The universe is such

A poetic mystery.

For the stars come and go

But are always

Around us.

The sun and moon

Work close together

To serve a purpose

for the mother

and her children

even though

they are far apart.

Seasons change

But always

Remain the same.

Animals

Are decent,

It is humans that belong

In a cage.

Every race

Has a face

And the colors

Become one.

There is a thin line

Between love and hate,

But it is tall enough

To keep them

In place.

Yes the universe

Is a poetic mystery

With no reason or rhyme

That should be read

But never analyzed.