

COME TO MY RESCUE, FIRST WORLD

by Hassan A Keynan

Come to my rescue, First World,
For the PARTY came to an end,
And the wind started blowing.

Come to my rescue, First World;
And hold me tight in thy mortal embrace;
For I cannot stand
The limitless freedom,
And the frightening serenity,
Of a rhythmless existence.

With thy speed and skill, come;
And, with my fate, conspire,
To shield me from discovering,
The reality of my faithful emptiness,
The rules of your capricious game,
And the genesis of our rootless partnership.

Come to my rescue, First World,
And fulfil thy messianic mission: to save me from myself,
And to harmonize the gaps in my head,
And the goals in my stomach.

Come to my rescue, First World,
Give me another party,
And the pleasure of your distant company;
For it's not native to me,
To be independent of your might and power.

Loyal, I will remain to thee for ever,
Even If I am no longer eligible
For another party.