

If This A Man

Caliban

You who live safe
In your warm houses
You who find returning in the evening
Hot food and friendly faces

Consider if this is a man
Who works in the mud
Who does not know peace
Who fights for a scrap of bread
Who dies because of a yes or a no

Consider if this is a woman
Without hair and without name
With no more strength to remember
Her eyes empty and her womb cold
Like a frog in winter

Meditate that this came about
I commend these words to you
Carve them in your hearts
At home, in the street
Going to bed, rising

Repeat them to your children
Or may your house fall apart
May illness impede you
May your children turn their faces from you

You who live safe
In your warm houses
You who find returning in the evening...