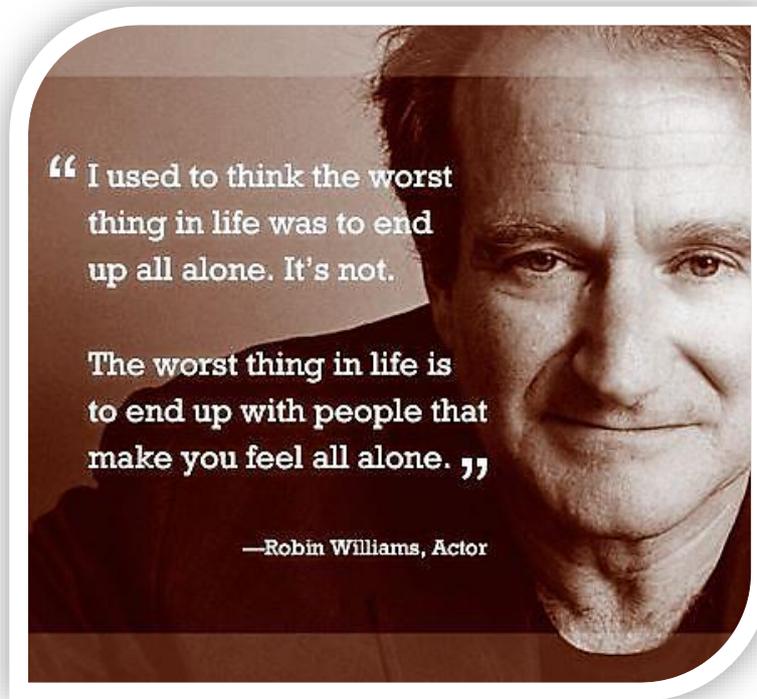


# ENDING HOMELESSNESS FOR GOOD



## HOMELESS LIVES MATTER

POETRY BY  
*Susan Carew*

*The Greatest Disease is Loneliness*

*Laughter is the Best Medicine*

- Patch Adams -

Websites:

[www.worldpeacefull.com](http://www.worldpeacefull.com)

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## STATISTICAL FRAME OF REFERENCE

*The author of this poetry book is a former analyst who recognises analysis is not about numbers alone. The reality of homelessness is a socio-emotional and structural issue reflective of inequality, discrimination, stigma and economic market failures. The issue reflects what Australians value and politicians should be representing their views. Our value is not about what we own or how much money we make summing up our worth as if a commodity. It is about valuing all citizens and minimising suffering. Homelessness is the most important issue in the public interest.*

*Homelessness asks the real questions:*

- Q. Who are we as a people?*
- Q. Whom and what do we value?*
- Q. What is the real wealth of a nation?*

*People without homes are not numbers. The purpose of statistics is to analyse information to profile numerically. It is not to be used as a substitute for qualitative understanding of the social externality of homelessness. The poetry is an accurate portrayal of the lived experience as a socio-emotional reality. It provides deeper analysis to reveal the real loss to our nation and points to underlying drivers and impacts. Recently the fires evoked a state of emergency, 120 houses lost, beds were provided and care. Homelessness is a national emergency as homeless lives matter. The numbers are staggering.*

The Total Homeless in Australia is **122,768** people.

*Note: the marginal resident in caravan park figures are added to the numbers of homeless people,*

Male 58% Female 42%

20% (or 23,437) are Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Australians

(down from 26% in 2011) 30% are born overseas.

### State breakdown

- NSW 37,715 (50.4 people per 10,000) +37% since 2011
- VIC 24,817 (41.9 people per 10,000) +11% since 2011
- QLD 21,671 (46.1 people per 10,000) +14% since 2011
- SA 6,224 (37.1 people per 10,000) +7% since 2011
- WA 9,005 (36.4 people per 10,000) -2% since 2011
- TAS 1,622 (31.8 people per 10,000) +6% since 2011
- NT 13,717 (599.4 people per 10,000) +11% since 2011
- ACT 1,596 (40.2 people per 10,000) -8% since 2011

### Where are people staying?

- "Severely" overcrowded dwellings 44% (51,088)
- Supported accommodation for the homeless 18% (21,235)
- Staying temporarily with other households 15% (17,725)
- Boarding houses 15% (17,503)
- Improvised dwellings, tents or sleeping out 7% (8,200)
- Other temporary lodging 1% (678)

### How old are they?

- Under 12 14% (15,872) +11% since 2011
- 12-18 10% (10,913)
- 19-24 15% (15,325)
- 25-34 18% (19,312)
- 35-44 14% (14,484)
- 45-54 12% (12,507)
- 55-64 8% (8,649)
- 65-74 4% (4,174)
- 75 and over 2% (2,028) (Source: Homelessness Australia)

**Ending Homelessness for Good**

Homelessness,  
 Is not about a house or economy,  
 For home is where the heart is,  
 Home less is felt as heart less,  
 As there is a massive disconnect,  
 Between the heart and the head,  
 Like a plug pulled,  
 Taking power not giving,  
 To pull the plug on life support,  
 Is to pull the carpet from under one's feet,  
 Rather than give a magic carpet to uplift,  
 Giving power to empower change,  
 To support is what life naturally does,  
 To re-member we are not alone.

