

Happy

Life is the unfair game that everyone plays
 Day and night, trying to get their way,
 Chasing a dream like catching vapor in their hand
 And having it leave every time they might
 understand,
 Working overtime to get their measly pay
 A desperate attempt to make it stay
 Every person in every land
 All trying hand in hand
 To be happy.

So many fail.

So many attempt the climb just to fall
 Wondering if they ever had any chance at all
 To reach the summit of the pile of trash,
 Waste, garbage, of every challenge ever laid in
 their path,
 So they might look out and see the light behind the
 mountain
 And see sparkling light shining through a beautiful
 fountain.
 To see that fountain spewing joy ahead,
 To lift that heavy sense of dread,
 And at least be content.

So many fail.

But sometimes people make the climb
 And at the top they can find
 That they are satisfied,
 But make no mistake,
 If given the option you never ever take
 A rip off over the namesake.
 Go for happiness.

But some don't

Some sit at the top of the heap
 Enjoying the view in their awkward seat
 Taking their time, resting their feet.

They stay for a while,
 Looking down at their pile,
 Thinking they've got style,
 Forgetting they are sitting on garbage.

But some don't

Some go further and begin a descent,
 Not with the top were they ever content,
 It was never a home, only a tent,
 So they face again the hardships,
 The critics, and opposition's flagship
 For they are close, but always could slip
 And fall.

Few succeed.

Against all odds there is an end to their journey
 Alive, unbroken, uprodden,
 The opposite of melancholy.
 Triumphantly bearing the weight of life's distain,
 They emerge happy,
 Growing taller than their mountain.

Few succeed.

Few make it down,
 Happy.
 Some stay looking down.
 Content.
 Many live down.
 Unhappy.