

Gaza

It's all fine
If you have something to look to
If not? What? If not?
How can you live, reconcile your deal?
There is just this, but what is this?

This is what it is and we live with it, we must
There is always pain, but there is always worse, we are so lucky
Ours so little to appease, so little, irrelevant
Our yearn, our gap is real but inconsequential to their hurt
In the light of so much angst

The world in pain, a gash raw, unclean and gaping
Think of the children, but not just them, their fear, no gain
And why?

7th January 2009