

 A Modern Daydream

Having witnessed a few riots over the years, they are not particularly pleasant and more often than not, the innocent suffer the most. Large cities are what breed the fuel needed for riots to feed on, and for this reason I stay away from them. I think this poem sums up my inherent dislikes and prejudices about urban existence

<p style="margin-top: 0px; margin-bottom: 0px; align: center;">1. Morning breaks</p> <p style="margin-top: 0px; margin-bottom: 0px; align: center;">Noisy traffic rushing by, concrete jungle comes alive It wakens the youth of a modern day, and he rubs the sleep from out his eyes. A boy of the modern times, fighting and scratching every day in his life Till one day he shouts "There is no way out, the circle is closed, I'm just running about." There's dirt in his streets, there's violence and pain. Signs of poverty - in the ghettos again A child of the modern age, searching for silver - looking for gold With the drink and drugs, the mad and insane Hear the streets cry, watch our young die The circle revolves again and again Drugs and despair, they walk hand in hand Out in the waste - throughout this land Walk along our streets by day Past the drunkards screaming hate Past the homeless in cardboard castles, kids on the dole, the junkies and whores - All Children of this modern world - Then ask yourself why - our young have to die</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Walk these streets of a modern world, With the noise and stench that's killing our air In our concrete wastelands of despair Hear that baby cry? It's scared, confused Her mother walks the streets Streets where violence and greed reign supreme So what else for her to do? But await the night in this modern future dream</p> <p style="margin-top: -3px; margin-bottom: -3px; align: center;">2. Evening falls.</p> <p style="margin-top: -3px; margin-bottom: -3px; align: center;">Another evening has begun, long after the moon has risen Twilight hides the bleeding victim. A victim of hate in this modern dream. Then out of this dark and shadow land, enter the pushers selling their wares Offering release from this world, into a new life - away from fear Away from the city - but into despair</p> <p align="center">Walk past our hero standing alone, quietly lost in his daydream. Then as piercing sirens split the night. It shatters his sound of silence, and returns him back to the reality. That is the city - that is his life</p>
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10pt;"> Watch our hero who walks alone
 Into the streets that are his only home </p> <p align="center">◆</p> </td> </tr> <tr> <td style="background-image: url('images/stories/rip/riot2.jpg');"> <p align="center">3. Darkness rules

 Look! here come the police in battledress,
 marching on the ghetto
 Met by flames that split the night,
 like multi-colored sunbursts bright.
 All around the people gather,
 people screaming, people crying.
 Missiles, stones, broken bones,
 bottles, bricks all hurtle by
 A smash of glass as petrol bombs fly

 The slums in flames, people in fear.
 Riot, violence - filling the air.
 Reality of a modern wonderland everywhere.
 The streets come alive with an eerie glow,
 with burning cars and looted bars.
 Amongst the crowd that's shouting loud,
 A sane voice asks "will this madness end ?
 Who is the enemy ? Who are our friends ?"</p> <p align="center">◆</p> </td> </tr> <tr> <td style="background-image: url('images/stories/rip/riot3.jpg');"> <p align="center">4. No light at the end of the night.

 Another late night is over,
 dawn has crept over the troubled city.
 Even the stars retire - as if in pity.
 Out of doors, into the battlefield,
 emerge the citizens - dazed and confused -
 While on a street, kneels a woman,
 weeping for children yet to be born

 Shops stand broken, robbed and looted.
 Blood in the gutter flows brown with the dirt
 Police patrol with eyes alert.
 Among the wreckage a young man cries,
 looks to his God and wonders why.
 Whatever happened to our dreams
 Our modern promise to the young?
 A world of love, of peace and hope.
 It all seems lost, gone up in smoke

 Watch our hero as he dies,
 eyes so glassy - open wide.
 An empty needle by his side,
 has now become the winner.
 For him no more dreams of future glory.
 He's just another closed chapter,
 in a modern day dreams story</p> </td> </tr> </table>