

The future is listening.

I am the cry of the unborn child. As the world tips on its axis, and tries to rock itself to sleep, please sing me your lullaby.

Do you hear my voice call out your name? There is no need to be afraid, for it is my future calling you. Your future is listening.

It cannot keep fighting the undercurrent of the tide you are creating. The ebb and flow of the tide is widening. The thumbprints you have gifted me make your footprints big steps to fill. My boots are yet to walk the grounds through where you have trodden your battles. But they already know it's real.

My cries in the night are the voice of your stories filled with greed and consumerism.

They fall upon deaf ears as you devour your chocolate cake. Your first slice raped the lands. Your second piece savaged the harvests. Your third and final piece silenced the voices of the marginalised. It added weight to your bones and girth to your heavy gut.

You took a cheap pot shot at yourself, your proclaimed fame and fortunes. Your self obsession with excess and greed displayed itself as a smorgasbord.

So now I find my singing voice amongst the chaos you have planted me in. It may never reach the ethereal heights you once searched for. Its ears are planted in the seeds of this unborn child.

Out of the smoke the spark will ignite my forming bones. I will not let the fire go out or give you another inch of my new ground.

Do I hear your protest to my cry in this hour of awakening? This secret night is the gift of my joy to the highest top gallant. I'll quit my pains as I have awoken you from your sloth and slumber. May you fly high on Gossamer wings.

Hold me, Soothe Me, Nurture Me.

Rock a Bye baby, it's going to be alright.

Without listening, your future will be silent.

Flip it.

Listen or be silent.