

Fitzgerald Patrik, Gifts And Telegrams

Small wooden building,
on a road in the middle of nowhere;
trees catch fire, quite close by,
the sun bleaches your bones.
cattle grazing, cattle bells ring,
the sound of choirs gathering,
their teaching everyone
to sing along
with queen victoria's hymns of praise.
Small wooden building,
where another one receives the cane,
another one can't add 2 and 2, yet,
another one can't quite spell his name.
the missionary laughs;
some children laugh,
some children cry,
they run along, behind his moped,
whistling and waving him goodbye,
goodbye..goodbye..goodbye...
Large concrete building, now,
we send them more incentives,
we send them gifts, and telegrams,
saying 'do come to england'
we'll meet you at the airport,
we'll greet you at the quay,
with promise of a job, a house,
food and education.