

## **in times of powerful words**

whilst the outcry for freedom grew louder  
those by the fleshpots  
kept gloating over their riches  
and praised the benefits  
of unrestrained profit.

those who were screaming, however,  
demanded their share of the roast, and now,  
with that gravy and all –  
taken aback  
the rich spoke of ethics  
of sacrifice made and required.

yes, it became clear as day:  
he who's rich does not share.  
he who shares is not rich.  
and those are the morals of freedom?

how many ounces of hope  
are required to come out on top, for how long?  
how many pounds of that doctrine  
are needed to build a new house?  
can people who fight for their freedom  
be measured in hundredweights?  
I have never seen anyone free  
with a ton of gold on his back.

so weigh the powerful words,  
you who believe that freedom's for sale:  
if it can be bought it's not precious  
if it's countable it does not count.  
hear ye:  
freedom is baring her breasts  
however, a whore she is not.