

The difference

*open your eyes, open your ears, open your
mouth open your nose, open your hands*

It was a day in the summer
They decided to meet
As they did every now and then
Five friends of old
Their stories unfold
As they spoke of society's decay

"Listen," one said,
"to the stories I've heard,
People talk of misery and dread.
All manners are gone,
No polite words are said,
And everything has to be loud."

The second one said:
"I don't see what you mean,
What is this picture you paint?
Look all around,
See the smiles on their faces,
The sun brings a light in their eyes!"

"I feel," said the third,
"the walls people build
They'll push you away if they can.
The harder they hit,
The more room they get,
Boundaries are no longer there."

"I smell," said four,
"A fresh wind of change,
Clearing the air of it's filth.
Don't hold your breath,
But breathe in deep,
For the sent of renewal is here."

The fifth added: "Sweet,
But bitter as well.
Who says change tastes good on the
tongue?
Salty tears of sorrow,
Make the mouth go dry
Where is the spice of life?"

"I don't see your point,
Such a grim image sketched."
Said two with a gloomy face.
"Indeed," said four,
"The current stench will fade,
Beware not to take too much in."

"What do you mean?!" said one,
"That I stink or can't see?
Do you not hear my concerns?"
"Don't push it!" said three,
"Their warmth is obvious,
However cold we know the world is."

"It's the aftertaste of ashes,
That spoils the sweet.
It'll all ruin our taste."
"That's what I mean!"
Said one to five,
"But why does nobody hear me?"