

To the Victor Go the Spoils

Inspection 12

I tread down the street today as far as I could.
I thought long and hard about if what I done was good.
I petitioned my brain: Was I proud or in vain.
Where I stood?
But who are you to say what's true?
And who am I to say your right?
It's up to you and me.
I made up my mind today or so I had thought.
I planned out a speech for what would happen if we fought.
No remorse, No regret, No forgive, No forget.
Something's unethical is it me?

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