

## Lock Step

They twirled over the non-issue,  
They danced around the edge;  
Each knew his own steps  
But would not take the lead.

The driver was right.  
Gas costs were high, the ticket was double;  
His livelihood ran a mere few steps  
Ahead of each kilometre driven.

The cop was right.  
His salary was halved;  
Each ticket he issued,  
Bought an opera ticket for his chief.

The dance took as long as it needed,  
Though neither enjoyed it.  
Neither wanted it to continue,  
Neither had a choice.

The driver was wrong  
To have fuelled the industry,  
To have fed the monster that devoured him,  
To have accepted the system against him.

The cop was wrong

To have enforced what was wrong,

To have protected himself over others,

To have stolen in a world of stealing.

“The ticket is expensive”

Meant you could not afford it.

“I don’t want any trouble”

Meant I was open to negotiate.

“It’s only one person”,

Meant I would give you my extra earnings,

“I’ve talked to you before”

Meant you owed him from last time.

The moves could not be public,

The show was done in code.

The silent music could not be stopped,

It marched on ceaselessly in this country.

The notes were printed

Adorned with the face of a hero;

Who could not blink an eye,

As it passed to the other hand.

Intentionally oblivious in the back,  
The instigator looked beyond their moves,  
As if he had nothing to do with  
The dance he had requested.