



This and That

*First I do this, and you do that,
How did it come to be a spat?*

*It made no sense, no purpose filled,
We took our turns, as we both willed.*



*A childish game, there's no excuse,
When did this game become a ruse?*

*A ruse to hurt and then hurt back,
It wasn't meant as an attack.*



*Now it's not fun but who can end?
Now heels dug in, it's not pretend.*



*What can we do to stop the game
We must let go and stop the blame.*

*Innocent games begin as such,
It's how we play that means so much.*

*A simple game suffice to say,
It doesn't have to be this way.*

We each make our choice.

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