

A Concealed World

Future voter of Canada
I hope I don't blow it,
I have my own opinions
For today's world as we know it.
Maybe a set of fresh eyes
Will help you create,
A fresh look at the sky
Because we will prevail.
As we step further forwards
and try to bury what's in the past
Do we forget about the homeless?
The hungry?
The starved?
As we stride to reach the stars,
In a rocket to go to Mars.
This revolution I'm all for,
But the hungry they still mourn.
A saying, "If money grew on trees I would be rich,"
Food grows on trees and some kids are malnourished,
How do we go on wasting food, by the large?
Stacking food like a mountain, as high as the stars
No address, no number, no way to get a job
With a mental illness fight, they're still told to get a life.
If we're going to eat crow
Then this meal will be a slaughter,
Because why give people wifi,
When they don't have running water?
We still try to fix the bridges
Of the ones that were here before us,
Because generation after generation
The ripple, it still warps us.
Like putting a small bandaid,
On a wound flowing like the fraiser,
Only selecting a few parts,
The easiest to fix,
Not the hardest to stop.

Like the motion to clean oceans,
But yet nothing's cleaned.
Or cries of the warming sky
Still yet, to be improved
Maybe the violence,
The killing,
Or the lack of gun silence
Would be enough for people to see
That even first world countries
Arent' perfect with democracy.
Of all of this we should be ashamed,
Broken promises, faking aid
Saying anything to get elected
Is what I call The Politicians' Game.