

*Poem—*

# The Past and The Present

I have had beautiful dreams that  
would have been—always;  
I have had goals of polished  
tunes that would have chanted  
my life.

Now I am told that I must be  
only good for a tourist;  
Because I lick my eating-knife  
with my skilled tongue.

I know how they play the games.  
When I attack, they retreat;  
When I sleep, they scavenge;  
When I look, they hide;  
When I talk, they are blank, and  
When I smile, they just smile.  
—ANONYMOUS