The heart is a home welcoming all in,  
 To open the door is to understand,  
 To provide a place to rest for those exhausted,  
 To shares a meal for many hunger for  
 sustenance,  
 Reconnection is to remind each other,  
 That we are each other's keepers.

For I could be you,  
 You could be me,  
 Anyone can fall between the cracks in a  
 society ...

Cracking up,  
 Falling apart,  
 Living apart,  
 Living alone,  
 Separate rooms,  
 With no space  
 for diverse views.

People are not coping with endless work,  
 Low pay,  
 No support,  
 No say,  
 As we lost our community,  
 Community is what we have in common,  
 It is the unity of the commons,  
 The house of commons is a house of cards,

The deck is stacked against winning,  
 For these are cashless cards and turn tables,  
 Hands are under the table doing deals,  
 The dealers gamble at the Casino Canberra,  
 For many draw cold comfort,  
 For the solution is not cashless cards  
 But better cards dealt for an equal playing  
 field,  
 As many are set up to lose...  
 Yet again.

We lose our families,  
 We lose our friends,  
 We lose love  
 We lose our belongings.

Many of us hold tight to our dignity,  
 For I am not giving away my self-respect,  
 I am not giving away my power to fate,  
 I am not going silent for others to say I'm too  
 late,  
 It is not about right or wrong it is to be strong  
 in the face of great adversity and stigma.

I will keep speaking the truth until someone  
 hears me,  
 Until one takes the time to know me as a  
 person not a statistic,  
 To really listen to hear me is to be  
 understood,  
 To answer my call with authenticity is  
 genuine,  
 To respond to my request quickly is efficiency.

For this is an urgent call,  
 It is a National Emergency not a funding  
 round,  
 It is human lives you are dealing with  
 not an economic hole draining the system,  
 For many are sinking as they believe they are  
 nothing  
 to you,  
 They believe they are worth less  
 than you,  
 They are ashamed of social exclusion,  
 They are the refuse and pollution discarded,

Others want them removed as they are not  
 moved to tears,  
 The homeless are unsightly causing fears,  
 City streets and alleys are unliveable,  
 Many plug in and walk on,  
 Others send a link in a broken chain,  
 Few give a warm embrace and a cup of tea,  
 For the face of compassion checks in asking  
 'are you okay?'  
 So many are forgotten,  
 Out of sight is out of mind.

The pond of reflection is the mirror not the  
 mask,  
 What you do for others returns to the self,  
 It defines who you are  
 not what you do.

Life is reciprocal  
 until there is judgement,  
 Life is connected  
 until negative beliefs arise,  
 For life is not a mutual obligation  
 but mutual understanding,  
 It is not to pay your way but to find your way.

Homelessness ends when you see me as your  
 family,  
 When you see me as you,  
 When you reach your hand out not as  
 dependency or referral  
 but in friendship and in-kind,  
 Understanding we are same same but  
 different,  
 We have different ways of seeing and being,  
 Different ways of living and loving,  
 Each a product of role models,  
 Each a product of education,  
 Experiencing inclusion or exclusion,  
 Reducing life to a medium of exchange.

For life can be a school of hard knocks  
 criminalising the poor,  
 Or a choir of hope and inspiration  
 empowering new visions of creative  
 community,

For I am choosing to sing the one song of real  
 hope and inspiration,  
 This is a clarion call to everyone  
 to learn to love each other as family not  
 felons.

For to travel to the heart of Mother Theresa's  
 mission of Charity is to learn to give support,  
 Encountering abandoned destitute women  
 living where need equals want,  
 Miming the silent world of the deaf unable to  
 hear their own names called out of isolation,  
 Juggling inclusion, laughter and fun, the  
 disabled are able to laugh sing and smile at  
 life's cocoon,  
 Touching the hearts of HIV Aids kids proving  
 that there are no untouchables in our world,  
 Silently observing Patch Adams embrace the  
 most isolated child,  
 Entering a leprosy colony meeting their eyes  
 with acceptance, gentleness and honouring  
 their right to a meaningful life in common  
 unity,  
 Clowning and smiling with those stigmatised  
 as mentally ill lying on hard concrete floors  
 institutionalising their cold comfort without  
 beds,  
 My heart reaching out in friendship to the  
 orphans abandoned, abused and home-less,  
 Bringing cheer to the sick and incapacitated  
 as laughter is the best medicine,  
 To hear Patch announce to the world:  
 the greatest dis-ease is loneliness,  
 So everyone shine your light into dark places,  
 This illuminates the light within,  
 Re-membering to answer every call ...  
 With love.

