

The Human Misery

It isn't necessary that you,
crawl fifty miles upon your knees,
for its known to me you're blue,
take a chance and feel the breeze.

You may definitely be in a state,
tell me your problems I'll tell you mine,
but let go the sadness and hate,
For life's potential is utterly divine.

Every year the leaves will turn,
the river runs through the land,
the earth watches as Rome burns,
and ponders the next human demand.

Our life rolls on a wheel,
we don't do all that we can,
Tis our own happiness we steal,
the death of the bliss of man.

By my Hand - Jeremy Pinson 2/22/14