

# The Unac(counted)

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In a nation where loneliness is mapped and spread,  
divided in units, with no one to be led.  
Indexed per capita, numbered and cold,  
a life reduced to what can be sold.  
The people exist in quiet isolation,  
measured in hours, defined by calculation.

They were taught;  
stand alone in the chase for more,  
forget about your neighbour and lock the door.

Failure? Yours.  
Struggle? Natural law.  
Even though the floor was rigged way before you ever saw.  
The cracks keep spreading, the silence grows wide,  
loneliness seeps in, with no place to hide.

And somewhere along, compassion was privatized —  
shelved and priced, no longer recognized.  
No longer citizens, just numbers that revolve,  
problems on paper, meant to self-dissolve.

The heart of the nation drowned in numbers and charts,  
lost between deadlines and budgeted parts.  
People fade out, replaced by reports,  
poverty's a figure, and justice distorts.  
Inequality fits in a column, tight and neat,  
but the lives behind it — they're erased, incomplete.

They talk of deficits, but never the cost of not to care,  
never the debt of a world that's too unfair.  
And so the gap widens,  
between the grid and the ground,  
between the digits and the lives that can't be found.

Between those who count,  
— and those who were never accounted for.