

Changed

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The year, right now, is twenty-eighty-three.
Look around, for there's so much to see.

There are few people with wealth, many with none,
Genetic lotteries are played, and most haven't won.
Cows are raised to slaughter, and chickens raised to carve,
But food is made to rot, and many live to starve.

Glass ceilings are wrecked while we build more walls,
Shadows shelter hatred, and darkness always falls.
We draw our lines based on color of skin,
But we learned long ago: that's no battle to win.

The gap has been growing between the young and the old,
And resentment brews between the weak and the bold.
Weapons are built and wars are promised,
Talks have been held, but leaders aren't honest.

People are killed when they pray to wrong gods,
Or for being gay, or female, or just a bit odd.
The forests are burning and there's trash in the sea,
And don't question the law (but we swear that we're free!)

The year, right now, is twenty-eighty-three,
But have things changed much from five-hundred BC?
Do you hear this story and think of China or Rome,
Envision long-lost nations or lands close to home?

The year, right now, is twenty-eighty-three,
But it doesn't really seem that different to me.
People still live, and dance, and cry,
People still love, and dream, and die.

The moon still rises and waxes and wanes,
The clouds still splinter and form hurricanes,
The wind still blows and the birds still sing,
Our whole world changes without changing a thing.