

In my life I've seen good and bad
I've been happy and I've been sad
I've slept in the sun
I've walked in the rain
I've felt pleasure and I've felt pain
I've felt certainty and doubt
I guess in the end it all evens out

When he's out walking a dog will pee
on any random bush or tree
we understand, we know the story
they're all marking their territory
people are not so different
when we fart, we leave a scent
hovering in the stagnant air
so all will know that we are there

The people who are on the moving stairs
are moving in a never ending line
there is no way to know what's on their minds
their faces give no hint of their affairs

And when they're in their cars we see still less
there's nothing that might give the slightest clue
how old they are or what they like to do
we can't see what they look like, how they're dressed

Each one a drop within a mighty stream
and when you go online, it's even more
each voice subsumed within the mighty roar
of faceless fans all cheering for the team

While on the quest for anonymity
We lose our individuality

We aren't so very different, in some ways
from those who lived a million years ago
they had the clouds, the rain, the wind, the snow
starry nights and long, hot summer days

They liked to talk, to laugh, to eat, to sing
to sleep when they were tired and to eat
(although they lived on nuts and scavenged meat)

and copulation was their favorite thing

There was no way that they could then foresee
telescopes in space, computer games
but their urges and desires were the same
they were the seed of what we've come to be

We aren't so very different from them
though what is new to us was then unknown
they had some revolutions of their own
plus ça change, plus ça reste la même

In many ways, we're similar enough
but, certainly, we have much cooler stuff

A movie wizard says a word or two
and suddenly there's food on every plate
We all say aaaah and think that would be great
but is it really something we can't do?

Just put a tiny seed into the ground
It takes a while, but eventually
that little seed becomes a mighty tree
where bright and shining globes of fruit abound

the words we write are like a magic spell
the music, which is sculpted from thin air
is a chant, an incantation or a prayer
to call on heaven or raise a little hell

We're in a magic world, but unaware
just because it seems so ordinary

I admire William Blake, he was...divine
he penned deservedly immortal lines
Alas, no matter how hard one might try
Symmetry just doesn't rhyme with eye

I don't know for sure, but I suspect
that in his day, and in his dialect
they did- but with the steady flow of time
there was an erosion of the rhyme

as brand new concrete soon is black with dust
and gleaming steel eventually will rust

the warm spring rain consumes the snowman's flesh
there is no fruit that stays forever fresh

No matter how well formed, or full of wit
time will pass, and turn our words to shit

A field of snow, a gently rising slope
A sea of white, it's billows calm and still
it's uniformly beautiful, until
we take a look into a microscope

They're individuals! Unique and proud
Each flake of snow presents a different face
these complex fractals, drawn in frozen lace
a trillion different faces in the crowd

We have our individuality
but if beings came from outer space
to investigate the human race
that is not the first thing that they'd see

What they'll think is really hard to know
but we are not as clean and pure as snow