

Nothing to say

What, nothing to say?

A generation yet again proclaims

enough is enough is enough!

But you have nothing to say?

Even those unaffected,

whose grandsires were not bought and sold

like cattle, now agree that

enough is enough is enough

and call out to say so.

But you have nothing to say?

They're just thugs who burn and loot?

Yes, certainly, one or two are thugs,

perhaps, though, as balance

to the thugs who oppose

and whose grandsires lynched and killed,

and lynch and kill

and insist that nothing's wrong,

that history was history

that history is history

and there's the end to it.

But you have nothing to say?

You want to keep an open mind?

You drop your pennies

in the box at church,

and kneel in worship,

visit the sick and pray for guidance,

debate the rights and wrongs

of white lies and of this and that,

confess you are a sinner,

just a humble sinner,

and repent

(and bask in your humility).

But still you have nothing to say?

Oh, times were different then?

Were they? Folk did not then love and grieve

and did not dote and weep?

And still we hate, hate as only man can hate,

so not quite as different as you insist.

But you have nothing to say.

The natural order of things?

Yes, of course,

the natural order of things
(though it's odd how only those
who benefit from the natural order of things
will bang that drum.
It's odd how those who suffer from the natural
order of things never do so).
And still you have nothing to say.

You like to keep aloof, above the fray
as all honest brokers must,
if soon to be called upon to forge a peace.
Well, that's one way to go, of course,
and you shine so well in the
gleam and gloss of your cheap honesty.
But let's be frank: you have nothing to say.