

## The Questions

By David Jamison

WHERE DID all these vegans come from? When did organic food get so popular? What is there to be afraid of? Why would they sell us food they know is bad for us? Why do trucks belch out all that smoke? Why would they put toxins in the air if it was gonna kill us? Where did cancer come from? Where does AIDS come from? Why haven't we solved world hunger yet? Aren't we the richest country in the world? How did Africa get so fucked up? Why do they hate us? Why are they always fighting? Why can't they all just get along?

Wasn't Cyndi Lauper awesome? When can I be a star? How hot am I? Why did they take the Jeffersons off the air? How can I be as popular as she is? How can I get as many chicks as he does? How can I win? How can I be rich? What do I have to do? How can I conquer? How can I make my daddy proud? How can I outdo my neighbor? How can I further remove myself from the sufferings of others? Why should I give a damn about him? Is he part of my family? Is it my fault he was born poor? Is it my fault he was born in an abandoned building? Isn't it their government's fault? Who are you to tell me I'm not good to my neighbor? Who do you think you are? How are we supposed to know the truth from the hype? Who's been feeding us all these lies? Why doesn't somebody do something? If there were really something wrong, wouldn't somebody say something?

Isn't that why we pay our taxes? Aren't I entitled? Am I not American? Who are they to endanger my life? Who are they to endanger the lives of my family? Who do they think they are? Why doesn't somebody do something? Can't they listen to reason? Isn't somebody standing up and saying the right thing? Who's running this peep show? When are our parents getting home?

Isn't it time we stopped making excuses? Isn't it time to start living the lives we've always wanted to live? Isn't it time to create paradise here on earth? Hasn't our race put ourselves through the ringer? Can't we forgive ourselves our trespasses? What are we trying to prove? To whom? Future generations? God? When this is all over, will I be able to tell God I'm proud of the way I lived the life He gave me? Will I be able to tell Her I loved and treated my sisters with respect and dignity? Because, isn't that really the big question when it comes down to it? Behind the flush and fluster and hemming and hawing of earth's great religions? I mean, isn't that the real question to be asked at the end of the day? Cuz if not, what am I working so hard for? What am I going out there and giving sweat and tears and busting my ass for? To be On Top? To have eaten the most pie? To get the highest score on Nintendo? Wasn't anybody listening to the Super Friends? Didn't anyone watch those ABC afterschool specials? Haven't we always been bombarded by the truth, but closed our eyes too often to see? Aren't we really fooling ourselves now, telling ourselves we're happy? Don't we have a lot to get off our chest? Aren't we ready to bust out and breathe free,

break free and burst into the world? Isn't it finally time we allowed ourselves to live?

Why do we torture ourselves? Why do you tell yourself you're not as beautiful as you are? Don't you know how much the people in your life love you? Don't you know they all just want you to love yourself and be happy? Don't you realize that all those naysayers never saying anything but nastiness and negativity were just trying to silence their own pasts? Why would you keep those voices in your head, or let their cool clutches still control you? Isn't this YOUR life to live? What are you doing it watching "Temptation Island?"

Weren't we all meant for something more than this? Isn't it time? Haven't you ever wondered why people say "Life sucks, then you die"? Is this all there is? Or were we meant for something more? Haven't we always been told the truth but were too afraid to embrace it? Weren't we meant to live in peace and happiness? What are we so afraid of? Getting to know mankind? A life without fear? Why are people dropping out of society? Why does everyone always act so stressed out? Why did that asshole cut me off? Why are kids shooting each other? Why are we destroying ourselves? Why do I so often go to bed unhappy? Why am I waiting for my life to get started? Isn't it time? How come my friends never listen to me? Why don't I respect myself? Isn't there something out there more than this? Why do people steal from each other? How do they sleep at night? Why doesn't anybody ever listen to me? Doesn't anybody ever listen to anybody

anymore? When can I sleep at ease? When will I be able to rest? When will my fellow man treat me with dignity? When will I be allowed to rise and stand proud? When will I be allowed to live in peace? Aren't we supposed to be happier? Isn't it time? Where is paradise? Why can't somebody take me home?

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