

Christian Jones

Kids' Eye View

Its activity time, a fresh jar of playdough
Ready to be devoured by my little hands.
Picking it apart piece by piece,
Then putting it back together.
For it to have a short glory moment
till the next kid comes,
To rip it apart again.
Like a continuous cycle repeating forever,
or the constant battle for power.
Tearing it apart and putting back together
Like how wars destroy the world, now its broken
Trying to be put back together
But like the playdough drying out,
The world is drying out.
Broken into many pieces
And no longer can be torn apart.
Till the last piece is too broken,
Unable to be put back together.