

Debt

By Caridad Svich

Decades since I/we have been here

And it

already feels

longer than that

what with

the free fall of Wall Street,

jobs 'real world' scarce,

tuitions on the rise and rising

soldiers digging hard in too many deserts,

and two-hundred and thirty million dollars

spent

on a

movie

just think

what could be done

with 230 million

in this world

this ain't no crime, mister

this is the real

we live in,

this is decades on

and we're still reeling

from ignoring the torturers sitting comfy

downing beers in Dallas

un-accountable for their wrongs.

look at the blue
study the shimmer
take it all in
as deserts creak
under the weight of bodies
falling

think how we're gonna stay close
to our end days
cause we love the post-post-modern anxiety
these hours grant us -

the blissful high
we ain't ever gonna come down from

what we got in this world if not each other?

what we got to hold on to
'cept this battered wheel of progress?

what we got in this world if not each other?
what we got to hold on to
'cept this battered wheel of progress?

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Creditors, debtors
Join hands
In the unending cycle
That makes us all

Eternally entwined

Pity us

In this raging mess,

In this errant lunacy

Pity the ones

Among us

That raise their hands

Without knowing how,

And whisper the strength

Of a sound beyond rage

Change is a-comin,'

Said a lone song once.

Its soulful shout still rings midst the leaves

Speak now of one and many

Speak of all who borrow plenty

simply to get by.

Change is ever comin

Ever comin' it is

But who will pay the price?