

Heads

The winds of change assail us every day
We must have clever heads and steadfast stand
What storm will come and twist us all away?

Concern for nature might their plans delay
Selfish heads care not to lend a hand
The winds of change assail us every day

It's weather, not the climate, so they say
Witless heads are buried in the sand
What storm will come and twist us all away?

Let nothing interrupt their gainful play
Greedy heads look for the next backhand
The winds of change assail us every day

Corruption and coercion get their way
Evil heads spout lies to rule the land
What storm will come and twist us all away?

Our future's bound to hoary heads and grey
Whose slow response meets not acute demand
The winds of change grow fiercer every day
What storm has come to twist us all away?

Chris Adie