# *New Zealand Patriots*

The air comes alive as new zeal fills the good,

Conservative values gain ground, as they should,

We rejoice as the pillars of freedom, refound,

Find voice yet again and are broadcast all round.

But freedom is fragile, so we must insist

Our children be taught that truth does exist.

The simple use language that’s artless, uncouth,

But that will not make us lose faith in the truth.

If we unite in this fight for our kin

We can seize for our nation the passion to win—

Note how our state has the eyes of the world,

Our name on their lips as our banners unfurl.

These activists cheating their brothers are blind,

They don't see we're angry at planning a crime,

The short-sighted rogues will be filling their purse!

Robbing their mates? What in Hell could be worse?

Their snarl may sound tough as it mocks and offends,

But we'll still not draw swords on these traitors,

Nor in our wrath will we snap as they bait us.

We'll just take a pause; and speak truth; as to friends.

Richard Treadgold
July 2023

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