

Passengers

(Frustration - political choices impacting lives)

The windows stand like mournful eyes
Huddled dreams and eager lies
Reflected early glories gold
A million fragments of lives untold
By screen they access endless worlds
Memes and contradictions unfurled
Clinging to some flickering hope
On digital rafts that barely cope.

Passengers never rely
On faded memories to fly
Unaided in a clear blue sky
Come tripping by and by

The martyrs rainbow bold are clapped
In poverty the nurses trapped
Their blue and whites are scrubs of shame
Hems belonging to a different name
Mothers hold infants swaddled in fear
Swing parks empty no laughter or cheer
Like fireflies in bottles our lives all trapped
With the road to nowhere carefully mapped.

Passengers never rely
On faded memories to fly
Unaided in a clear blue sky
Come tripping by and by

Is there a time for us?

Is there a place for us?

Will we be free to dance again

Is there a time for us?

Is there a place for us?

Will we be free to dance again

Oh to dance again

They rush from cities of steel and grey

From boxes that once made sense of their day

A mirage of wealth and illusions of life

For the country they flee from abstractions of strife

No longer the distanced, the haughty the proud

They long in their prisons for the roar of the crowd

The hope for belonging in a place to share

Of coming together in a welcoming prayer

Passengers never rely

On faded memories to fly

Unaided in a clear blue sky

Come tripping by and by