

People are Apples

People are apples and we are the same.

The seeds that we squeeze from our lips do sprout;

And grow into tall trees with seeds to drop.

Earth is an apple and we are the seed,

From some device we have all quite became;

Certain, that we are apples all the same.

When time beget man, and taller we grew,

Men had decided that we stay divided.

Unlike the apple who accepts its own.

Unlike the apple who would share the soil.

Man shoves his roots as far as he can.

Extending his leaves over other men.