

It is everywhere, and not at all

I felt it once as a child,  
but it was so long ago I  
can't remember.

It was like the sweet taste of  
a honey melon. Its nectar so  
essential to the beauty of life  
How can I, how can anyone live  
without it?

They say I never had it  
That I and most people were only given  
a few liberties, which we mistaken for  
freedom.

I imagined it. No one knows it  
Only the rich have tasted it  
It comes with a great price.

I'm fighting for it now  
Many in the past, even today,  
are dying for it. Some have taken it  
from others. How unjust! How foul!

I've seen it through a distant window  
It has so many shapes and colors  
It is there now. I can see it  
It reflects off the moonlight on the bay.

It is a space in the mind  
that you go to, to hear your grandmother's  
laugh. It is where creation begins  
where humanity is free from cages and chains

It is in the song of the sparrow  
It is in the fire of the eternal stars  
It is in the fallen tears of mothers  
that ache for their sons

It is everywhere, and not at all!

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