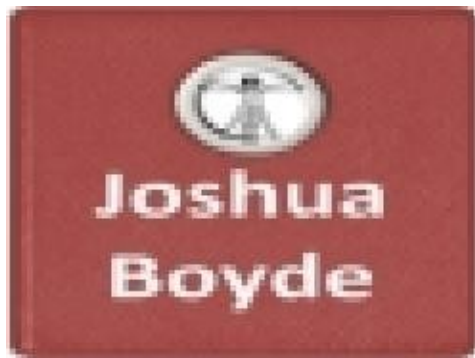


# The World's Smallest Violins (a social comment)

By : joshua boyde

A social comment on old age, society, nursing homes, families, and death.

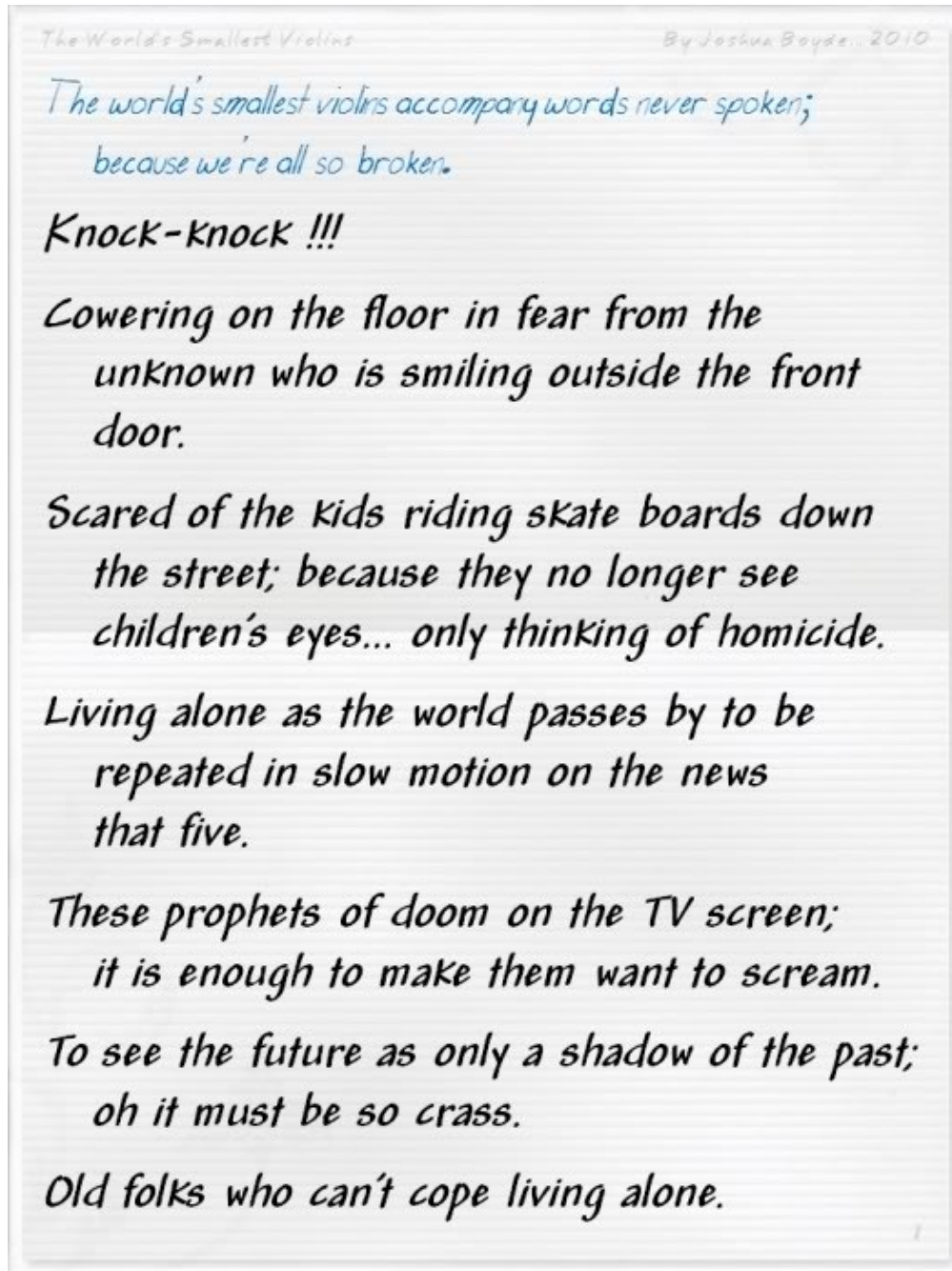


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## The World's Smallest Violins (a social comment)



*The World's Smallest Violins*

*By Joshua Boyde, 2010*

*The world's smallest violins play as tomorrow's generations draw  
their cards.*

*Decisions made to win ended up being sink  
or swim.*

*Discovering their plans for the future have all  
fallen apart; do they need another stock-  
market chart.*

*Those bills keep piling up and they're down on  
hands and knees pleading for some relief.*

*Asset rich and cash poor; pensioners standing  
in the welfare line, selling their homes to live  
just ten years more, are running out of time.*

~~*What is the luck that they don't all get fucked  
by bureaucratic muck?*~~

*Old folks who can't afford to live at home.*

*The World's Smallest Violins*

*By Joshua Boyde, 2010*

*The world's smallest violins squeal; it is so surreal.*

*Another day watching the fan blades circling  
around their heads; waiting to be tucked  
into bed.*

*No purpose, no point of view, no political  
power; according to the bureaucratic fools  
and maybe me and you.*

*What is the penalty for maturity;  
a room smaller than a jail cell, with  
"get well" cards along the walls from family  
who never seem to call.*

*While they're alive you would wonder who are  
their next-of-kin; but as death approaches  
it all turns to a game of family sins.*

*Do they pray; or hope that this is judgement  
day and it is time to pay.*

*Old folks condemned to a nursing home.*

*The World's Smallest Violins*

*By Joshua Boyde, 2010*

*The world's smallest violins playing above the bed-head;  
as though mocking from the dead.*

*Beneath the earth their lovers rest;  
as time devours their memories of the other.*

*Trying to live while they can;  
even though some are chained to the can,  
or peeing like a withered man.*

*Brush these crumbs from their gray hairs;  
wipe this dribble from their faces.*

