame's not born yet.

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