

Cardboard Houses

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See the poor man on the street.
See no warmth, no food to eat.
He's dressed in bitterness, and has a right.
Hope is nothing. His skies are white.
Cardboard houses shield from pain,
But they fall down when it starts to rain.
Camel can't go through the eye.
Rich man can't get to the sky.
Is the poor man's wish considered sane?
Is our heaven his to gain?
Cardboard houses in the air,
Is there room for me up there?
Some build a fortress for their hearts.
Walls of steel won't fall apart.
Mine's a shanty in an open field,
All its treasures there to yield.
Cardboard houses can't withstand
The vibrant wind that life demands.