

The winds of change.

A Magpie struts, doffs its tail against the winds of change
Blown away by the speeding on the dual-carriageway
Where discourteous drivers concede no quarter
Ensnared inside their tin boxes – everyone the enemy
Especially Philip Schofield - over exposed on their radios
Do they truly give a toss how much their precious cars are worth?
Underpass graffiti opposes revolution
Miscreants in high places
Embattled, elitist, politicians - legitimise slurs
To a country cleft apart - alienated and embittered
How has nature and nurture, fallen from the path?
Bitterly searching better days by far
The crack hit of a coin toss, turn of a card
Heads you win, tails you snooze
Furtive dark web crypto - grease scammers tech
Piggy banks displaced by pay-pal and tap and go
Aged parent - bamboozled by the architects of time
Spoon-fed siblings squander their perceived rights
They strayed too far from home
And won't ask for help out of spite
Meditation, yoga, Veganuary, segue into all-night Prosecco fuelled
binges
Pre-loaded synapses spark pathways to the gods of woke

We walk, balance, sway
Pray to Jesus, Mary, the Holy Ghost
On the highwire between hope and fate
Reflection or placation?
Weariness, fatigue, anxiety all take their toll
A Lemming on the crown of a cliff, screams blue murder
A plea for help that falls on deaf ears
In a world filled with fury and abhorrence
Towards race, religion, misogyny, sex
Think fools – the angels still fear to tread
Don't catch a cold from the ice around your soul
Remember – as we alter, modify, transform, that it is still
One for sorrow, two for joy, three a girl, four a boy
The Magpie struts and doffs his tail
A gentle breeze that battles the hurricane
The wind of change