

Policeman Become Poets

How come emotions always flow
Through fiber-optics with such ease,
When vibrating air never fails
To make you go weak in the knees?

How do policeman become poets,
Of such desiring drive,
When cloaked behind a mouse
And screen, they're always safe to hide?

'Cause the air is only made
For light conversations,
And not dense enough to withstand
Any loss or frustration?

Then our keyboard is that voice
That we'd always wished we'd had
To reproach people that we love,
When they have gone and made us sad:

To yell, to cry
Confess, or try
To make amends
Among Friends,
Or even greet a total stranger
With a kiss from cyber eyes.

How did lovers rendezvous,
Without a hesitating mouse
Above a click to send desires
From the room of their own spouse?

Was the air just much more weighty
In all those years that passed,
So as to hang those heavy thoughts
Up there, upon it so fast?

The air is still the same
As the people surely are,
But new media exists
To send our feelings away far.

Away from all the trouble
And away from all the worry
That an outside observer
Would witness all the hurry:

To yell, to cry
Confess, or try
To make amends
Among Friends,
Or even greet a total stranger
With a kiss from cyber eyes.

While our methods for disclosure
May have changed throughout the years,
What's the constant force that
Keeps us all exhuming our own fears?

It's the looking glass of mankind
That allows you to reflect away
The Greed, the Lust, the Sadness
That you quell as you go through the day.

It's the art and it's the music,
It's the theater of you're mind,
And it's those thoughts you're glad to lose,
When put before you're sense to find.

The world is sure a stage,
But a fright of audience makes us try
To cloak our hopes, desires
Behind a mask for only us to find:

To yell, to cry
Confess, or try
To make amends
Among Friends,
Or even greet a total stranger
With a kiss from cyber eyes.