Argument

The cosmic discourse
Grows and grows
Like rippling water
In a brook it flows.

It goes from God
To whence man came
Then to the stars
Then to God again.

It goes from famine
To the joy of birth
But who stops to consider
What it is worth.

The time we spend
Talking of what we know
Could be better spent
Doing something about woe.

We should use our minds
To their greatest worth
Not home for nonsense
Nor for gossip a berth.

We have hardly any time
To figure things out
Yet what we do most
Is yell and shout.

We spend out time
Learning facts
So when in argument
We have great tact.

But this is not how
It was planed to be
Just ask yourself
Is this how man should be?

Should they pollute
And ravage this place
Should they spread war and grief
Over the planets face.

The answer is written
For all who can see
In the jungles and desserts
And the endless sea.

For that man with a tail
That came down from the tree
Was meant to live
With nature in harmony.

But does man reach out
And grasp for the stars
No he contents himself
With pain and war.

If man looked around
He'd find he has time
To stop all the sickness
War and crime.

We can stop all the pain
The grief and the hurt
If we'd just stop arguing
And all just get to work.