

*Cynicality¹

A day never passes without the moving of my heart.
Whether it be the anger at hypocrisy,
When one condemns another, yet does the same,
Or unfathomable questioning that pervades my soul
When I see the despicability of man's depravity
As grieving parents bury what is left of their child.

I am disturbed when I see the high price of items that are unnecessary
And am disturbed even more when I find myself purchasing them
And look down at others who do not have as much.
When I get home, I watch the news on my plasma TV,
And am taken back as I see that a man was murdered.
He was murdered for his shoes.

I'm enraged when I think about other lands, and even some in the land where I live,
Who are starving and begging and huddling together,
In hopes that someone, anyone, would give.
And I think about the wealthy, many of whom didn't acquire their wealth by hard work.
And even those who worked for it have lost their sense of responsibility to others.
More is invested into pleasure for one than into the survival and betterment of many.

I think about the kids who die, the murders, the rapes, the suicides.
I think about the suffering, the diseased, the oppressed, the forgotten.
I think about those who are taking advantage of these people,
Knocking them down and keeping them out.
All of these scenes move me, along with the rest of the filth that the world shows me.
They inspire me to write.

But if I would write about it all
The only thing that would change is my pen
Because all the ink that this world holds
Could not the ills, of the world, mend.
The words that were writ would not move to help at all
Just like the people who would read them

¹ I wrote this after there was a fundraiser for something that I thought was totally ridiculous. There was no way we would be able to help enough to make a difference. I also wrote a poem in response to this called cats and dogs.