

Earth

By Robin B Lipinski

Much has been written in poem, literature, and song,
About this planet we live on.

Primitive to modern,
Black and white,
From hot to cold,
This water planet still spins on.

Used to be people thought they were different,
Unique and one-of-a-kind,
But our bodies are the same.
Sure, our clothes are different,
But their put on.

It is 2011; this world is now small,
We all breathe the same air,
Drink the same water,
And when various governments talk to each other,
It stinks.
It is a come on.

Try and be different,
Try hard as you please,
But someone else has already tried the same,
And I'll let you in on a personal fact.

We're all the same in everyway,
Except for what we choose to believe.
That is,
Hate or peace.

The End