

Have you ever asked why, my dear?

Ryan Woods

Have you ever asked why, my dear,
The bird flies this time of year?
Have you ever asked the sun
Why it gives off so much light?
Have you ever sung the dirges of the night?
Did you ever, with the fish,
Feel the madness and the terror of the sea?
Have you ever perceived Time
Or asked what you might be
In a hundred years?
Does the dark awaken fears?
Have you pondered, truly pondered,
That man can, in a flash, obliterate
A city?
What a pity - all this ash!
And no one cares; no one wonders
How we justify ourselves,
How we *really* justify ourselves.
Indeed, we all inhabit
Our personal hells.