

A Storm Can Change the Balance

by Mark W. Stevens, Ph.D.

We may differ on who should be President
and how we worship God, or if we even should
We may disagree on whether the color of our skin
determines if we are inherently bad or good

We may struggle with one's choice of sexual identity
make our decisions based upon one's gender
and argue how the world came into existence
or how nature or mankind might end her

We may stand divided on a multitude of issues
fire our weapons, pound our fists, point our fingers,
but lest we learn how to talk, and to actually listen
the poison of hatred will linger

We can no longer be silent,
while hatred continues its mission to kill
Can't look the other way and pretend it's not happening
as we slowly forget how to feel

Suddenly, in a heart beat, all of this pales
Harvey, Irma, and Maria have struck and insist upon a change of perspective
I've seen first hand, devastation so immense
there's simply no room for continued invective

Destruction, indescribable
Needs of the afflicted, immeasurably greater
Things that divide us are finally irrelevant
We must drop them now and help others, and this, sooner not later

If you need a good reason to change your perspective
before another life's lost, harmful word uttered, or a missile is sent
Remember so many depend upon our choices for survival
regardless of differences, as do all the world's innocent

The fate of our children hangs in the balance of all our personal choices
For violence to ever end and hatred finally cease
these must be informed by our love and compassion
Only then can we hope to find peace