

## Life's a soap on my television screen

*Naima Rashid*

As I watch my city bleed  
on the television screen,  
I feel a new-age, digital-like sorrow;  
lukewarm,  
enough to flatter the conscience,  
but not to trouble the mind,  
enough to tug at the heartstrings,  
but not to cause any pain.

The balancing is tricky, so  
I keep the vista of my vision  
cluttered with distractions and playthings -  
coke cans and ketchup, pizza and pearls,  
souvenirs from blindfolded travels,  
Eiffel Towers in plaster of Paris,  
Chinese vases made in Taiwan.

I hop from black to white,  
obliterate the gray,  
I appropriate the knowledge  
according to my mood;  
a bit of bloodshed, a bit of jazz,  
some song and dance, some war and peace,  
one way, it gets too much, too dark  
for a sunshine bloke like me.

The world's a stage, and  
life's a soap on my television screen,  
the drama folds and unfolds,  
and all I do is behold  
while my conscience is doped;  
it's vaudeville with human puppets,  
a little crude at times.  
I can handle it pretty well though,  
I just need my shot,  
between murders and musicals,  
zapping in and out at will.