

## Through a glass darkly

Twelve long years of gathering decay,  
my neighbours are fit to get old, be sick,  
have children, need care, be unable to work  
at whatever shite job comes their way – rent  
or mortgage must be paid at fast-rising rates.

Shame upends dignity: watch one pale mum,  
a young woman, visit her local food bank  
after a hectic night-shift on the wards.

A volunteer tries hard, offers to help  
the exhausted lass with her *shopping*.

When did we accept food banks as inevitable,  
provided in every village, town and city.

Will we internalise neo-liberal discourses:  
thick lenses that distort facts and shunt forward  
narratives implying impoverished conditions  
can be overcome by resilience and hard work.

No, no, no.

Delusions are fading fast.  
Workers are fighting for their rights,  
for everyone's rights. Attention!  
In the coming days of change,  
right-wingers might recall  
people in glass houses  
shouldn't throw stones.