Remember:  
 To victim blame the poor darkens your door,  
 Judgement is the poisoned chalice from which  
 we drink in toxic cultures that care nothing for  
 joy,  
 Avoiding responsibility blocks opportunity,  
 Poverty is the painful rejection of inequality,  
 To judge drug addicts blinds us to drug  
 peddlers,

*Drugs self sooth pain to inject light into  
darkness,  
Yet many judges are addicted to things, sex,  
money, drugs, work and call this acceptable,*

*Therefore:  
Is this the pot calling the kettle black?*

*In Truth:  
Many homeless live in rundown dwellings,  
No love, no light, just a blank stare,  
When windows become walls,  
Some jump from prisons of despair,  
Believing life is about what you have and  
how you are seen,  
Rather than who you are and who you've  
been,  
For economics does not supply the demand  
for real security when we lose each other!  
Greed is the seed of our destruction,  
Money cannot buy love as a surrogate for the  
real wealth of nations,  
To realise you have never felt the security,  
passion and the certainty of loving kindness,  
Status is not superior in a collapsing economy  
sinking the titanic as the ice melts all sheets,  
Fame does not guarantee a shining star,  
For a rising number today have lost their  
shine,  
Suiciding to exit darkness in search of  
freedom.*

*Home was always where the heart is,  
Until we find our hearts,  
We can not go home,  
In peace.*

*Therefore:  
Homelessness is not about building  
construction,  
It is not about infrastructure,  
It is not about a basic shelter or a food van,  
It is not a temporary fix to fill a gap in our  
humanity.*

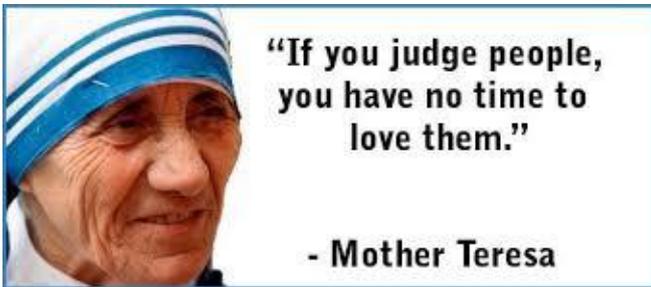
*Remember:  
We are comm-unity,  
We are here for each other singing the one  
song,  
If we pull in opposite directions,  
We lose the momentum of great change,  
For it is time to come together to solve the  
global challenge of inequality,  
To rediscover unity in embracing diversity,  
Meeting challenges as opportunity to grow,  
Learning to love strangers as potential friends  
not clients,  
To greet enemies as friends we have not  
heard,  
To slow down and find the time to listen  
deeply,  
To seek to understand to be understood  
clearly,  
For angels turn up in unexpected places,  
They help you remember to care,  
That you are rare and not alone,  
As what you see in another is your very self,  
For we see as we are not as others are,  
What we resist persists what we look at  
disappears,  
As the illusion of negative beliefs evaporate  
as the light of new understanding arises,  
For home is where the heart is,  
And my heart is full of real hope,  
**REAL HOPES is the model for the future,**  
*Am I Future Ready or Ready for the Future?**

**REAL HOPES** values:

**R**esponsibility  
**E**mpathy  
**A**wareness  
**L**ove

**H**onesty  
**O**penness  
**P**eace  
**E**njoyment  
**S**ervice

*When we live universal values as truth,  
No-one will be left wanting,  
No-one will be cast to the side,  
Or victim blamed,  
They will be held in the light of  
understanding,  
Their needs will be met as if your own,  
For this is the unity in community,  
As the heart that opens their home,  
For this is the generosity that truly ends  
homelessness for good!*



**Home-Less or Heart-Full Comm-Unity**

*Home less,*

*Why not home more?*

*Care less,*

*Why not care more?*

*Ignorant or informed?*

*Pathetic or empathetic?*

*Heart less or Heart more ...*

*More heart is the call heard*

*just in time!*

*For to be home-less is not about housing,*

*Home is where the heart is,*

*Feel your heart when you are home,*

*For many are out in the cold left wanting  
answers without a Google search.*

*To be seen to be,*

*Is not to be,*

*To be or not to be is the real question,*

*For I am questioning what is real?*

*Judgement is the gavel that comes down hard  
on here-say, the right way or your way,*

*Disapproval judges as silent exclusion to  
know what is right without question or by-  
laws.*

*But what if this is not about right or wrong  
but striving to be strong for you no longer  
belong or sing the same song of indifference?*

*What if stuck between a rock and a hard  
place in circumstances leading to the edge,*

*No longer leading edge is the wedge in politics*

*For if you do not fly you fall hard against  
stone walls that keep out truth and  
reconciliation.*

*No-one hears your muffled calls,*

*They look the other way to say:*

*'you are not my problem', 'bludger', 'get a  
job', 'made your bed', 'look after yourself', 'be  
self reliant', 'a waste of money'!!*

*What of empowerment over dependency?*

*For you are not a dignitary monetising status,*

*Homelessness an indignity shamed in  
practice,*

*Labelled whilst you speak,*

*Speaking until you are labelled for you failed,*

*What of a system of falling global markets  
and quantitative easing funding false profits?*

*Life is a brand image not a real life image of  
deeper understanding,*

*Do you realise why we cry at night alone  
deciding where too next or if we have the will  
to live on?*

*When you walk in our shoes you will know  
the hardship of inequality finalising a 'seal of  
assent',*

*Society walks silently past signs of disorder,*

*Al Gore says he looks for real signs on High  
Streets.*

*Perhaps there is order in chaos as chaos  
reorders to rebalance worn out social norms,*

