

Nika Turbina

You'll away with nothing

You'll away with nothing
You'll get away with nothing,
Not with a brittle, harsh sound –
For lies breed dangerous echoes.
Not with your lust for dosh,
Nor brisk step, fraught with triumph.
You'll get away with nothing,
Not with a long-forgotten friend, whose company is awkward,
Not with a tiny ant, squashed by your placid boot.
Such is the vicious circle, you get away with nothing.
And even if you get away with some things,
There is a price to pay,
And man goes off his mind, unwittingly.