

Walls

Oh silly child, fill me with dissatisfaction.
Stare past my horizon, past the leaves and reed.
You drown in mud and heat, yet feel attraction
It's hard to believe you see the things I see.

Are you aware of sin and greed of men far smarter and stronger than you?
How, unschooled, do you sit so calm to breath the air and feel the dew?

Not all wounds bleed you silly child.
Why don't you feel the sting as we?
I'll share a thought that burns, reviled:
the only walls in reach are those *you* see.