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1980

Molly Boyce

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1980[®]

Molly Boyce

word was the world had changed
for the worse everyone speculated
Palestine clashing, preachers confessing
and no one in their right mind
booked Guyana for a vacation

were we on our way to oblivion
when Lockerbie, Scotland shook the world
before it was chic to live in fear,
but no one dares remember that flight
along with 9/11 or Flight 93

maybe it was true this world had gone to pot
doctors claimed it was good medicine after all
cell phones romanced us as we learned to Relax,
easier to lose oneself in Pac Man or Mario
when 'just say no' did not work

what would become of this world gone wild,
hijackings, bombs, arming foreign gorillas,
NASA holding tight a young teacher's hand,
the other Bush wooing us with 'read my lips'
after the man knocked down the wall

might be true we lost our virginity during those years
or gave it up while millions died before they were born,
Black Monday diverted the world with a grim prophecy
stock market crash, money lost, human error to blame,
contaminated waste lining eastern shores

were we so gullible to believe all their lies,
our fault we were not Bueller who escaped for a day,
routing for Molly blossoming in the Breakfast Club,
never recognizing E.T. and his transforming power
allowed Luke to fight galaxies far, far away,

are we better off today for what was left behind,
yellow ribbons, Brook Shields, and "who shot J.R."
do we still mourn at the Dakota, cheer the Laker's win,
or continue to count the number of poison pills
that accidentally killed our "King"

how do you judge progress during this era,
by Madonna or laughter on Saturday Night,
English fairy tales proving they do come true,
those miraculous births of Cabbage Patch Kids,
finally disco died and we all were proud

one thing for sure as we head Back to the Future
Footloose dancing through barns, across car hoods,
moon walking into Thriller, skating rings around Xanadu,
whether a Springfield or Joel musical generation
we all admitted how hard it was being green

what would become of this world gone wild . . .