

Danny Wehbe

JUNIOR - 3rd Place

Alumni Poetry Contest - 2016

JR-1

Why the Joy?

"Why the joy?", the people yell and scream at me.
Pity I feel, for they cannot see.
9 to 5 every day,
work work work til you make your pay.
We come into this world; we know nothing.
We are left to make out of this life something.
"Why the joy?", they yell and scream at me,
It's because everything is, I let everything be.
The wonders in the night sky and our thoughts on earth,
Our children's eyes and our merry mirth.
The flower that grows in the soil,
Never one day does it toil.
Never once did it ask to be,
But it basks in existence perfectly.
We as well never asked to know,
This life, that dog, this snow.
But we are here, and that's just fine,
We are here for a reason, and the proof is in the mind.
Many a man once wondered himself,
"What, but I, is everything else?"
And the fact that we know that we know our own,
Is proof that something magical has grown.
"Why the joy?", they yell and scream at me.
Because my life is a testament to human liberty.
I myself never asked to be here,
But I am not enslaved to my existence,
Rather, I choose to thank existence for existing at all.
There is a reason for us all, our time is short.
So enjoy all the times, don't bother to sort.
Good and bad is in our head,
Everything is, even after we are dead.
We are blessed that we are able to choose,
To love what we are, or hate what we lack.
Not one ounce of joy should we lose,
The choice is ours and the choice we say,
The choice to love each man, to love each day,
To love the sorrow and love the pain,
To love the lessons, easy or hard,
To love our job and love our heart,
The choice is ours and the choice is now.
So while I bask in creation and others rot,
The men will ask "Why the joy?",
And I'll smile back and say "Why not?"