

## FIRST & THIRD

by

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We worry about ourselves that's only natural  
We see that our children feel ashamed if they  
    wear the same clothes twice in a week at school  
Wasn't like that when I was growing up but  
Well, we don't want their little psyches scarred  
Lots of therapy to cure them and such  
So we need lots of clothes. . .

Lint filled over stuffed dim factories down  
Cramped streets of Hong Kong of Manila of Bogota  
of Mexico City of New York hands moving at blisterpace  
For baby milk for a crowded room for survival. . .

Checks cost sixty cents apiece by now and  
Home computers are being made cheaper and cheaper  
Everybody's gonna have them only way to go  
Do direct banking everybody's gonna have them. . .

Dust wells up choking in the over-crowded camp  
Long limbed people who one generation ago roamed  
As had their families from an ancient time  
The roots and flesh gone with the dances  
Instead to cluster around the buckets of running  
Cereal meal provided by the modern man. . .

Have you tried the cream croissants I love french food  
I never eat fast food, too many additives and carcinogens  
Have to watch my cholesterol, there's a new place that  
Has seven courses with a choice of 21 desserts

I never let my child eat packaged foods, only  
Fresh wholesome natural foods. . .

The woman placed her four children on  
Different corners in the market hoping the flow of  
Constant crowds past the stalls would not jostle or  
Crush them. With lightning speed she grabbed a  
Loaf of bread, nearly two days they had gone  
Without. She ran quickly, being chased by  
Security force through the crowds - stopping at  
each of her children to stuff a piece of the  
Bread into their hungry mouths, running  
Desperate to feed her family before being caught. . .

Well we have to buy property just to keep some  
of our income I mean these taxes are just too  
much. Did I tell you my company is investing  
in Central America (middle East, West Africa)  
Gonna open a plant down there, I only feel  
Sorry for the ones who have to go manage  
It. They'll live on compounds of course but  
It's getting hard to keep security. . .

The old man sat on his haunches and rocked back  
And forth to an unheard rhythm from his memory,  
Songs from a time when the village would return  
from digging the yams and chant, before all the  
young men were taken and given rifles and  
green uniforms, before the mines and the  
cocoa plants operated, before his wanderers spirit  
was stopped. . .

The soviets must be stopped we have to put up  
Enough nuclear weapons to make them realize  
They can't run over us. We have to be in  
Central America and those trouble spots because  
The soviets are trying to take over the whole world. . .

The woman had come from the green hills after the  
Temples were bombed. Her grandmother had told her  
Of when the first ones came speaking French,  
Then later she had seen the others speaking  
English and now they were  
speaking Russian and each time the hope of  
Peace, the thread of hope that one day she  
Could live as had her ancestors before her  
Grows thinner. . .

Have you seen my neighbor lately she had a breast  
Implant operation and looks great. I just think this  
Modern medicine is wonderful. My daughter  
Was having trouble getting pregnant but I told  
Her not to worry there's artificial insemination,  
Test tubes, surrogates she'll have her baby one  
Way or another. I'm thinking of having a  
Tummy tuck, I haven't gotten anywhere on  
My diet for years. . .

The woman clutched her baby and stood in line for  
medication. The antibiotics had been in storage for  
years but she couldn't get the herbs her mother  
Had always used. She got one handful of  
Tetracycline for the crust and eruptions around  
Her baby's mouth and another for the hard  
Tender lumps she had along her jaw and under her  
arms. . .

We who have through the most powerful skilled and cleanest  
Modes of violence ever seen on the planet, turned the  
World arena into a huge funnel to empty its goods on  
To us, we who have boasted and charged into war after  
War to keep the world save for white supremacy: To  
The trilateralist - to the social imperialist - to the  
Colonial apologist

Bob Marley sang:

"We a no know how we and dem a gone work dis out

But someone will have to pay for the innocent blood

That they shed every day

Oh children mark my words

Its what the Bible say."