

## Society

by Trey F

I see kids happy.

I hear laughter and silly jokes.

My bottom touches a cold steel bench.

I smell my chip bag that is filled with air.

I taste one steel chip and I'm out.

I give a big sigh but then...

I see a kid and he holds out his hand.

I hear him invite me for a picnic.

I touch his hand to shake and agree.

I smell the sandwich he gave me.

And I taste the sweet goodness.

I haven't felt this emotion in a long time that senses can't describe.

And that's happiness.