

My Generation  
by  
Omar Musa

My generation sat on the brim of the ocean,  
waiting for the tide to bring something in.

My generation  
was populated with boozehounds and pillheads,  
crude clowns and bedspreads stained with the  
neon dreams of cocaine fiends,  
I mean  
the diamond flooded visions of sex kittens  
who sweat bullets, glitter and Chanel  
I mean  
the ones who  
live in debt buy spray cans of fake tan  
I mean  
the ones who drop out of college to get collagen  
hoping to hook with pop collar gen Y men with  
copycat tattoos,  
footy contracts and right angled jaws.  
Hoping to ride  
amphetamine horses and red Porsches  
into clubs  
whose shelf life is over right.  
about.  
NOW.

My generation  
took solace in  
false prophets who promised change  
and did more of the same,  
whose ideologies of optimism  
were turned into  
fridge magnets and bumper stickers-  
YES WE CAN

Yes, we witnessed  
prime ministers slain.  
Hushed coups in the halls of parliament-  
heads rolled over bad polls, tongues lolled,  
drums rolled as newspapers harmonised like baying wolves.  
New kings and queens smiled for the all seeing camera's eyes  
that blink but never flinch.  
Freshly anointed "leaders" with polished teeth and long knives-  
they would smile  
deep down knew that  
the guillotine waited also for them.

My generation  
bloomed with the blood of artists  
who sent messages in bottles  
that ended up lodged in bleached coral,  
and humanity was a deep fossil to be fossicked  
some day by a people other than us.  
While the traditional custodians of the land  
sweated in the concrete gizzards of govvo flats  
left wing activists sipped red wine  
and talked of reform.

My generation had hot buttered sex to  
cookie cutter music.  
We made autotuned love and men learnt how  
to have sex on a curriculum of  
pixellated pink pornstar pussy  
and double D tits and digital dicks.

We made love between oil spills and massacres,  
tangoed between  
the headlines of history,  
flitting between  
hush love making and murder,  
draughts of cool wine and hellish salt pans wimpling  
with dancing mirages  
that brought brief joy to our desiccated hearts.

My generation never stopped being children.

We grew wearier, but not wiser,  
we grew older, but not up,  
and our only possessions were our winged imaginations,  
sitting on the brim of the ocean,  
waiting for the tide to bring something in.