

The Prize

I'd heard the game had just begun,
with hopes and dreams for everyone.
"Go get the prize" I'd heard them say.
"Or try again to win someday"

"What is this prize?" I answered back
"It surely must be things I lack,
for what I have just isn't much
and most of it I hardly touch."

Perhaps it's riches, wine, and gold?
Perhaps it's things to have and hold?
Perhaps it's in another's love?
Perhaps it comes from up above?

So I thought hard to myself
"Am I to win this game of wealth?
Of love and goals, of hopes and dreams?
Of sacrifices, scars, and schemes?"

What if I lose? What will I do?
Will I become a failure too?"
"just keep at it" sportsmen say
"Alas you will succeed someday"

So I tried my best and nearly won,
Until it seemed the game was done.
Yet, still the prize was hard to see
I started thinking "It's not for me"

Then, in an instant, I saw clear,
From those people, I held dear,
This loving truth, my soul did teach;
"The prize was always in my reach."

For Love is not the sacred prize,
however bold, however wise,
the prize is not in things or wealth,
the prize, my friends, is life itself.

Thus, in this game, we all have won
the moment that our lives begun.
So, live your life the way you will,
Knowing there's no goal to fill.

But before you take that final bow,
take the time to tell them how,
How much this game did mean to thee,
With hopes and dreams for all to see.

Shark Attacks

There have been a lot of shark attacks on my TV recently,
Like the one in South Africa,
and again in Texas.
When does it end?

I feel tired and old,
Lost in the story of this lifetime.
not knowing how to move forward.
stuck in the past,
Where we don't know anything.
But I'm confident that I'll be alright, at least.
See, I have that privilege
because I don't get attacked by sharks.

Not like the surfer in South Africa,
Not like the young woman in Texas.
Both were innocent.
Just going about their lives as planned,
Unsuspecting.
One of them got away,
One of them died in a jail cell.

From the perspective of a shark,
a man sitting on a surfboard looks like a fish,
Like food,
"He's just asking for it, really."
The shark thinks to himself,
And he attacks.

Fortunately, In South Africa,
a man on the surfboard can react
and it saved his life,
He hit back and, lucky for him,
Others were there to help,
He got away.

In texas,
the woman in her car wasn't so lucky,
She reacted to the attack,
and it got her killed.
No one was there to help.

She made a grave mistake;
She was born in the wrong country,
traveling in the wrong state,
and she was the wrong color.
She didn't resemble the shark who attacked her,
or his sister, or his mother, or his wife.

And that shark, in Texas,
like the one in South Africa,
he couldn't see his victim's humanity,
neither could the judge who set her bail,
from their perspective, she was food.
Sitting in her car, just asking for it.

Had there been others there to help,
Maybe she would have escaped,
Maybe she would have lived,
Or Maybe, she didn't hit hard enough.

This is our fault.
The privileged ones.
The ones who are never attacked.
The great white sharks.
Atop this food chain we've rigged.
Do we let them all die to satisfy our hunger?

We don't understand.
We make it worse.
We are afraid.
How many young men & women have to die before we show them
their lives matter?
How long before we stop attacking?
When does it end?

Day 33

Your eyes glow
like fireflies are swimming inside them
I trace the outline of your face

with my index finger,
running my thumb across your delicate lips

I think for a moment to myself,
as you ponder the color of my eyes;
“Can anything get better than this?”
“Was there ever a soul more beautiful than yours?”
Time stops, I breathe and try my best to embrace
all the colors of this perfect moment

San D'mend

I spend my days in San D'Mend
To live my life between the bend
A life that I do recommend
To all who must be enlivened

My life in San D'Mend is sweet
The world's a garden at my feet
And I a master of the street
Of joy, of love, and dread defeat

I fill my coat with cash to spend,
And even have some left to lend,
Then do my best not to offend,
The villagers of San D'Mend.

At Times (Beside the Lake)

At times, I often contemplate
The times we shared beside the lake
And all the many past mistakes
I could not help, at times, to make

There's nothing left to say, I fear;
At times, I've said too much my dear,
To ever prompt you coming here
But still, at times, I wish you near

I sense, at times, I've come to late,
to put to bed this dread debate;
Of who should win and who should hate,
The times we shared beside the lake