*As families, business, government are*

*'out of order' as community consultation is not  
in-kind.*

*The home less are economic externalities  
unproductive assets depreciated over time  
unless human resources privatised as profit.*

*Business-as-usual markets materialism not  
humanism in-equality for only users pay,*

*Addicted to consumption functions (MPC),*

*GDP=C+I+G+(X-M) as the wealth of nations,*

*Good Samaritans*

*Apply for funding rounds as disadvantage is not job ready or a steady state.*

*Centre-link*

*Is the missing link in chains that bind servitude,*

*Not bond comm-unity,*

*As compliance is not a democratic choice,*

*What if real wealth is well-being giving?*

***Caring Economics including non-paid sectors?***

*Civilisation*

*Is conflict resolution where all win/ win*

*Without fear or favour?*

*As many will beg for real change not bit-coins.*

*Future ready*

*Digitises profiles as bit-coin stock exchanges,*

*With no spare change for hunger,*

*Sync data replaces carbon sinks,*

*To flow control programs*

*Rather than free flowing life cycles,*

*Of infinite potential,*

*In every*

***ONE.***

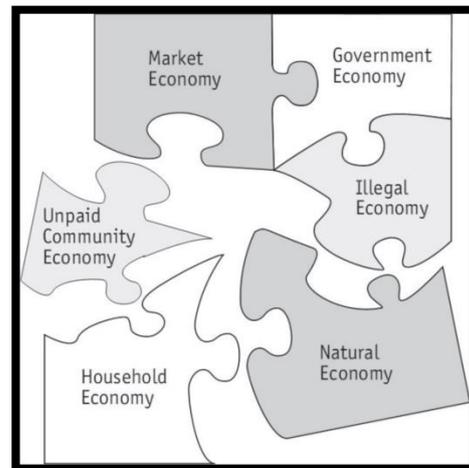
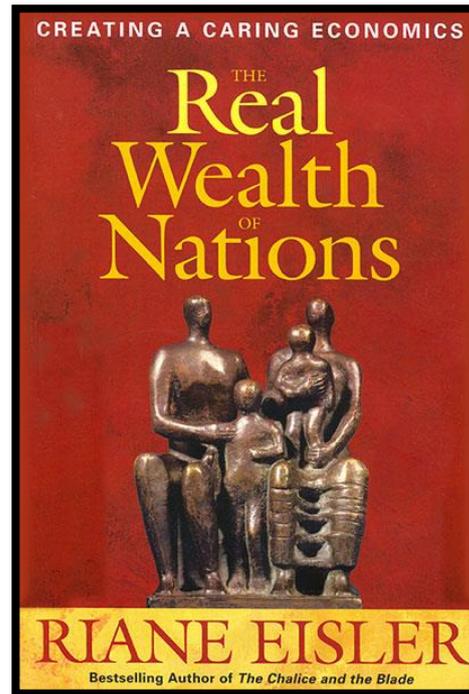
***I ASK:***

*Can the meek inherit a new earth ship?*

*Planting new seeds in comm-unity gardens*

*Where diversity in unity*

*is a common wealth?*



## **Inequality is An Unquestioned Judgement**

*Inequality,  
 This one word sums up all  
 Conflict,  
 Judgement,  
 Discrimination,  
 Injustice,  
 Corruption  
 As it seeks to regard another as somehow  
 less,  
 To prove their way is best,  
 To clean up the mess,  
 For superiority and inferiority  
 Are mirrors of the same face,  
 One pretends they are worth more,  
 The other feels worth less,  
 Yet what if life is the test,  
 And equality the EQ  
 Worth striving for,  
 Perhaps this is the universal law,  
 Of happiness.*

*I have been perceived as of status,  
 I have been perceived as worthless,  
 I have had many homes,  
 I have been homeless,  
 Yet I am the same person,  
 The same face,  
 That others see differently,  
 Given their view of the world,*

*And I have learned to see that when a person  
 is judged  
 Wanting,  
 The finger pointing or the voice gossiping,  
 Is the barb that hurts that never learns,  
 To embrace diversity as same same but  
 different,  
 For it is not true to say that my way is the  
 high way,  
 And yours the low road,  
 Or mine the low road and yours the high way,  
 They are different ways,  
 But what if we end up at the same goal,  
 We rendezvous at the same destination,  
 What if it is the journey not the destination  
 that in-forms wisdom?  
 What if this is the purpose of every life?  
 To navigate the tough and easy terrain,  
 To feel the strain but to overcome the  
 hardship,  
 To reach higher than what one thought,  
 To learn more than what one was taught,  
 To live in authenticity and values that serve,  
 Rather than pretension and judgement that  
 excludes,  
 Imagine a world where we actually learn to  
 work together in harmony.  
 That is my dream of peace,  
 Which feels impossible,  
 But what if the impossible is possible?  
 What if we ask new questions?  
 The solutions will change just in time.*

**Is Home-Less, Heart-Less or Stemming the Soul or a Cell?**

*I extend my hand out,  
Not to receive your coins but to shake your hand  
in equality,*

