

952-1000

I can't stand to watch

Isn't it amazing how people treat each other
What happened to loving everyone as if they were your mother
Your sister or your brother
The preachers preach from their pulpits
The bible and the talmud and the koran
And yet in the streets and on their computers
The fires of hatred they love to fan
I can't stand to watch
Give me an old novel from the 19th century to read
Give me a garden and i'll spend my afternoon
Picking weeds
Watching ants scurrying
Watching birds hurrying home with a little straw
To build their nest
Their home
Give me music to dance to
A salad filled with ginger and apples
10 minutes in my baby's arms
A fire to keep me warm
I don't turn on the tv anymore
Because
I can't stand to watch
I keep up with the news from the highest height
And deep in the night
I quietly wonder how we arrived here
And then
I hold my darling tight
In that night
And breath
And find love in the simplest gestures
Isn't it wonderful