

To say one thing and to then mean another,

Is a case of ambiguity to sister and brother;

To people of all kinds and sorts of life,

To be misleading, leads to all sorts of strife.

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Being ambiguous maybe like a double standard,

When you're talking to people and take them for granted;

Or if you lead each other up the garden path,

They won't know if you're telling the truth or having a laugh.

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It is a bit of a gift and bit of an art,

To tell and to talk and understand if smart;

And those who mislead are clever enough to be ambiguous,

Might even be intelligent with dexterity or ambidextrous.

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Tell if you can and pick and choose if it's true,

And catch them out if you want and need to be you;

For getting away with a tall story and tale,

Will never lead to happiness but mean money and fail.

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Ambiguity I think to some people it is close to the heart,

With a masters of English or degree of the arts;

But better to be honest and speak the plain truth,

For the cause of the passion is seen in self seeking proof.

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It will embarrass or downgrade the ignorant mind,

And flatten the temperament with patience unkind;

The when all appears to be clear and perfect in sight,

The arrogance of ambiguity comes home in true light.

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Signed,

A changing scene.