The Two Sides to My House

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If you go outside my back door
You will see endless miles of green
If you go outside my back door
You will see what is never seen

There are flowers a bloom,
Trees a growing,
Rocks a rolling,
And water a flowing

You hear the birds chirping,
The rustling of the leaves
What rustles the leaves?
Why, the soft, cool breeze

If you go outside my back door
You will see
The world that existed before

But, if you go outside my front door
You will see many different things
You won’t see much green
Or even hear a bird that sings

Instead you see a pitch black road
Running through my neighborhood
With machines that drive
Each owning a hood
You see many different houses
Each bigger than their yards
You see many distinct driveways
Each with different cars

Now that you know many new things
I leave you with the pictures
Of the two sides to my house