

# The Generational Consequences

(Story in Verse)

**Rufina Anthony**

In the grand halls of the palace, a king of old,  
Sat with the current queen, so wise and bold.  
He questioned her, with a tone so stressed,  
Why is the new generation so dead and depressed?

“Where is the joy, the happiness and glee?  
That I had seen, in the past so free.  
What’s happened to the world, that we once knew?  
Why is there sadness, in everything new?”

The queen looked at him, with eyes so sad,  
For she knew the answer, and it made her mad.  
She spoke of a time, when the world was bright,  
And people lived with hope, and hearts so light.

But she also spoke, of a time of darkness,  
Of a generation, that had left no kindness.  
A generation of greed, of hate and war,  
That had left the new generation, nothing but a scar.

The king was taken aback, by her words so harsh,  
For he had ruled before, with a heart so staunch.  
He had built the empire, with his own might,  
And ensured that it prospered, with all its might.

But the queen persisted, in her claims so true,  
That his generation, had left no hope anew.  
That the new generation, was a victim of their past,  
And it was the fault of the old, that happiness did not last.

The king was silent, as he pondered on her words,  
And realised that the truth, was far from his world.  
He had built a kingdom, with power and might,  
But in doing so, had left the future, with nothing but blight.

And so, the king and queen, sat in silence and despair,  
As they realized the truth, was too much to bear.  
The new generation, was a victim of their past,  
And it was the fault of the old, that happiness did not last.

There was no happy ending, to this tale so sad,  
For the damage was done, and could not be un-had.  
The new generation, would suffer still,  
For the sins of the old, that had left them with no thrill.