

Profits Enslave the World

A poem by Philip Vera Cruz

While still across the ocean
I heard of the USA
So thrilled by wild imagination
I left through Manila Bay

Then on my way I thought and wondered
What the future be
I gambled parental care and love
In search for human liberty

But beautiful bright pictures
Were half of the whole story
Reflections of great wealth and power
In the land of slavery

Minorities in shanty towns...
Disgraceful spots for all to see
In the enviable Garden of Eden
In the land of affluence and poverty

Since then I was a hungry stray dog
Too busy to keep myself alive...
It seems equality and freedom
Can't be where millionaires thrive

A lust for power causes oppression
To rob the poor in senseless greed
The wealthy few's excessive profits
Tend to enslave the world in need.