

Us, the Future

*“You who will emerge from the flood
In which we have gone under
Remember the dark times too
Which you have escaped”
- B. Brecht*

Us, the future.
The bastard children of a broken generation.
Gifted hope, traced in the words of artists and optimists,
Grim responsibility, thrust on us by failing parents.

To be handed the helm of a sinking ship,
With no previous knowledge to sail.
Creaking wood on choppy waters,
Flailing our hands to keep us afloat.

Under billowing cries to ‘Wake Up’ or ‘Shut Up’,
The Good Ship Reason is drowned.
How can lost souls reach the shore
When we snap our own dry rot paddles?

The pillars you built are crumbling once more,
They tremble at the marching of a new, ‘woke’ nation.
When feeling is at the forefront of everything we fight for,
How do we keep from breaking as part of daily routine?

We have become blindingly precious and endlessly furious.
We have forgotten our duty;
Our undesired burden of a promise.
Our insurmountable task.

Are we hypocrites for repeating history?
For dancing on the well-trodden ground of error,
Every step deepening each dirty footprint.
We look back in disgust and forward in anger.

We are a generation of false hope -
Passing a torch that scalds our hands and calls us fools.
Exposing human history like a heart surgery;
Brilliant and grotesque.

Who will be the brave soul,
To throw it down and start anew?

In one thought,
However,
We are all united:

“Perhaps the ones who come after?”