Acceptance,

Laurie Webb, Mount Toolebewong 2024

In a perfect world, with all people accepted,
Our children would outlive us,
We wouldn't lose half our non binary kids,
Our blunders they'd gladly forgive us.

One cold Canberra Easter to a perfect world,
I came with no clue or idea,
Till I met last years winner, and this year's judge,
A person pink haired, pierced nosed and queer.

In this perfect world, with all kinds accepted,
Poetry judges are fair and gallant,
Queer folk aren't judged on appearance ,
They're judged solely on their talent.

The poets were gifted, emotive and clever,
Each poem an eloquent letter,
I felt out of place with my tale of two lesbians,
Who changed a country town for the better.

It seemed I just made up the numbers,
A country novice when they were top guns,
Then it became a perfect world for me
When the pink haired judge said I'd won.

So lucky me played the closing night's concert,
To the largest crowd of my life,
I needed coaching, and along came Zev,
To calm my misgivings and strife.

I'd never met a non-binary like Zev,
Boy or girl, I just couldn't tell,
But they knew backstage, where to stand,
And adjusting the microphone as well.

Over three thousand people surely one would heckle,
What's the risk if they aren't accepted ?
'Cos that's where we lose our in between youths,
They just can't handle being rejected.

Such a huge festival audience, I'd never seen the like
And Zev held the eyes of the crowd,
I looked at their faces, all smiling with joy,
I wanted to kiss them, felt so proud!

So in our perfect world, all kinds are accepted,
But is five days a year really enough ?
Could we all stay infected, a beacon of acceptance,
When the young ones around find it tough?

To the perfect world crowd, share compassion worldwide,
How about taking a tour of redemption?
A safe audience for Trans people across our wide land,
and all we have to do, is accepted them.