

# Hindsight

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The globe spins  
Moving nonchalantly thought the galactic universe  
Causing no one trouble nor harm  
Existing in it's own little universe  
That's the galactic space  
Inside the strange orb is a different story

Blazes burn though bushes  
Royal red liquid ruins each rose  
Incompetent fools compel considerable crowds  
Petrifying pandemics poison purposeless people  
Devastation after destruction, to downfall,  
To absolute dust

And outside that living hell,  
The world keeps moving as if nothing is wrong  
It moves with no worries  
As if a miniscule mob isn't burning it's insides

But in reality  
Trees are still on fire  
Wars still rage on  
Idiots still come to power  
Pandemics still kill thousands  
Until nothing is let, until nothing is left

Yet the globe can't see these massacres.

Only those small souls can look at themselves

And make a change

To stop the burning and look at the

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