

Perfection

Floating through the air
From a bird's point of view
A see a daydream of a city.

Growing up, out of the sides
Up to the sky
Raised above Tokyo
Or even Shanghai

The perfect city
No concern for air pollution
When asked, they turn with
confusion

The beauty of this city
Is, in other words
Sky High

No floods taking over
No coastlines disappeared
No world in debt
No hunger left

This ideal world
Might be impossible today
But tomorrow,
Who's to say

This city I saw
A beautiful place
Not quite large
But not small neither

My children listen
Listen to my call
Allow my voice to carry
Through the ruckus of it all

The cities
A beautiful green
Not from brick or stone
But from plants

This world needs change
But not from those already done
Come little ones
Your time has begun