

# Bill Lost His Memory

Source: [Joy Camp](#)

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by Benny Wills

*Bill lost his memory  
So he asked me for a summary*

*I said to him,  
Bill, that's a mighty task  
Are there more specific questions you could ask?*

*So Bill asked,*

*Why are some people's homes so wide and tall  
While other people have no homes at all?  
And if no one wins when bombs are dropped  
Why have bombs not yet been stopped?  
What's this grimy, greenish paper called  
That's got you, and them and all enthralled?  
Where'd you get this thing called debt?  
Where's the love, where's the trust, where's respect?*

*Why is he afraid of him and she of her and us of them?*

*Is this a dream, am I dreaming?  
Because certainly it's seeming  
That peace could be what's beaming  
Yet I'm seeing and I'm deeming  
That this place has gone to hell*

*And the attitude's, oh well*

*I said to him,  
It's true, it's grim  
Things are... bizarre*

*Bizarre? He said  
More like madness, friend  
This world is moving forward toward a sad and bitter end*

*There's delusion and confusion  
Depression from oppression  
There's disillusion, air pollution  
And obsession for possession*

*The memory lapse to which Bill succumbed  
I thought was nothing short of scary  
On the bright side though, he wasn't dumb  
Or lacking in vocabulary*

*Well Bill,  
The world is run by men in suits  
Who wreak havoc and give no hoots  
They built a system that is anti-life  
That thrives on pain and nurtures strife*

*A system that's taught us to fear our neighbor  
And please report any strange behavior  
Because of an "ism" called "terror"*

*So the soldiers go on fighting  
Thinking that's what keeps us free  
And people go on dying in the name of liberty*

*And the food we eat is tainted  
And the water supply is low  
And movie stars are sainted  
And prisons grow and grow...*

*Money is that greenish thing  
And you're lucky if you have it*

*With enough you get some bling  
But nothing if you haven't*

*Call it cash, call it currency  
Or the almighty intangible dollar  
It's the thing that keeps a few on top  
But most of us in squalor*

*And while empty houses line the blocks  
Houseless people sleep on rocks  
And flaccid men take little pills  
To stiffen up their-*

*STOP!*

*Bill interjected, dejectedly*

*Please, don't say another word  
That hopeless essence in your voice  
It's like you're chomping on a turd*

*It's funny, with no memory  
How now my thoughts are crystal clear  
Simply simplify the things we do  
And the change we need appears*

*Instead of asking what you want from life  
Tap into life and its wants of YOU  
Because our wants indeed are limitless  
But the wants of life are few*

*Grow  
Unfold  
Dare to be of service  
Create  
Be bold  
Align yourself with purpose*

*Because change won't come from presidents  
It won't appear on your TV*

*Or alert you on your cell phone  
It comes only from you and me*

*Obviously!*

*So smile and say hi to passers passing by*

*Because the micro affects the macro  
Like a ripple in a lake  
And slow and steady the system fails  
As humanity awakes*

*Woah, Bill, it has been a pleasure chatting with you  
I'm sorry if that sounded sarcastic  
It's really just the way I talk  
Your monologue was fantastic  
Seriously, I'm enthusiastic*

*We are healthy cells inside a virus  
Who are longing to mature  
I am one and you're another  
And together, we're the cure*

*Yes! He said  
And now we start  
Clear the doubt within your mind  
Kindness in the human heart  
Is the hope for all mankind*

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