With my own eyes

With my own eyes I look around and see a world as it is

An unchanging carousel of arguments and unfulfillments.

The Haves have seen with their own eyes

How easy it is to stake a claim in this world.

And with granddad’s money, they’ll stake a little more.

If people would stop whining, the jackpot would pay out.

Just have to keep pulling the level.

And then you’ll have a claim.

But you won’t have your neighbors.

So bring suit with graddad’s money.

And this next city will satiate Alexander

The Revolutionaries have seen with their own eyes.

How much are some.

How little are others.

And through a calculated economic-sociological-dialectic

How to make it stop.

And so they’ll build a new tower

To topple the old one

But it looks the same now.

So make a new flag and fly from the top

But it looks the same now.

The Haves Nots have seen with their own eyes

How little can be done.

The Movers above bump around the upper story

But the lower one stays the same.

Everyone down here is pawns

White or black, they’ll be sacrificed.

New boss old boss

New name old name.

You can go to delirium or oblivion

You’re not going anywhere else.

With my own eyes I look around and see a world as it is.

An unchanging carousel of arguments and unfulfillments

It goes around and doesn’t change.

My claims are meager

Nothing to conquer with.

My causes are corrupted

The Revolutionaries rightly disparage.

My cowardice will not let me delirium or oblivion

What a long operation.

I do not see with my own eyes

Anything besides my neurotic circumstances

Anything but the unchanging carousel.

Yet what do my eyes not see?

The unseen is the uncorroborated

And we trust only the verified.

But

Could there be more than I see

Then they see?

Could the IV drip of happiness

Joy

Not be a pipedream

Or a trip?

Could a world set right

Peace

Be coming after all the false bells?

Could care beyond my motives

Love

Exist despite my inability?

Is there more

Then our own eyes?