



# The Merry-Go-Round

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As a child, it seemed my native land at the playground.  
Some individualists did prefer the slides and swings  
But the roundabout was a rotating community  
With sheet metal seating and merriment for all.  
Lay claim to a handlebar, contribute to the collective energy  
Then watch the world glide by in its tranquility.

But the joyful community was ultimately fragile.

Others would invariably hatch plans and commence  
Harnessing the centrifugal force for dizzying designs.  
The rowdiest group, however diminutive  
Could subvert the machine to its will with relative ease.  
Hunkering down and hanging on seemed the only remedy  
To avoid being tossed as the wheel spun ever more chaotically.

All the while ruing the loss of both liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

I recall hoping that after the whirling circle slowed  
After their fury was spent and the madmen moved on  
Perhaps there would be peace again.  
Yet while the world was frenetically racing round and round  
To stay in my community, stalwart and kind  
Seemed the best course of action to my giddy mind.

Perhaps there will be peace again.

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