



Chance!

Every child born with a scream
Dragged from a beautiful dream
Their comforting world forsaken
The maternal bond now shaken
Brought into cold and harsh light
All equal with this human plight

One child born into love and care
Another into anger and despair
One will thrive in an aura of trust
The other will nurture deep distrust
But children attribute no blame
And love their parents just the same

One child born into a nourishing regime
Another one aches with low self esteem
One will flourish, grow and thrive
Another will shut down to survive
One told that they can lead this nation
The other 'don't rise above your station'

Who or what decides this chance
Some stand still and some advance
Is it down to karma or individual pluck
Or simply hard work defining luck
Is it nature or nurture we all debate
Or is it out of our hands and simply fate

I have seen the best and brightest fail
Whilst the least likely often prevail
Children whose upbringings ensured their fall
Sit amongst the greatest leaders of all
We have within us that very strange mix
and where we end up no one can predict

So what is this, the human condition
The most broken children full of ambition
The internal wounds creating their talents
a life time spent trying to counter balance
But life is opportunity for those with heart
Perhaps a worthy finish despite the start

Thomas Keaney, 9 October 2018