

We stand on shoulders of giants we may never meet,
meditate on the power of now, as we peer over our feet,
Into the future...

We've lived for Farah's feathers, shagged on shag,
spun licorice discs of vinyl, and moshed to "Black Flag"...

We've shot down Space Invaders, bought the Berlin Wall,
Eaten "artisanal everything",
Dined at the court in the shopping mall...

We've seen eras rise and fall like the stomach of a napping man,
the hummingbird's blink,
the eagle's span...

From the inside of a laugh,
we can release a cry,
Access Walden from the center of Times Square,
And The Solar System in a baby's eyes...

Humanity is the fire in a Billy Joel song,
the gardenia behind Billie's ear,
It's a sermon on a Sunday,
a case of the Mondays,
the decision between Love and Fear...

The Lion's Den, The Dragons Lair...
Golden Delicious, Washington Red,
If I can make it there...

Big Apple, Orange City,
Life, on a Dare...

Do I?
Do you?
Do you dare me to?
Orange is the opposite of Blue.
Life is the Spectrum, and We are its Hues.

~Schemke