

Inclined to arrange
For the coming new decade
A time to make change

Distant trouble brewed
We never saw it coming
Its sheer magnitude

Struck without behest
Unprepared and unaware
We were thrust to rest

With no guiding light
The enigmatic demon
Showed no end in sight

Amidst rampant death
The farthest reaching voices
Lied with every breath

Despite how tragic
Those wanting too much power
Promised us magic

Too many sought blame
Politics before people
All sides were the same

On top of it all
People chose to make things worse
Progress they did stall

Alas, it will wane
But will forever remain
A blight and a stain

Naught to do but wait
I hope we can all produce
A better blank slate