

New Year by Francis Clark-Lowes

We greet you in, oh newborn year
(Good riddance to the old).
We raise to you a hearty cheer
And beg of you: 'Be bold!'

As your first sun climbs up the sky
Take heed and hear our woe!
A world in which so many die
To brace the *status quo*.

Oh faultless child hear not the word
Which clouds your perfect sight,
But let your spirit like a bird
Rise upwards to the light.

And as you hover in the blue
Regard the mortal scene.
See how a small but powerful crew
All ethics contravene.

Note how they justify each deed,
How reasonable they sound,
How easy people to mislead,
With sophistry confound.

Now hear the grief of the bereft,
The moaning of the hurt.
'Oh son, in life what is there left
Now you've returned to dirt.'

'Ah, agony, you monstrous foe,
Let me now join the dead,
For living is a torture slow;
Just shoot me in the head.'

'But first let me declare a curse
On those who did this crime:
May hist'ry soon its course reverse,
Give just deserts in time.'

Oh bright new year how cruel we
To soil your innocence.
But please, oh please, help us to see
Inaction's consequence.