

Facade  
*By Joshua Fox*

As I turn to look about,  
Such is what I see:  
So many different people,  
Passing on by me.  
Everywhere it's all the same,  
From sea to town to sea,  
People move on with their business,  
Lost in their routine.  
Their lives a long unfinished play,  
Each dawn beginning a new scene.  
All of them actors,  
Not quite what they seem.  
So many facades and so many roles,  
Not saying what they mean.  
Their lines learned in childhood,  
With time their skills grew keen,  
Each act passing in succession,  
But not one by the player seen.