

It is life
Freedom and expression
Political and personal
Growth and change
Art is the world around us...trapped within a box labeled 'music, drama, dance'
Small labels thrown around
Small minds given no chance

Ignorance is also a lie
Evident it is, the change in time
Its insight has opened my mind
Yet I can't help but find...
A great lack of understanding

Of the standing of the arts
The climate and position the schools are stranded in
The solutions that lay bare
Strategies plenty are eager to share
Those sinking are pushed deeper by the pressure
The storm drowning voices that care
And the responsibility refused to be claimed
Everyone pointing fingers, scared to be named
Fearful of accepting the blame for their part and taking action amongst the fighting in
factions

Art is human, yet its gravity still considered unproven, when the cold facts are clear
Heavy words drowning in front of blinded eyes and deafened ears
Unwilling to hear and see truth or speak change

rebuffed

Liberty bound by a tradition of neglect
Tides rolling in as promises made but actions

Knocking a raft of illusion and lies
No supplies
No back up
What can we expect?
A suffocating youth looking to Atlantis
Cities and systems already sunk, for rescue...

The lighthouse stays silent

The lighthouse stays silent as treading water becomes weary
And limbs are growing tired
And everyone's drowning in their own islands
Three rafts for the masses
Three rafts despite the splashes
Three rafts with the expectation of passes

...

Drama was escapism
Only now do I realise what I was escaping from was a widening schism and a complex
that placed merit on other people's qualities and affinities, not mine
Only now do I realise I was walking on a fine line with no balance
Miserable and resigned
The role I was playing, what was assigned
Was a one size fits all
I felt so small facing that wall
The world and myself became benign
Only now I find...

Drama was the only subject I got an A* in, because I felt it was the only subject that I
could be free to express myself and my own individuality

The work I did that was graded B would have been an A* in my friends class
How do you measure the worth
Everything needs to be reworked
Education is meant to be harmonized
The signals on the same wavelength
A mast
But it's all cracked

The warrior ship glides
Chopping the waves
The warrior glides
Casting a shade
The warrior...sick of the wait
Wanting to strike before all is lost
A warrior...always aware of the cost
Determination strong as the storm rages on
The warrior glides for what is on the line
Is life and lives