

Letter to the Newspaper

I am responding to what you had to say
In your letter to the newspaper yesterday
You seemed very angry about what you could see
Happening in the world around you and me

I understand that things are not the same
And it's easy to want to have someone to blame
When familiar things from a youthful day
Seem to all be slipping away

You remember those long summer days and nights
When the sun always shone so clear and bright
You ran along the beach and in winter played in the snow
Just where did all those days of hope go?

So when you see a mosque's minaret reaching to the sky
Or another news item about Gay Rights
It all seems a long way from when the sun always shone
Just where has all that precious time gone?

If only you could turn back the hands of time
Back to when you saw the world in your prime
If only it really was 1953
But you know that can really never be

Where once you built sandcastles or played in the park
Now you see new faces, different and dark
Women with veils hiding their faces
Watched by men holding hands in public places

Whereas once everything seemed so crystal clear
All is now shrouded in darkness and fear
When confusion stalks streets and shopping malls
It can be so tempting to want to build-up walls

But what you see now is more real and true
Than some past that never really happened to you
Now the world seems like a messy kaleidoscope
But we can all build bridges of love and hope

You may not think we are all sisters and brothers
But we can all still look for the good in others
Like a rare diamond determined to shine
In the darkest corner of the deepest coalmine

So when you see people practicing what they believe
Or two people in love, who are not Adam and Eve
Remember they are just as human as you
They hope and they fear and they feel hurt too

For hateful words can cause such deep damage
As not everyone can be made in your image
If you can see the beauty in the red sunrise
Can you not see it in someone else's eyes?

When happiness can seem just out of reach
Take a walk along some lonely distant beach
See the shiny pebbles glistening in the sun
All different but all beautiful, everyone.

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