

## Phantom Youth

i saw the kids falling in love with art; a masterpiece crumbling to the ground  
lost in empty carousels and swaying swings, destined never to be found  
with their hollowed out souls doomed to whisper prayers from monotone lips  
and obsidian eyes begging for the childhood that slipped from their grips  
as they played in the park, with Cheshire grins honed  
skin so translucent, it gleamed against luminous bones  
laughs so hollow, they carved craters out of the stale air  
a boy in the bumper cars (glassy eyes, hands tied) with an unmoving stare  
a girl huddled at the top of the Ferris wheel, ever still, as she flies  
playtime forever (and never) in a world without time  
for the children subjected to humanity's sharp edges and cracks  
the rollercoaster's descent is frozen in its tracks  
candy floss stained on fingers, never to be licked clean  
the young's desires captured by the night, of inked skies and hopeless dreams  
wondering what they did wrong; what snatched their chance to ride  
as they suffer from the faults that force our nations to hide  
what a world it must be (with stamped on sunsets so timelessly poised)  
where the youth do not laugh, for the world's endeavours have seized their toys  
-a.s// phantom youth