

The Polluted Population.

*Yearning for those five days of near contentness,
Where everything was perfect,
When I found compassion in people,
Realising that not all of the Australia is fucked.*

*Who thought one moment in a short holiday would change so much,
How I feel about the place I call home,
Once I thought I couldn't leave Melbourne,
Now I see the staleness and selfishness that pollutes this population.*

*In Melbourne a friendly gesture is sparse,
An impromptu conversation from salespeople is an one sentence question,
Shopping ethics are to be unconcerned for your fellow shoppers,
And if you're different, you're unworthy of positive attention.*

*I can't wait for my next trip to that place of near contentness,
But for now I'll keep a firm grasp of my memories,
And remember the people, who opened my eyes,
When I realised that acceptance and kindness are still alive somewhere.*