

Rag Doll

Afraid and worried, the bird thought he had lost his flock,
Distracted by humungous machines, ploughing the faraway fields,
Scanning side to side looking for his troops,
Adrift in a migration nightmare, he felt a lot of fear,
He gazed at the blue sea; his eyes started to fill with buckets of endless tears.

Whoosh, the bird swooped onto the convict ship,
He spied a sea of boys,
Who appeared incapable of the trip,
In the corner of his eye, he glimpsed a youngster,
Who drew his attention like a gold jewel.

A short thin boy who looked weak and poor, like he had been used as a pin
pillow,
Boom, crash, the doomed boat docked at the harbour,
The boys walked off the boat and were transported to awaiting farms,
Straight to the dungeon of the paddocks,
Lashed and bashed and forced to work, with no reward for charm.

The bird watched the boy every day getting treated like a nightmarish rag doll,
While the farmer's children were treated like prizes,
Sitting in a tree, he spied the protecters ordering a swarm of people to look after the
little foals,
The young boy was fed up working for no reward,
That day, he clasped a weapon and left it in the shed, ready. The bird was captivated.

In the dead of night, the prisoner climbed through the window,
And struck his victim,
The wife of the farmer jumped on the horse and rode to the police station and reported,
The police yanked the so-called criminal, cuffed him and got him sorted,
The bird watched the boy's innocence evaporate.

Locked up and accused of murder, to be left there for a couple days,
The rag went over his head, the crowd was cheering tunes,
In the last second, he dropped dead with no ceremony,
On the floor, transported to the dunes,
Buried in the sand, no one seemed to care.

As the bird departed, a tear dropped out of his eye,
He felt weak and wrecked, disoriented and did not know what to do next,
As a flock of birds went by, he asked if he could join,
And have a brand-new start, "Yes," they said as they flew towards the dream like
horizon.
He would never forget the name "John Gavin" as he dreamed of more for these lost
boys.

Flynn Mills