

Tism

"The Song of the Quarter-Time Siren"

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Someone's left their lights on in the car park of love.
Like silent photosynthesis, drawn by sun above,
The parkers' feeble brightness drains and fades lower.
When the driver returns, she won't even kick o'er.

Unbeknownst and ignorant; in supermarts; at sport;
In offices and restaurants; in shirt and tie or shorts;
Happy; angry; melancholy at wasted time and days -
Drivers, we, go live our lives, whilst the power fades.

Announcers once, at football games, in untrained
Ocker tone
(Not the slick or supercilious now at the microphone),
Would tell "Rego so and so, your lights have been left
on."
We all would laugh in careless glee. Those days now
have gone.

Now it's advertisements, and pop videos will whine -
We can't afford the beauty of a silent quarter time! -
So, returning to our cars, just like lives and years,
We turn the key, only to find the love has disappeared.

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