

# Villagers, That Golden Time

Remember, dear, that golden time  
Before you thought you had to choose  
Between the shrinking violet truth  
And a growing list of IOUs

Before the keeper of the gate  
Revoked your ticket to the land  
Where eloquence was still in date  
And everything was cash-in-hand

Before the dulling of the mind  
Encased in algorithm blues  
Hollowed out the heavy stuff  
Replaced it with a careful ruse

And whispered in the gravy train  
Careening on the falling sand  
But now we turn the hourglass  
For advocacy is not a brand

Who am I to say?  
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