

Born Naked

Born naked
is it dress of a man
Some want peace
some want war
Some toll bells
some call to prayer
Some wail a wall
some remain silent
build not all on sand

Goodness is sought
by all desired
but it remains elusive
seek not all
the rainbow's end

Each their own tree
grow a culture on it
Belief is the creator
of Other

All of them
are on the Way
their Way
for they must win
others must lose

They are all right
in their own eyes

Greater the belief
greater the rift
dividing them

They create a heaven
they create a hell
they create a bridge
a cross-over of few

It is time
to shed ones skin
what one was
Time
to behold each other
eye to eye
Time
to consider the grass
underfoot
for no one will win