

Paved Paradise

I guess Joni Mitchell
was pretty right on,
When she said
that we'll never know
what we've got
until it's gone.

Does that mean
we don't usually appreciate our A, B or C
until they're taken from us?
I ask - does this have to be true?
Can you possibly imagine
that this has happened to you...?

In the flash of a moment,
the picture perfect sky
cracks into millions of tiny pixels.
The sun boils, blisters,
Pops and oozes dry.

The sedatory crash of the ocean waves
Turns to high-pitched wails.
Shock sets in,
Melody siphons into monotone,
Life's intimacies are dulled,
Processing slows,
Everything changes

In a blink of circumstance.
Pains cringe out of unknown places,
Emotions turn up their volume,
How you are now is not the same
as how you once were.
Now deal with it!

Smoke comes out of the tractor's exhaust...
Your paradise has been paved
and they're installing a parking lot.

In you, I'm trying to cause a rustle,
So that you can exercise your empathy muscle!

To the unimpaired,

This is aimed,
So ignorance of this loss will cease.
Knowledge births tolerance,
Acceptance
For survivors deserve
To be granted their peace.

A clear portrait I've painted
of what we've got...
So don't belittle others,
Because what you can do,
they cannot.
Please...
Don't pave paradise and put up a parking lot!

(Joni Mitchell, 1970)

Heidi Lerner
Gray Matters for you!