

# Smoke Or Fire, Folding The Pages

In the city the commute is a silent train  
full of tired workers. Blank stares,  
discomfort, and caffeine keep them  
awake. And it seems so sad to me.  
But it's honorable still. And I wish  
them peace at this pace. It will never  
change. And I think I'm finally over it.  
These words fall on deaf ears.  
Everybody's hell looks different.  
It changes shape but it never goes away.  
In the suburbs kids are getting high today,  
out of boredom. Their parents moved here  
to feel safe, but they don't match the scenery.  
Fences work both ways. They keep some out,  
and they keep some in. It's another day  
at this pace. It will never change.  
And I think I'm finally over it.  
These words fall on deaf ears.  
Everybody's hell looks different.  
It changes shape, but it never goes away.  
In a classroom there's a child with thoughts  
of death on his mind.  
In a hospital there's an old man looking  
back on his life. And I wonder why some  
people see the beauty, while others see  
the pain. Entertainment, politics, consumers,  
cops, religious tricks...  
Ugly, sad, or beautiful. Sometimes  
it feels so trivial.  
We need some time. We need some space.  
We need some help for us to understand