

They're sitting in The Street in Spain

They're sitting in the streets, take turns to create a beat, and they're defying prohibition.

It's late, protestors wait and the police don't bait, who would want to be a politician?

Banners fall, people just wanna walk tall, it's jobs they need, they're prepared to bleed but it's not needed, it's a time of peace, candles, solidarity, with a message that must be heeded.

Around the world people watch 'n' listen to images of Spain making a din with pans that glisten.

Pictures adorn newspapers, exhibiting unity of all, young, old, fat, thin, blonde, red, brown and bald from the Bombay News to the Morning Herald.

A day of reflection with no mirrors, with no ponds, no calm water in which to peer, bars open all night, a tippie of wine or two, and even a beer. Rows of coloured maggots wriggle under the night sky on the concrete plaza, amidst the noise and cheer.

Decisions, missions, teach and train our young, help them live life. Support them, give them your thoughts, think reflect and make your vote count to get us out of this terrible strife.

One tick one cross where will it go, the name you know, the face you like, make it right or you'll see some strikes.

Watch the news, feel the blues, smile together, walk and talk together, move as one for one purpose, make our world a better place for all.

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This poem was written by Paul while he was living in Spain. While there he saw first hand the economic difficulties, especially those that affected the young.

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