



ANIMATED LIFE

By Wayne Visser

Sometimes it seems that you're not listening,
But I know that you can hear the birdsong in the forest
And the harrowing, anguished cry of a mother's loss.
I know that the breathless sounds of passion reach you
And that lonely sighs of despair fill your ears.
I know that you are listening,
Because I am listening too
And we cannot but be moved
By the soundtrack of life.

Sometimes it seems that you're not seeing,
But I know that you can see beauty through the artist's eye
And ugliness in the cancer of rampant, selfish greed.
I know that the sight of carefree children reach you
And that poverty's wasteland blots your vision.
I know that you are seeing,
Because I am seeing too
And we cannot but be enrapt
By the canvass of life.

Sometimes it seems that you're not speaking,
But I know that you recount the tales of everyday heroes
And gossip about the vampires that suck society dry.
I know that words of poetry swirl in your mouth
And that shouts of abuse spill from your lips.
I know that you are speaking,
Because I am speaking too
And we cannot but be enchanted
By the story of life.

Sometimes it seems that you're not breathing,
But I know that you can smell the sweet perfume of flowers
And the stench of rotten lies, like decomposing carcasses.
I know that the aroma of love intoxicates you
And the stink of hatred reaches your nostrils.





I know that you are breathing,
Because I am breathing too
And we cannot but be infused
With the scent of life.

Sometimes it seems that you're not feeling,
But I know that your sky lights up with firework jubilation
And you languish sometimes in depression's dark valley.
I know that the sloshing tide of contentment has lapped your shores
And the sludge of self-deprecation has mired your path.
I know that you are feeling,
Because I am feeling too
And we cannot but be bubbling
With the emotion of life.

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