

...licence... By Pete Longden

Some are victims though not tied up with rope,
They are tied by their own silence,
Or by liberty taking away their voice,
Lost liberty taking away their freedom of choice

Some are victims of some ill-placed joke,
They have tried to escape such cruel violence,
Stepped upon for their heritage and belief,
Mean-mistreaters where they sought out relief

Some are victims because they're the wrong kinda bloke,
Once tried for illegal noncompliance,
Emotion versus machismo so misconstrued,
Pride in movement in a slowly changing mood

Some are victims because they cannot cope,
Yet pride keeps them self-reliant,
Stress, pressure, image, identity,
Social media, image, wealth, struggling mentally

Some are victims but there is always hope,
That those who hide can find their licence,
Given, taken, assumed, spoken, written in celebration,
Where faith and love, a voice, are given and found without reservation.