

KARLA DICKENS

Mother's Little Helper

The deathbed rattles
Reality has arrived
With an offbeat Heartbeat
Her veins die
Thirsty and hungry
No shelter to hide
Screaming and crying
As water levels raise

No more coloured pills for Mother today
Shakes from toxic withdrawals stay
Overdosing on dollar making bandaids
Battered and bruised, sweating in pain
The time has come to nurse her back

As our mother recovers looking unsure and drained
She feels connection - not blissfully but respectfully
A world where humans are brave enough to listen
An environment that builds trust in survival
Where money is not the hero
Another realm without excuses,
hate and cunning self searching gain

Stay crazy - for a minute longer
Imagine a sustainable future
Your heart full hope and an openness to learn
Where governments and those in power make change
With a sense of intelligence and childish wonder

Lets keep tripping
Act Now

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