

The World As A Stage

Being As An Ocean

The nights ablaze with blue and red, blurs gliding silent.
As the first arrived on the scene, illuminating so vividly

The darkness of man, obscene.
The blood on his shirt staining darker
than that of the flashing red,
waving above his head a crimson branded beam;
an abused lover in the grass on her knees.
Pleading, cowering, trembling.

Observe the theatrics; witness the play of man.
Anger, violence, and jealousy
are set to destroy all that we have.
We've turned our shame into rage.
Can't you see it's we who've set the stage?

Using a spade, meant to plow and sow, as a blade,
sharpened, held to our brother's throat.

A child peeks her head out into the dark hallway.
The soft white of the night light shines somewhere behind.
She stepped out and began to pray [x2]

Observe the theatrics; witness the play of man.
We've turned our shame into rage. It's we who've set the stage.