## **Red Sands**

## **Anne Clark**

Blood on the sand Blood on the handsof a handful of madman What a way to see the world Through the smeared window of a TV-Screen Technicolour assasinations Assasinations that make me scared and afraid Afraid of the streets that breed malice and hatred Those with their heads bowed to the darkness Those who can't see for the glare of the light Those without strength Who can't raise hands yet alone guns Become prisoners of conscience Though not your conscience You cheer and rejoice as life trickles away Through the outlets you give in the shape of a gun Our world is slipping quickly away