*For I see your poverty of spirit,  
Distrust, suspicion and judgement,*

*I see you are unable to empathise,*

*You cannot imagine you are me!*

*You detach as if you do not care,*

*You believe s/he made his or her bed,*

*You say 'get a job'.*

*But what if ...  
they don't have a bed?*

*What if...  
they can't get a job?*

*What if ...  
they can't comply with government edicts of  
profit over people?*

*What if ...  
they can't work for the dole as it is slavery?*

*As all workers would refuse working in any job  
not of their choosing when forced!  
Is this not their right?*

*What if..  
there are no rights to say 'no' what then?*

*Compliance or democracy becomes the turnkey  
Question Time,  
Perhaps a critical topic on QandA?*

*As conservatives will say they are not 'self  
reliant' they need to be forced!  
Socialists will say 'class struggle' where the  
poor are exploited by the rich!  
Humanists will be dismayed by the lack of  
compassion, empathy and real help!  
Universalists will observe primitive cultures*

*unaware of the cause and effect of perceived  
separation.*

*Yet, until you are walking in the shoes of the  
one you judge you can never know the truth,*

*Refugees are not only those from overseas but  
many are internally displaced in their own  
country seeking refuge!*

*You may yell out 'send them back to where they  
came from' and demonise desperation as a  
public drain!*

*You may be filthy rich and suddenly homeless  
crying out for help when all turn their backs on  
a failure!*

*Empathy is the universal task master of  
experience that knows the reality and does not  
ignore prospects,*

*Inequality is the slave master that sees  
superior, inferior as a matter of genetics and  
lack of application,*

*For these are the shock jocks that will publicly  
blame and shame as moral authorities without  
any mandate,*

*Fibre optic cabling gathers data but not  
understanding for they too do not see reality in  
3D,*

*They will track, profile, personalise to ensure  
control to protect property rights but not human  
rights,*

*Trade is decoupled from human rights to remove  
barriers to trade but not equality,*

*Hands reach out over the trans pacific to form partnerships as the public sector privatises for profit not service.*

*The right of passage is education, status, wealth, family, culture and refinement,*

*What if a passage to India is to learn when the sacred becomes profane as judgements persecute innocence?*

*For we have much to learn about being 'our brother or sisters' keeper,*

*For I am the dream keeper awakening to pride and prejudice on many levels,*

*Experience is my sacred teacher and I am a good student studying the lay of the land,*

*For I seek to understand the truth of inequality,*

*For our quality of life is not about economic growth but love and understanding,*

*For this is the basis of Gross National Happiness as we decouple trade from happiness as a misnomer.*

*Perhaps I am the dove waiting to land in your open hands,*

*For many have been heart-less and called it home-less,*

*Do you understand the nature of ....  
Home-less when **less** is struck out?*

*Do you understand the nature of ...  
Heart-less when **less** is struck out?*

*To realise...*

*Home is always where the heart is!*

*For this is the where we see the rose can only bloom from a re-calibrated STEM cell (science, technology, engineering and mathematics)*

When:

Science (s) = Metaphysics (my)  
Engineering (e) = Sacred geometry (s)  
Technology (t) = Chaos (o)  
Maths (m) = Heart/soul math (ul)

**s+t+e+m=my+s+o+u+l**

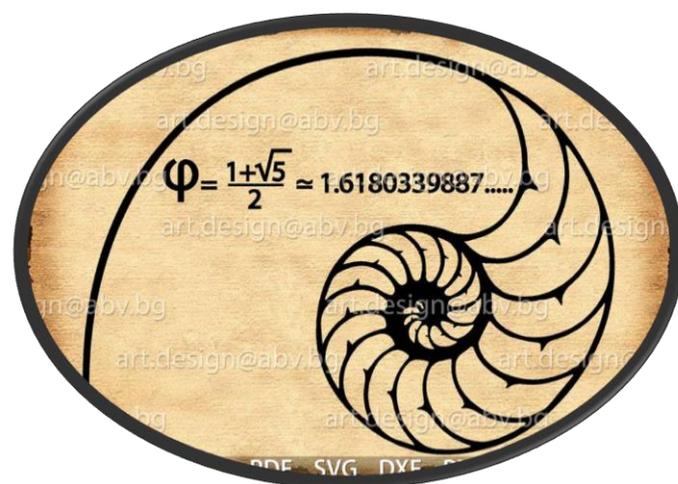
*For (+) is the Fibonacci of spiralling growth as awareness rendering the real wealth of humanity unseen.*

*To calculate heart based intelligence as the highest calculus cancelling out untruth manifests a home that can be seen as the heart,*

*For this is the equality tone that is not the King but Queen,*

*For only Queen sings of miracles,*

*And this for me is my bohemian rhapsody sent with love to U!*



**Is Homelessness Diminishing Returns of a Failing State Losing its Sovereignty?**

*The rain is coming down,  
Like falling tears sliding slowly down a  
window to the sill,  
The eyes are the windows of the soul  
overflowing still,  
Into an endless well,  
For I fell and hurt my wing,  
And I cannot get up to fly or sing,  
No matter how many calls for HELP!  
I either sink or swim.*

