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The Blame

Once you are gone, you will become
A convenient scapegoat for everything
That currently is not working here
At this crumbling organization

The rot at the heart of it is your fault
You won't be here to say differently
Even the things that you never once touched
Will now have been your idea all along

Of course, no steps will be taken to fix
The decaying infrastructure holding
This institution together. It will
Keep sinking further down into the muck

Every new soul will be ground down with it
All that escape will be blamed for its flaws