

Villagers, That Golden Time

Remember, dear, that golden time
Before you thought you had to choose
Between the shrinking violet truth
And a growing list of IOUs

Before the keeper of the gate
Revoked your ticket to the land
Where eloquence was still in date
And everything was cash-in-hand

Before the dulling of the mind
Encased in algorithm blues
Hollowed out the heavy stuff
Replaced it with a careful ruse

And whispered in the gravy train
Careening on the falling sand
But now we turn the hourglass
For advocacy is not a brand

Who am I to say?
Who am I to say?
Who am I to say?

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