

**Jemimah Hawkes**

## **Human Pound**

Existence was a problem  
In the under-stair cupboard  
Of post-modern serfdom.

The light was rarely shown,  
We scuttled around behind  
Doors and were blown

About by the winds of change.  
Something seemed greater  
Than the door we ranged

Behind, but never in front.  
It seemed a constant battle to  
Conform, a crime to confront.

The light trickled through,  
A liquid reminiscent of  
Our despondent slough

By contrast. It seemed  
So pure and free, and  
Yet we deemed

It far beyond the realm  
Of serfs, and so kept away  
From the elm-

Wood door, not daring  
To step beyond our domain,  
Not much caring

Whether there was a  
World beyond to explore.  
We sought to do away

With silly notions  
Of freedom and equality,  
Drinking the potions

The world forced us  
To drink, potions which  
Were excellent (Minus

Perhaps their mind-dulling  
Concoction which  
Constricted our mulling

Minds one step at a time).  
Soon we lost our cognitive  
Sense, began to mime

Words which once we could  
Speak, to lose our grasp on  
The reality of the world

And mortar which cut  
Us off from the rest of  
Humanity, drove a rut

Between our consciousness  
And the light beyond,  
Quenched any wistfulness

For light, for love, for greater  
Things, and left our brains lame,  
Reduced to an inability to cater

For our inner selves. Pressured into  
Insanity, we grovelled on the ground,  
Our eyes blank, with nothing to

Consider, no reason on which to found  
Our release from this human pound.