

Time is short

Time is short so they say, but not for me I once was certain

I have been around for many years, yet my memories are just like new

In my head, the brain works away, telling me I am the same person

Schoolboy, serviceman, husband, father, grandfather too

On and on life goes, and I cannot image it could ever stop

But I know it will, as it must, so let's get on and seize the day.

Little Emily and Oliver want me out to play.

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I woke up today from a nightmare.

Everything was chaos, we had no government, the money was spent, and all the politicians stood still with blindfolds over their eyes, crying "give us more".

The hospitals were shut, the councils broke, and anarchy ruled the day.

"We are special" is the cry, "we cannot be left without", but no one is listening.

Northern Ireland for some, the North for others, separated by an accident of birth, never to get close as children, unless we move away to another land.

Parades, marches, bonfires, riots, hatred of others very being fills the air.

Language, culture, sport, colours, all designed to keep us apart,

with many in denial that anything is happening at all it would seem.

Suddenly I woke on a sunny day with birds singing in our Groomsport garden.

Thank goodness it was all just a dream.

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Brian McBride

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