

Magic Happens & Angels Fly

You've got to treat a peasant like a King or Queen
You never know... Miracles Happen & Angels Fly
Fetch the Fables and the wand! Everybody has the potential
To be anything they'd want...to be
You see we have to treat each other accordingly!

So who I am today, I may not be tomorrow
Because Magic Happens and Angels Fly...
And we all have our dreams!
Except I tend to truly remember who treated me accordingly
As the illiterate peasant or the Clever King
Who treated me accordingly, unknowingly?
And despite made me feel special and human.

And Magic Happens and Angels Fly...
In fact I was Jesus, Mohammed, Buddha and the Angel tattered and torn,
Yet you ignored me and walked past,
Choosing not to focus on any potential... you denied my core.
I may have been a Clever King in a peasant's clothes
Or a peasant wearing a crown
You treated me accordingly- you chose to ignore my core!
Without the magic and the wand and my core, my humanity

But who I am today I may not be tomorrow
And when I am tomorrow, I will remember today,
For today, I simply am!
An illiterate peasant or a Clever King and when I am naked
Of my illiteracy and peasant's clothes and my crown and my gown
All I have is my core...
My humanity
And still
Magic Happens & Angels Fly!

By Lynn Hill