

## Sunset Boulevard

Walking alone along the moonlit street  
(‘twas such a deadly day)  
the big buzzing Beehive was far behind,  
the gentleman came up for air.

Crimes clashes wars battles & bombs  
the tallest towers fall & crash on & on  
our twin Earth is nearly choking  
sisters & brothers are dying on a bloody floor.

“I squeezed & hurt the best of myself  
I did so little for mankind  
may men & women be nearly equal now  
I’m afraid the sun won’t shine.”

Suddenly surged a long gasp of wind  
from far Ghana ‘twas a mother’s voice:  
“Boy, your tongue married your best heart.  
“Boy, go. ‘Tis time to move on.”

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