

Patch-worked lives

By Alice (Upper Sixth)

In the land where red and blue collide,
Where ideals clash and hopes divide,
A stage is set, the stakes are high,
And promises float, but so do lies.

Candidates speak of change and grace,
Each claiming they can save the place.
With words like "unity," "strength," and "pride,"
Yet neighbours turn from side to side.

On rights and life, the lines are drawn,
A never-ending, bitter dawn.
Some call for choice, for body and will,
For freedom's path and voices still.

While others speak of life unborn,
Of sacred bonds that can't be torn.
In fervent tones, the sides debate,
Each claiming truth, each sealing fate.

And laws are made, then pulled away,
Like tides that shift with each new day.
One state's rule, another's ban,
A patchwork law across the land.

For somewhere past the shouting loud,
Beyond the noise of every crowd,
Are stories, real, in quiet tones—
Of choices faced, of lives alone.

For maybe past the screens and ads,
Beyond the votes, the good and bad,
We'll find the threads that make us whole—
A fractured dream, but still the goal.