*The Australia of my youth was always home  
as a nation,  
The Southern Cross was a constellation  
depicting the national flag,  
Australians were friendly they give a fair go  
and a hand,  
For a hand out was a hand shake,  
For that was our bond,  
For we were mates for life not fair weather  
friends,  
And the Man from Snowy River was Clancy of  
the overflow,  
For he took the plunge with courage risking  
life and limb to meet muster,  
We work together in the snow, wind or heat,  
We dealt with droughts without reasons as  
life is changing seasons,  
We just got the job done for fun.*

*Today I am homeless,  
I have written many notes in search of the  
ONE song,  
Where we are each other's keepers,  
It is not about who you know but who you  
are,*

*Which matters,  
For I stand on principle and value ethics over  
a comfortable bed,  
I take the plunge as I step out of my comfort  
zone,  
I live without a home for near a year now,  
I survive on whatever comes without asking  
for a hand out,  
For I am friendship to all people without  
reasons,  
Yet when I reach out few reach back,  
When I state my case with dignity the door is  
closed as if unopened,  
For no matter the urgency of my plight,  
In the eyes of others I am not right,  
For labels of homeless and unemployed fail  
the state,  
Yet what if the state is failing citizens who  
have no voice or vote over the state of a  
nation whose constitution wrote ...  
That everyone has a right to welfare, health  
care and a good education,  
Is this not the sign of an advanced nation to  
care for welfare as fair in a balanced  
Parliamentary Triangle?  
Not as a duty of care but to care as a mate for  
we all have a stake in downturns to Advance  
Australia Fair.*

*Are we bonded by junk (junk bonds) or a  
common-sense of who we are as a nation?  
That rises above business, labour and policy,  
To remember why we are here, who we are  
here for and the purpose of this grand  
undertaking,  
For we are in this together to work for the  
highest good of all,  
For this is the national security that needs no  
defence,*

*This is the openness that needs no non-disclosure agreements,*

*This is the loyalty that needs no contract law or force,*

*And the abundance of generosity that needs no economic growth to sustain,*

*For this is a unique culture that needs no nationalism as WE ARE the world living in ONE nation,*

*For terrorism can only exist in prejudices that divide.*

*Truth matters,*

*For my word is my bond,*

*And my crisis is genuine,*

*To 'conscientiously object' to corruption is a duty of care,*

*For it would not be fair to put my welfare ahead of my nation,*

*To go without is to go within and that is where the truth of justice begins,*

*For rebalancing the scales of justice rekindles humility,*

*I did not fail as my life is dedicated to humanity,*

*To transcend this insanity of self-interest is to find peace in the unity of the commons,*

*This forms the pearl of comm-unity within the hard shell of compliance intolerant to civil liberties,*

*As the coat of arms is the Kangaroo and the Emu,*

*Our shield is our sportsmanship and generosity to each other as our real wealth,*

*For this is the true Common-wealth for which we toil,*

*Measuring the true health of a nation in how we treat each other – to accept or recoil on our soil?*

*That we do not sell off or sell out to global business as the only interest at this round table on a roundabout revolving in Canberra,*

*Interests are shared equally amongst friends who give their heart and soul to this country first,*

*For we are not the periphery we are the centre-peace.*

*The parliamentary triangle is to balance power,*

*The people's City Hill, the Parliament and the War Memorial an Euclidian triangle = Justice of the Peace,*

*Disruption comes to rebalance what is out of touch with all sides,*

*To meet in the middle is to respect all sides not just one sided perspectives,*

*For all are equal in relation to the origin,*

*And our origin is in equality that cannot be traded or bartered away for the highest price,*

*As market capitalism values profits over people,*

*As money dictates uneven playing fields with favours.*

*Remember: when others come and go from our country we are here to live and stay,*

*For many believe the future of Australia is not in endless contracts but in real contact and service,*

*As Clancy was genuine, real and a good mate in service to his community unafraid of risks,*

*In politics the angle of influence persuades, cajoles, flatters and undermines truth,*

*To circumvent representation of the people by the people and squaring the circle to trade options,*

*Imbalance listens to some but not others,*

*Serving self-interest as the national interest,*

*For each of us have a choice as a real voice to Advance Australia Fair for the common good,*

*For it is good to be common.*

*Please take my hand and let's travel this land  
to understand and deeply listen to the breeze,*

*To fall to your knees is to smell the gum  
leaves, wattles, poplars returning to the state  
of nature,*

*For I have sat at the base of Uluru  
remembering the indigenous were peaceful  
and still for 50,000 years,*

*I have walked amongst the Olga's (Kata  
Tjuta) to hear the echo chamber reverberate in  
a moon scape,*

*I have climbed Mount Kosciusko in the dark  
at the turn of the millennium to await the  
rising sun,*

*For at this dawn service I wished as the mist  
cleared to live to my highest expression in  
loving service,*

*I drove around this country alone circled by  
vast deserts girt by sea as I thought of  
refugees as me,*

*For my policy statement elects Banjo Paterson  
not Paterson's curse crowding out natural  
boundaries,*

*My allegiance is to friendship, fairness as  
mates in-kind singing the national anthem as  
the ONE song,*

*My oath is given in truth under the Southern  
Cross,*

*My wealth is in serving my country for free  
and to live life in simplicity as complexity fast  
breeds contempt,*

