

No News Is Good News

I know not why, or who, when, where;
Of ignorance I boast.
I've made a choice to concentrate
On those who matter most.

Of tabloids I have taken leave,
Of TV news declined.
I can't control what their world does
So focus more on mine.

I've learned that I do well without
Their million dollar dream
and have no need to sell my soul,
To doomscroll print and screen

Where

Storms of controversy cross the back benches
Fogs of confusion dig ever-deep trenches
Frosty relations cloak nuclear guns
Clouded judgements cross Mirrors and Suns
Which rain on parades, feeding the lie
As droughts of reality bleed our hopes dry
Floods of perspectives, forced diatribes
Gales of hot air from opinion-piece scribes ...

Yet don't be mistaken -
My life's far from perfect;
The ups and the downs
Compete and short-circuit,
But decades ago
In song, I was taught:
"I get all the news I need from the weather report"