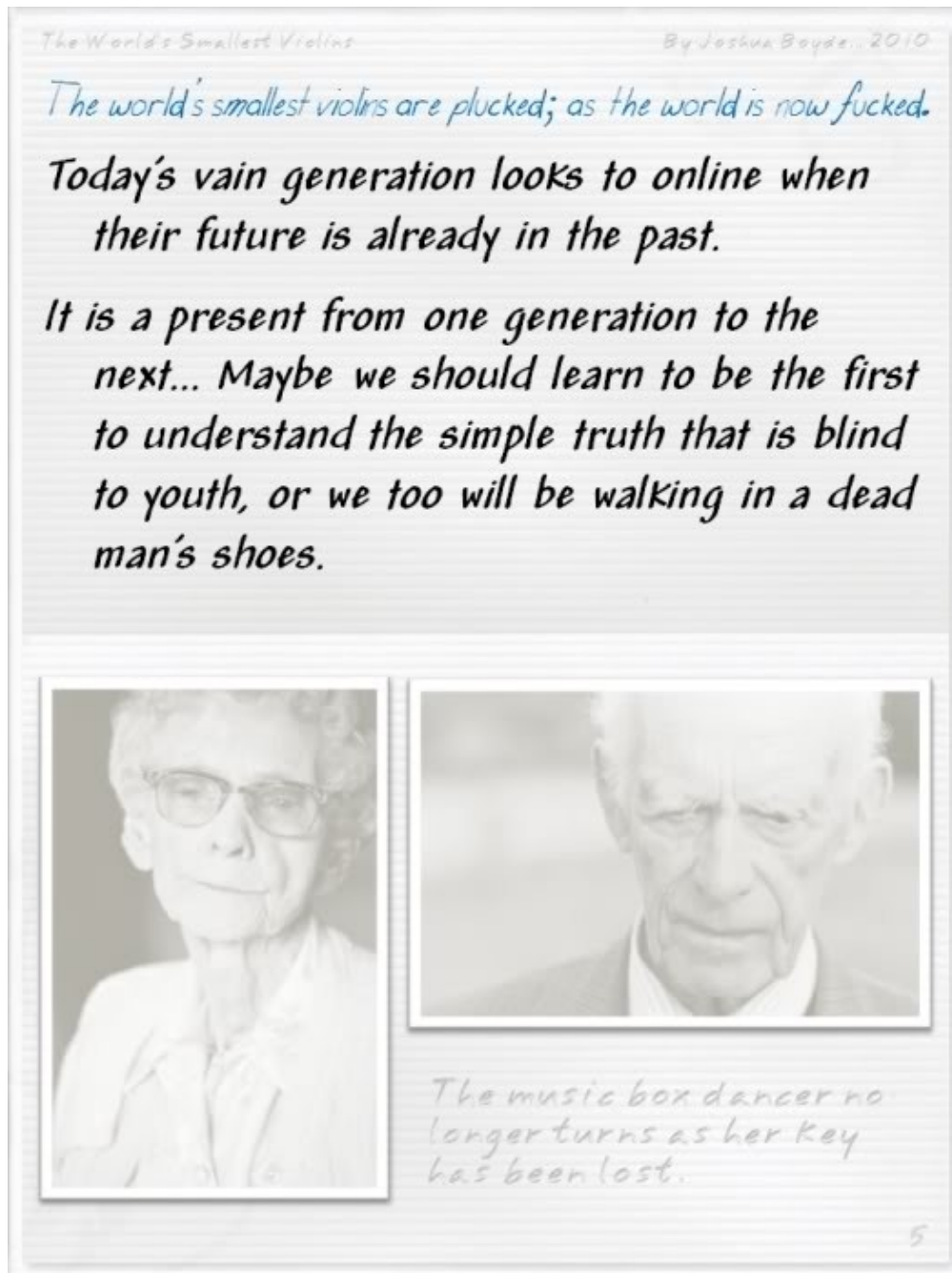
*Living in a place where farewells are the end;  
waiting for service, wondering when their  
number will be called.*

*Their old letters and photos thrown in the fire.*

*Old folks interned in a grave yard, as their  
scratched record tumbles in the funeral hall.*



The World's Smallest Violins (a social comment)



**The world's smallest violins (a social comment)**

***The world's smallest violins accompany words never spoken; because we're all so broken. Knock-knock !!!***

Cowering on the floor in fear from the unknown who is smiling outside the front door.  
Scared of the kids riding skate boards down the street; because they no longer see children's eyes... only thinking of homicide.  
Living alone as the world passes by to be repeated in slow motion on the news that five.  
These prophets of doom on the TV screen; it is enough to make them want to scream.  
To see the future as only a shadow of the past; oh it must be so crass.  
Old folks who can't cope living alone.

## The World's Smallest Violins (a social comment)

***The world's smallest violins play as tomorrow's generations draw their cards.***

Decisions made to win ended up being sink or swim.

Discovering their plans for the future have all fallen apart; do they need another stock-market chart.

Those bills keep piling up and they're down on hands and knees pleading for some relief.

Asset rich and cash poor; pensioners standing in the welfare line, selling their homes to live just ten years more, are running out of time.

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***The world's smallest violins squeal; it is so surreal.***

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Living in a place where farewells are the end; waiting for service, wondering when their number will be called.

Their old letters and photos thrown in the fire.

Old folks interned in a grave yard, as their scratched record tumbles in the funeral hall.

***The world's smallest violins are plucked as the world is now fucked.***

Today's vain generation looks to online when their future is already in the past.

It is a present from one generation to the next... Maybe we should learn to be the first to understand the simple truth that is blind to youth, or we too will be walking in a dead man's shoes.

*The music box dancer no longer turns as her key has been lost.*

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