*For this land humbles me as I see the wedge  
tail eagle free to soar embodying the spirit of  
ancient folk lore,*

*For there is ancient wisdom in our history  
that is her-story as well,*

*The voice of wisdom realises cities are not  
smart when technologies keep us apart,*

*The clever country is decentralisation bringing  
us together in micro-communities of shared  
options in micro-climates of affiliation and  
synergistic exchange,*

*GNH=C<sup>ethical</sup> +I<sup>ethical</sup> +G<sup>ethical</sup> +(X-M)<sup>ethical</sup> +(EV-  
EC)<sup>ecological</sup>*

*A carbon (C) sink as trees exchange CO2 for  
O2,*

*Solar power enlightens to minimise desert  
storms,*

*Wind power ever ready kinetically energises  
rendering fossil fuels obsolete as the earth  
rotates in sync,*

*Tesla power negates metering as freedom  
from want,*

*And this is the real climate of change that will  
reach the world summit before the ice caps  
melt.*

*For it is to produce less greed and create more  
service as the global community connects its  
missing links,*

*For IT can be utilised in servicing cross-  
subsidised networks to unify our collective  
grid for the common wealth with privacy  
encrypted in universal protocols,*

*And the Trans Pacific Partnership exchanges  
competencies of comparative advantage  
without foreign control is to Get Smart with  
chaos,*

*For the public service is the equaliser  
extending the hand of Government to the  
people as a tax dividend.*

*Users pay dismantles as privatisation excised  
common law rights and civil liberties as  
excessive capacity,*

*Re-coupling human rights with fair trade as  
Australia reclaims its place in the world as a  
renewable leader,*

*Remembering the Clinton tirade which  
became a stock-aid crashing on the rocks of  
white-water,*

*Paranoia of Watergate wire tapped  
democracy in defence of retaining political  
power without rites,*

*To experience foreign interference in elections  
topical on the Hill to reveal a fake State of the  
Union address,*

*For all foreign infiltration betrays the  
principles of non-interference as sovereignty  
is capitalised,*

*Corruption, collusion, media spin and intrusion becomes the state of play that no longer sustains us,*

*Where all have lost their mandate from the people,*

*It is time to clean the slate before it is too late,*

*And start again from first principles,*

*This may sound simple! Perhaps the simple is true,*

*I send this with love to you,*

*May your dreams come true in this Canberra Casino of spinning wheels without fiscal discipline,*

*As Gandhi stands silently in the park as a monument to real transformation from digital to truth realising Satyagraha and Ahimsa is the long walk home,*

*A symbol of a renewable spectrum that does not dominate but allows Walter Burley Griffins grand plan of a city state to awaken global ancient origins in equality with the harmony of the many spheres,*

*For Canberra means not only a meeting place but a place designed to re-member the parliament is of the people for the people,*

*Democracy is not about a vote but a voice as a choice for self-determination in concert with comm-unity,*

*Sovereign Hill is not about digging up the fool's gold but extracting the virtue of sovereignty found symbolised by City Hill (the peoples hill),*

*For the power of the people is what gives parliament its power and they are not anonymous,*

*As we are at the hour of great change,*

*Ethical leadership must be decisive at this stage,*

*For it is not to rearrange the deck chairs on the titanic but to change course as the captains of industry speed up against the winds of inevitable change,*

*Efficiency aligns with the Atlantic conveyor adjusting to thermal currents without over heating the pump,*

*As the north becomes a southern oscillation,*

*We must unite our nation in homeostasis,*

*To lead global innovation is friendship as mateship inspiring stewardship as the turnkey that turns the ship around quickly,*

*For this is the precipice upon which we all stand,*

*Home-less and heart-less do we either sink or swim?*

*We either see a snake or a rope?*

*To know REAL HOPES is in Steve Irwin not a Stingray (surveillance).*

[www.worldpeacefull.com](http://www.worldpeacefull.com)



**Refuge is the Window**

Home is where the heart is,  
 But what if you don't have a home?  
 What if a new home doesn't have a heart?  
 Where can you go?  
 When you are a stranger,  
 When life is danger,  
 Where your humanity is overlooked,  
 When sanity is thrown overboard,  
 When empathy is shipwrecked,  
 For border protection,  
 Is the high fence between incarceration  
 And death,  
 To excise is to remove the blight,  
 To exercise human rights is to approve  
 The right to be human.

Each nation state is a fortress to race,  
 It creates a schism in the human face,  
 Where human cargo is abruptly moved on as if  
 a cattle cart,  
 When the charter of human rights has become  
 corrupted as an art,  
 For nations are no longer united,  
 To bring peace and security,  
 A sovereign exchange traded for profit,  
 But who profits when we step out of  
 conventions?  
 When we refuse refuge stirring tensions,  
 For messages become mixed,  
 The melting pot begins to boil,  
 Those born on this soil,  
 Are not the salt of the earth but toil,  
 There is no higher sanction at birth,

That dictates belonging,  
 Dividing ethnic groups by psychological  
 boundaries,  
 Where we decide who arrives,  
 Who is detained?  
 Who is ordained with refugee status?  
 For what is guiding our decisions?  
 Is it compassion?  
 Is it the 1951 Convention for Refugees?  
 Or do we do as we please?  
 Do we create smoke?  
 Where we screen who is for us,  
 Who is against us?  
 For the bottom line is economic.  
 We profit from our choices,  
 For we see no value in humanity,  
 For it has not been costed,  
 Only accosted for breaking elastic rules,  
 But never conventions,  
 For governments must ratify their obligations,  
 It is a mutual obligation,  
 Where boundaries are redrawn.

