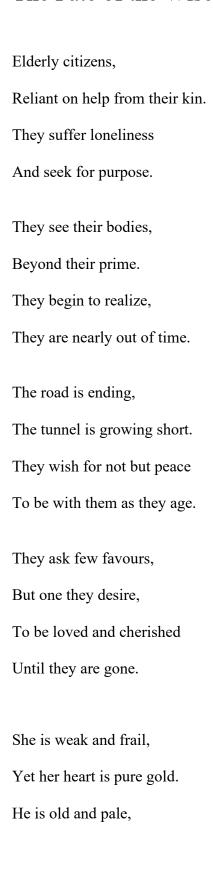
The Fate of the Wise



She is kind and loving, Yet none show her love. He is old-fashioned in his methods, And they mock his efforts. His spirit sinks, As his efforts become Futile. Nobody appreciates Him or his wisdom. They turn to the homes For elderly people. They spend all their money Just to find care. But the helpers don't care They all just work there. The doctor speaks of an end To the pain and futility, Of this sorrowful life, For a man without his wife.

He misses her dearly,

Yet his mind flows with wisdom.

She no longer sees clearly.

The silencing needle

Offers a chance of escape.

It's better this way,

The doctors will say.

But all these people need,

Is love and affection,

Some hope and attention

And a pinch of appreciation.