

An Empire and a Village

You and I, inside us, have an Empire and a village.
Admit it and acknowledge.
Now, let's forage for our courage.

Citizens of Empire are the haywire folk of hellfire;
of hiring, firing, miring, and of razor-wire and gunfire.

Citizens of Empire never listen to the village.
Empire will imprison any prophet of the village.

Empire has the cash, the whips, the slaves, and the advantage.
Empire screams for tribute which the village cannot manage.

Empire drinks the river and the village feels the shortage.
Empire starts the carnage and the village needs the bandage.

People of the village must rummage through the rubbish,
calling through the garbage for the children in the wreckage.

Empire knows to massage every message to the village;
to authorise as classified each image of the pillage.

Empire feeds off doubt and debt and luxury and slaughter.
Village dreams of crumbs of bread and never-ending water.

All of us, inside us, have an Empire and a village.
Admit it and acknowledge.
Now. Go forage for your courage.