

THE CHOICE

I held a spider in my hand
I pondered make a fist
Instead the window open wide
I freed it, flicked my wrist

I held five pounds in my hand
Browsed chocolates on the shelf
Instead the charity box on counter
Put in folded, shared my wealth

I hold your photo in my hand
For days I will sit and cry
As now I cannot make a choice
And time will pass me by

We hold this planet in our hands
And choices come at cost
And sometimes there just is no choice
For freedom long gone, lost

I hold a spider in my hand
And ponder make a fist
As now that window is firmly closed
But I will spare you, let's exist