

# Who Could Be?

Laisha Verducco

Who could be a wild bird?  
To fly away as pleased,  
To travel the world without frontiers,  
To make a nest in every tree.  
But what a sad life that of a bird  
Without a real home to call its own,  
Without the assurance of food,  
Without the certainty of life.

Who could be a plant?  
To be provider of food,  
To feed from light,  
To change bad into good.  
But what a miserable existence that of a plant  
Stuck in one place for eternity,  
Bound to silence without a voice,  
Without recognition for your work.

Who could be a human?  
To be able to create,  
To be able to feel,

To be able to think.  
But what a depressing life that of humans,  
Feeling useless even when creating art,  
Being judge by the celled friends,  
Being judge by their own gaze.

What a miserable life that of all creatures,  
But what a joy to be alive  
Because the only other option is to die.

