

## running back the tape

Burn the paper, break the pens

My eyes sting from the blaring white,  
in the dark of my room,  
every second a new site

Burn the paper, break the pens

I say I have it rough,  
as I click on another 'pic',  
when will it be enough?

Burn the paper, break the pens

Bleeding hearts,  
every day a new pain,  
whilst a new trend starts

Burn the— but wait, do we have to?

For my parents remember the laughter;  
from windows they screamed,  
then ran after

Remember the paper, pick up the pens

They knew a different time  
before, if you wrote  
you couldn't 'search' how to rhyme

Remember the paper, pick up the pens

Shared notebooks and polaroids,  
they may have really had it better,  
hearts without any voids

Remember the paper, pick up the pens

Letters and fights,  
but with no 'block' button  
tear-filled nights

Remember the paper, pick up the pens

I have seen the past  
but no matter,  
for it always comes last

Take the paper, use the pens

We can't go back,  
but we can try again, we have to-  
before we crack

Take the paper, use the pens

Write without fear  
even if you don't know how to rhyme  
let the world hold it dear

Take the paper, use the pens

Our grandparents know the way,  
they'll show us life  
they'll never lead us astray

Take the paper, use the pens

No more glaring screens of faces  
let's see the people we hold dear,  
there will be no more lost cases

We must start again.