

Broken Promise

Those tears to me are imitation pearl,
Glass baubles manufactured on demand,
Costume jewellery for the drama queen.
A fashion show. A comedy. A performance, royal command.

And the nomination for the award,
For most deserving case,
Convinces no-one but yourself,
And falsely lights your face.

You curse your friends, your line, your luck,
You talk of LA, Rome and more
But your words and schemes are like your stuff,
Strewn wild across the floor.

In a world of tough decisions,
Your lies are where you hide,
Behind your cloak of virtue
Your secrets lost inside.

But when your promises are to children,
You expose your deepest fears,
Afraid to deal with honesty, or trust
Your own ability, or face the fleeing years.

And by your hands these promises
Discarded like cheap toys,
Theatrical props for the actress.
A puppet show. A parody. Another of your ploys.

The children do not understand
The excuses that you make,
They do not know the words for it
The liberty you take.

And they will not understand
This final senseless act,
Nor the wailing of the sirens,
Nor how they should react.

There is no pill I would not take,
No lie I would not swallow,
To bring you back here from the dark,
To rescue one tomorrow.

I used to think I understood,
Thought nothing of the pain.
Now the past is the future stolen,
And the truth is no-one's gain.

No tears of pearl run down my cheek,
But deep inside, a drama's played,
A cast of ghosts upon an empty stage.
A mystery. A tragedy. An endless masquerade.