

Bombs Over Providence, Bury My Eyes At 1510 K

Cast out with the first of winter.
Coldest night since they last raised busfare.
Seems fitting.
In this city it only ever gets this cold
after shelters close and the commons gates are locked.
There but for the grace of good odds go you, go I, go we all, but we don't.
A greater chill than the lake winds at morning:
knowing you've been heard but the city's still ignoring.
They built this.
The city would not entertain appeals to logic.
Simply locked out, they assembled, built their own walls.
Dignity here lives by alms not asked for.
But how long could it possibly last?
Now that the Pope's here gotta get the streets clear.
What better time for good old Christian charity?
Tempered by the winter weather, cold hearts don't care what month it is.
It's all the same, they've themselves to blame.
And we'll never be measured, no matter the weather,
on how we lived well while others froze.
A systematic disease, motivated by greed,
left alone when we all know there's room.
Break down City Hall, there's rooms for us all,
there's no problem till they hear it upstairs.
But what does that mean for the greatest in need?
Must they fight at every corner?
Even when they succeed in making all that they need,
"dead" property discovers its owner.
I can feel my bones getting cold already.
Steaming breath betrays our presence.
Measured in the way we care for our weakest,
God forbid we should ever lose our hold.
Could we ever lose our hold?
We've walked these streets till morning.
Winds cut through without warning.
We're strong as our greatest shame.
Speak its name, leads its way, this way home.