

City Matrons

1. The dazzling city matrons
dressed and adorned
Like the goddess of the sea.
“Yes you are part of us!”
They tell the rural matrons
all skinny and ragged
urging them to sit
on seats of deceit.

While there is no food,
And of trees no more root,
The rural matrons die,
While the city matrons LIVE
In the famished land.

2. One by one
they hatch off their shells,
Skins bleached and tauted
Claustered in lacy ruffles.
If the land is parched,
they never thirst.
If the land is famished,
they never want.
Theirs is a life that twinkles
and forever tickles.

Be there no food,
And of trees no more root,
The rural matrons die,
While the city matrons LIVE
In the famished land.

3. See the city matrons
In their skyscraper scarves
Singing out of tune
and dancing round and round
Like fat throaty toads
round a cornered wingless termite
They fatten and puff
Arrogating to themselves
the glory of the roughened rural matron

Be there no food
And of trees no more root
The rural matrons die
While the city matrons LIVE
In the famished land.