

A message from the ground

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You have summoned.
We have come,
come to a place we once thought of as a
place of learning
A place for cultivating a love for language, art,
science, maths and world history

You have summoned us to death.
Our health is debatable
Our lives disposable
Our positions easily filled

Yet, we teach.

You have summoned us
Without care for consequence
As you strive for normality
What normality?
Minister, can't you see?
You have summoned us to death.

Our health shouldn't be debatable
Our lives shouldn't be disposable
Our positions shouldn't be easily filled
Yet, it is.

Still
We teach

Liberator

Imprisoned by fear
A knowledge and experience of the great
and only liberator
The shackles remain
Liberator, I beseech you.

