

CHANGE ©

Winding rivers start as slowly moving streams.
Stretching as each turn carries them closer to the sea.
Skies turn from black, to grey, to blue.
Helping us to light our way, as the wind carries us through.

With little faith to guide us, we search our nights and days.
We try our best to reach beyond, the never ending haze.
Yet time keeps moving forward, it moves beyond our grasp.
Just when we find an answer, it never seems to last.

Yet, we cry, we scream, we ponder, why things have to change.
Why people come and go, why circumstances rearrange.
We live our lives the best we can, its pleasures and its pain.
Even if we're different, we're really all the same!

Birds fly south as the cooler winds do blow.
Trees lose their leaves to the expecting ground below.
Another season comes, another one moves on,
With evening comes the dusk, the morning brings the dawn.

Yet we cry, we scream, we ponder - why things have to change.
Why true love fades away, why night turns into day.
We run, we hide, we try, to avoid the truth,
Of our finite existence, of our wish for eternal youth.

A baby is born this morning, as an elder moves on through night.
A new petal does replace, the one that took flight.
Stars fill up the heavens with a glow that lights the night.
With enchanted wishes we look upon this wondrous sight.

We hope, we pray, we wish, that there'll come a day,
When man can look upon man, and be able to say.
That they understand each other, they respect their differences.
That they hope to walk together through the days of innocence.

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