On Poetry and Poverty

J. M. Romig
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Grab the spare change from your pants pocket
and toss your two cents in.
These days we need as much as we can get.
We got a small fortune at our feet
but there are kids on your street who still need to eat,
So grab your coat and join us outside, on the front lines.
Pick up a pen and toss your two cents in.
These days we need as much as we can make,
so get off your apathetic ass and own a soul of your own.
Wear it on your sleeves, shamelessly, cause there is no place like home.
Except maybe over there, where the grass seems greener,
maybe we can collect the cash to catch a cab and find out someday,
'till then we need to re-build this house, and claim it,
Rename it, and work on changing it instead of blaming it.
We need to get the Fighters to love,
and the Lovers to fight for their love, like they used to.
We need to change how we view the situations we are facing.
We need to fix the mess that we've been carelessly creating.
We need as much as we can get,
so toss in your two cents.
We got a small fortune forming at our feet,
but people are still drowning in New Orleans,
pick up your pen and throw your two cents in,
cause if our generation is going to have a heart big enough to make a difference.
The change must come from within it.