

## **A Brave New World**

Miranda locks the bedroom door behind her,  
It feels like the last safe place in the world.  
Downstairs, her father is shouting to (or maybe at) himself.  
He's a bearer of ancient grudges, and lonely,  
Neither has been good for his health.  
The world outside is just as bad, or maybe worse,  
It seeps into her room wirelessly. Such a lot of shouting!  
Brexiters and sloganeers who want their country back  
Loud demands in voices that smell of lager and fags,  
An unprecedented president who disunites States  
By lying, and then lying about the lies.  
Miranda shuts her laptop, then her eyes.  
She can only put up with so much, but there's a limit.  
O brave new world that has such people in it.

**Harriet W. Year 13**