

Don't Complain

We live in a country with plenty,
And are so fortunate to live in the manner we do.
My eyes have witnessed some of the conditions
Others must endure, that we don't have too.

I live in a home that would be a mansion to others.
Yet I complain about little things, that don't matter.
They have dirt floors, with sporadic electricity.
And eke out an existence, with constant necessity.

If I were to put my family and me
Into conditions that I have seen.
What kind of man would I turn out to be?
How would I feel, how would it seem?

I have not witnessed or seen the worse.
No bombs, no gunfire, or civil wars.
How would I feel if it was my family and me?
Put into conditions, as bad as these.

Do I thank God that it's not us,
Who endures the pains and torture others must?
As I sit at my computer writing these words,
I wonder what suffering is going unheard.

What can I do, give money,

Food, and stuff?

Will they know how I feel?

Will they care very much?

Will it get them through the pain?

As they lay hungry or hurt.

Can they stay sane, knowing,

Others, aren't suffering, as much.

If we had to experience things others had to,

Would we measure up? Would you?

I don't think we'd be complaining as much.

It would be nice, changing their luck.

If these words mean anything and I hope they do.

Take a minute to reflect on what we have.

Give some time, maybe a little money too

On helping others have a better day, from you.