

The Year We All Stood Still

by Brod Bagert

Buses are parked at the station.
Planes are stuck on the ground.
Nobody's filling their cars up with gas
because nobody's driving around.

But at nighttime, in cities all over the world,
they're seeing it more and more—
the air is so clear that the light of the stars
seems brighter than ever before.

And I feel an idea start to sprout in my head,
from all that I hear people say—
the whole wide world is beginning to change
and change in a very big way.

Which may seem just a little bit scary,
who knows what tomorrow will bring,
but I do know the grass will continue to grow
and that birds will continue to sing.

Grass grows ... birds sing ...
summer ... autumn ... winter ... spring.

Birds sing ... grass grows.

Where are we headed? Nobody knows.

