Folding the Pages

Smoke or Fire

In the city the commute is a silent train
full of tired workers. Blank stares,
discomfort, and caffeine keep them
awake. And it seems so sad to me.But it's honorable still. And I wish
them peace at this pace. It will never
change. And I think I'm finally over it.
These words fall on deaf ears.Everybody's hell looks different.
It changes shape but it never goes away.
In the suburbs kids are getting high today,
out of boredom. Their parents moved here
to feel safe, but they don't match the scenery.Fences work both ways. They keep some out,
and they keep some in. It's another day
at this pace. It will never change.
And I think I'm finally over it.These words fall on deaf ears.
Everybody's hell looks different.
It changes shape, but it never goes away.
In a classroom there's a child with thoughts
of death on his mind.In a hospital there's an old man looking
back on his life. And I wonder why some
people see the beauty, while others see
the pain. Entertainment, politics, consumers,
cops, religious tricks...Ugly, sad, or beautiful. Sometimes
it feels so trivial.
We need some time. We need some space.
We need some help for us to understand.

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