

You Cannot Afford Trust

Trust is a currency — rare and pure,
A coin of the soul, fragile yet sure.
But give it too freely, without a test,
And you'll find a dagger behind a chest.

They smile, they promise, they swear they'll stay,
Yet truth and loyalty rot away.
For trust once given can't be retrieved,
And faith misplaced leaves hearts deceived.

It glitters like gold in the hands of the sly,
They spend your belief, then let it die.
You think you're safe, but you're being sold,
For trust in wrong hands turns colder than gold.

It blinds your eyes, it softens your guard,
It opens your heart — and wounds it hard.
A traitor's smile, a friend's disguise,
Are sharpened blades behind kind eyes.

So hold your trust like precious breath,
Too much of it can summon death.
Let actions prove, let truth endure,
For trust unearned is never pure.

Spend it with care, and guard the key,
For trust once broken will never be free.
It's deadly, dangerous — silent, unseen,

The sharpest weapon the heart has been.

Trust is a currency you cannot afford,

A sacred gift, not lightly poured.

In cautious hearts, it learns to grow —

But in careless hands, it brings sorrow.

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Vijay Chandra