A cento for your thoughts

They say the revolution won't be televised
But will it be monetized?
Chopped up into short digestible Tik Tok reels
Exploiting, consuming all our feels? Oh wait, Black Friday is coming soon. I'll exchange my angst for a new PS2! Won't have to think about my problems, just shop, shop, shop…….

Over in Paris students are protesting
They're asking do you hear us?
Don't fear us! We're your future, please cheer us! Je ne veux pas travailler, je ne veux pas déjeuner, je suis jeune laisse mois vivre, comme vous, les vieux.

Makes me feel like 1968 again -Paris is burning!!! When will it stop? When ballroom has nothing left to say!

And over here we're fed up, caught up with the gas pump; up and down the prices go, where they'll stop no one knows all the while got us forgetting that if we want peace, we gotta fight for justice.

How come there was a war in the Middle East when I was a kid, but there's still war in the Middle East, again? Did it ever end or am I just lost in the supermarket, looking for that special offer, again, and again, and again? Hey look who's on the moon, again - no that's SpacEx; they'll give you a ride there too, soon.

For the first time ever, a Japanese mayor took a maternity leave; made the Time 100 list and we should all take heed. Her matrescence makes her make sense. Rest, peace, love, are what we are all looking for. Keep these in stock and you won't long for more.

Note – This poem is cento and although it includes cultural references to and phrases from work by Gil Scott-Heron, Joe Strummer from the Clash, Pink Martini, and Michael Roberson Maison-Margiela, it's my own original work and is, of course, inspired by Hillary Downey!