

Before the World lost its Mind

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"Old man what was it like?"
They ask of me.
I answered...

The year Nineteen Thirty Nine,
before the world lost its mind?
Before globalism was born and
everything became foreign.

The Red, White and Blue
waved proudly, apple pie,
picnics in the park on the
Fourth of July.

Studebakers, Packards and Desotos too,
parked on the city streets without fear
of losing their hub caps to a street crew.

No gangs, no muggings, no need for locks
on the doors, no fancy carpet on the floors.
Sirens few and far between, crime was
just a dream.

Jack Armstrong, Superman and Hop-a-Long
Cassidy were the heroes of the movie house
and on the radio-waves along with Mickey Mouse.

No T.V's, videos , computers or C.D. raiders.
Just fishing poles, swimming holes and baseball players.

Sunday afternoons, sail boating, kite flying,
people playing croquet and badminton
in the park, life was just a lark.

No A-Bomb, H-Bomb, just peace and calm,
that was in Nineteen Thirty Nine before
the world lost its mind.