



The Rigger's Lament

I was sitting in my crane, thinking deeply of the pain,
that the bankers and the taxmen
have created with their greed.

One of a hundred workers, (and none of them are shirkers),
they toil and sweat for hours,
for their families they must feed.

A family seldom seen, many weeks now it has been,
since his children hugged him tightly,
and his heart is filled with dread.

For his wife is softly crying, says her love for him is dying,
she needs more than a phone call,
to share her lonely bed.

But the interest rates are rising, and the banks are now advising,
refinance your mortgage,
or your house will surely go.

And he knows he's doomed forever, for his life is ruled by clever
men, who care not for the families,
as they watch their riches grow.

I am sitting in my crane, thinking deeply of the pain,
that the working man now suffers,
all his hopes and dreams have flown.

And he joins ten thousand others, who've lost the children and their mothers,
In this land that his father fought for,
that the greedy banks now own.

Yachtie Pete
Abbot Point, Oct. 09