**MONEY’S WEB**

Had A House

A Home

Two Jobs.

Three Sweet Kids

A Wife

Owed It All To

Credit Cards

Mortgage Juice

But Still Was A Life

Then The Bankers

Broken Funds

Pulled The Noose

It All Was

Gone

Living In A Tent On

Strings Trying

To Get Along

No Clothing For The

Kids For School

No Doctors For Dental Care

Looks Like We’ve Been

Played For Fools

Guess Nobody Cares

Seat Cut A Thousand

Resumes

Wife Tried To Say

For Bottom Pay

No One Hiring

Not This Day

Not Sure What To Do

Awfully Down And Blue

Picking Cows For Bottles

Dismal Survival Held

A Bit

A Friend Got Some

Has Day Labor Hit

But My Back Won’t

Stand For It

Cooking On A Campfire

Not Much More Wood

To Be Had

Old North Wind Starts

To Blow

Going From Rough To Sad

Not So Much The City

Just More Numb Than Mind

Two Decrees But You

Know No One Seems To

Feel It Means A Bit

I Stare Into The

Fire And Ask

How Did It All Go Bad?

Studied Hard

Playing It Straight

Worried Go Huns A While

Tried To Pay It All

On Time

Guess Old Fates Promise

If I Were Wont

To Meek

The Draw Has Busted My Old Flesh

Hit The No Pats Liar

The Wheel Blew So Unkind

Still Can Fathom

How It Plays

We Worked So Hard

We Put Our Trust

In Doing What They

Said For. Asked

Then It All When Rust

Except Those CEO’s

Funds In Swimming Pools

Banks And Such

They Seem To Have It Better Now

Do You Suppose Its Luck?

Or Perchance As I For Mine

For All Those Follies Life

Us

Starve For Pay To Starve

Off Hungry In The Cold

Watch Our Children Wither

Away

May It Be No More Than

As In Days Of Old

When Kings And Queens For

Hallowed Church

With Money Leavings

Lived

In Royal Pomp For

Feast On Babies For

Blood Of Peasants Pain

Ah So

Their Very Lives

Did Give

Does Our Suppose This

Veil Or Tears Thief

Years Of Woe We Face

For Bear

May I Want Be Fruits

Of Moneys Kiss For

Money Mew So Such

In Bond Of Tyranny

So Such In Dark Leave

Of Mead

The Blithe Grace

Of Moneys Touch

Such Am I

For Kin Happiness

Fly’s Entwined

For Captive In

Moneys Slick

Web As Spiders

Of The Government

Alter For Vaults Spin Their

Gold For Silver

Lair For Feast

Pity

A Mans Crying Need

A Lust Without Bed

That Knows What Empathy

You Gave Our

Very Spirits Hope

To Settle Just With Hunger

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