

I Am Torn

I am torn by the way people tear at each other
Shouting over soft voices
Pushing to the front of the line
Saying there are no choices
Rude gestures while driving with blood thirst
Arming themselves like armies
And thinking me first, me first.

I am torn by the way people tear at each other
Leaving children dead in their wake
Our spying police state with drones
Tapping into our Internet and phones
Pundits pandering with pablum
And the lobbyists that love them.

I am torn by the way people tear at each other
Losing all sight of civility
Deafened by the increasing clamor of opinion
Forgetting any sort of humility --
Or for that matter tranquility –
Or any sense of our inhumanity to one another.

I am torn over the way people tear at each other
And I am saddened by the loss of a single soul
To the bullet, the bomb, the knife.

I am saddened by the loss of a single life
That comes because we forgot how to share or care
For another person – whether it is family, neighbor
Or that homeless stranger.

I am torn by the way people tear at each other.