

Ballydowse, The Land, the Bread, and the People

Another armchair economist playing
our life into a mess, what you know
about poverty you learned in a book.
Think you're really qualified to
mouth off and theorize about the fears
you've never even felt.
Time's past to button up,
taste the fare on which they sup and tighten your own belt.
Get in line with us a while, see ya humbly watch
your child's health held in balance by the whim of the system.

Between Cosette and the privileged few
A fat dog chokes down more than he can chew
A poor land's labours are a rich land's gain
Little Oliver lives again

The red scare has come and gone,
a temporarily peaceful dawn finds us lost without a villain.
When the free market reigns supreme will Lazarus cheer
and scream or will the new bosses' wage be the same?
What's it mean to buy and own when all is God's and God's alone,
does a father feed half his children?
Our glory is indeed our shame if our comfort breeds on others' pain.
This feast would be better if it wasn't so lonely.

Theologies of liberation formed by mother's desperation,
the church condemns but offers little else.
Brother sun and sister moon hear a starving
child's tune thanking God for all His goodness.
Across the seas the bitter mutter behind ivy walls and drawn
shutters they plot to keep their own.
Moths and worms around us gather,
a slow wrath descends a ladder.
Mercy received in the measure it was given.

Holy Father we all want bread,
both from heaven and your fields so green.
I know your grace is man's first need,
but I can no longer hold the pain I've seen.
I am my brother's keeper and that I'll always be.
I'll not turn my back be he stranger of blood
and embrace a life of greed.
I am my sister's keeper and that I've always been.
Every day I've left her out in the streets