

Oh how I enjoy people watching,  
Admiring the give and take.  
Their touches ripple like water,  
And by the waves, they mostly break.

Their footsteps have carved the valleys,  
And their climbs the mountain ranges,  
And you would think, through all their suffering,  
There would have been more changes.

Yes their breaths feed the wind,  
And direct its aim in motion,  
I watch as it spreads fire,  
And drowns others in the ocean.

And their tears don't go away,  
They linger in plain sight,  
And though they water the flowers,  
It often ends in a plight.

But then again, they are gentle,  
Glowing like the sun peeking through branches,  
And I long to experience that light,

Though I'm not given any chances.

And I despise how they take advantage,

And throw away their time,

The clock is ticking forward,

Deprived the luxury to rewind.

And even as I judge them,

I can't deny the simple fact,

That while time moves fast for them,

As a star I am trapped.

They're too focused on the beyond,

That they forget to look around.

For here is not much better,

My feet don't touch the ground.

They don't realize their gift of life,

they let it pass them by.

I am jealous of the humans,

Who get to live because they die.