

For all men are not cowards

Purse and pocket are empty, and over Britain stalks famine yet the wheat ripens, and the fruit hangs heavy upon the trees. Everywhere nature smiles and offers richness.

But the people are suffering with empty bellies and bitter homes, their toil is unending and they are cheated of their rewards. They burn the wheat and let the fruit rot, and they hoe up the turnips. What if the child cries, and manhood is warped, and the child bearer and the women weakened? They can do no other, for the purses and pockets are empty.

There is famine in a cornfield! They suffocate in the fresh breezes! They are cold in the midst of fire!

Infamous is the system mounted upon prejudice and bulwarked by corruption!

May not the people free themselves from the tyrant who tramples upon them? They are helpless before the citadel, and are curbed by the lash of hunger with which he chastises mutineers. He will defend his citadel. Were the bellies filled his walls would flatten. Were the pursies filled his power would be gone.

When the people murmur he jails them. When they shout he flattens them. But when they storm he hires generals for them. His lackey generals lead the people against the bastions so that they may be hurled into the moat. then the generals are regaled by the Purse Prince and strut in coronets.

But the castle of the Purse prince and his insolent tyranny shall not endure. For all men are not cowards and there are some to whom banquets and coronets are but baubles.

Such a general and such a host are the nightmare of the Purse Prince. yet already they have risen and already beat upon his golden doors.

Such a movement has arisen and men flock to its banner. they have dedicated their lives to the destruction of the Purse Prince and the razing of his castle. So shall the bounties of nature make entry into the home.

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