

THE OLD ARE ANGRY

The old are angry,
They are angry *because* they are old.

They are angry because, robbed of Youth,
they received nothing in return –
like Dignity, Trust, Respect

They are angry because things they learned,
with so much effort, have gone out the door.

They are angry because no one noticed that Idiots
are running the asylum,
and no one does a job properly any more

They are angry because their bodies,
once so strong, no longer obey them.

And they are angry because words,
once tripping to the tongue, now evade them.

They are angry because promises,
made by Governments in their youth, were lies,

Leaving them cast up on the shores of Age,
without a paddle, struggling to survive

They are angry at all the people they loved who died
before they could say sorry,

And people they let go – when a word –
might have changed the story.

They are angry because time has run out –
there is no more –
the party is over –
and the black cab waiting at the door.

So yes, we are angry
Life made us so
And you will be angry too
When it's your turn to go.