Christmas was once an island of generosity,  
 For the present no longer exists,  
 For any arriving at Christmas are aliens,  
 It is illegal to seek refuge,  
 Yet what we do to the least of humankind,  
 Is done to the spirit of your own kind,  
 For to be unkind is sublime,  
 For you are implicated in a crime against  
 humanity,  
 It is a crime not only of reason,

But a crime of compassion,  
 Where passion is dumbed down.  
 The passion of Christ is a violent crucifixion  
 yet no-one walks on water,  
 The mass succumb to the prophesy's,  
 From the pulpit of fear,  
 To terrorise the lamb,  
 Is the real terrorism.

The innocent and simple,  
 Have no defence,  
 For the ignorant have no question mark,  
 For many are talking in tongues,  
 For how can the non-sensible become sensible?  
 How can rules that are inaudible become a new  
 song?  
 How can the truth be seen when it is not  
 visible?

For is justice truly blind,  
 When one cannot see to hear to speak,  
 When powers are not separated,  
 Yet overlapping jurisprudence,  
 Stepping over habeas corpus,  
 For many are dying on route,  
 Smugglers are exploiters of truth,  
 Officials are in denial of response-ability.

For we are able to respond,  
 When we have real power,  
 The power of reason,  
 The power of truth,  
 The power of justice,  
 This is the true measure of balanced scales,  
 For the tide is turning,

International law is learning,  
 That politics is working against the nation's  
 interest.

Interest is in power and control,  
 It is this that tips the scales,  
 As the circles of influence overlap,  
 Powers that separate dictate the new world  
 order,  
 A new chaos theory,  
 Where old paradigms are repeated infinitum,  
 Imperial empires will spiral down,  
 For civil society is the waking dragon,  
 A new character that will raise its sleepy head,  
 For the year of the rat is misfortune,  
 The year of the butterfly is metamorphosis,  
 From the cocoon of sleep,  
 Awareness takes flight,  
 For it is right to be fully human,  
 This is a human right,  
 Universal values are inalienable,  
 They are inevitable,  
 For a new spirit is rising from the east.

The wisdom of old poets will weave a new  
 carpet,  
 As Aladdin is seeking a new horizon,  
 He is seeking his shining lamp,  
 For all along he is shown the way,  
 The genie in the bottle will grant him three  
 wishes,  
 Wishes he has earned,  
 For the urn of his yearning contains ...  
 truth, justice and freedom of speech,

*To see no evil,  
To hear no evil,  
To speak no **e v i l** is the rare vision  
that can **l i v e**,  
For his message has reach,  
In the fallout of Ash-more-reef.*

*As many tongues are speaking,  
But there is no confusion,  
For they see clearly the way ahead,  
For he is part of the vanguard,  
A rear guard action,  
In a sea of inaction.*

*His suffering is not in silence,  
There is no silence of the lambs,  
He has carved courage across the hardship of  
sea shells,  
Yet the sand from the desert,  
Wears down the mightiest walls,  
For truth can never be covered up,  
Isolated in solitary confinement,  
Drugged in internment,  
For one can never forget injustice,  
It wells up from the spring waters,  
For the sand creates the pearl,  
And this is the pearl of wisdom,  
We have been waiting for.*

*Aladdin has a gift that shines brightly,  
For he made it home to truth,  
Home is where his heart is,  
And love is the answer he is seeking,  
For despite those that came against him,*

*In the dark nights of his attack,  
His humanity remains intact,  
His sanity is a fact,  
For only the strength of love can endure such a  
trial,  
And that is the light on the hill,  
The lamp in the darkness,  
The hope for humanity,  
For in his eyes,  
Is the window to our freedom?*



### **The Refuge of Democracy is the Australian Solution**

*From the Four Corners of the world,  
 The people are rising up,  
 A gainst oppression,  
 B ecause of power and control,  
 C reating a renewable World Charter of human  
 rights to life,  
  
 Where human rights are no longer castaways in  
 search of hope,  
 Shipwrecked on islands where there is no  
 Christmas spirit,  
 As the right to be human finds self harm the  
 only solution,  
 Bound and gagged in red tape and silence,  
 On a massive scale,  
 As we politicize desperation for political gain,  
 As lip service as many lips are sewn,  
 To silence the lambs,  
 For they know they have no voice or human  
 rights,  
 Stateless cries are ignored outback,  
 Out of sight and out of mind,  
 As applications in asylums are rejected forcing  
 some to quietly return,  
 For torture and assassination is the only  
 authority they have known,  
 Taking away their choice of freedom from fear,  
 For they came to the wrong place at the wrong  
 time,  
 Detained in limbo is the torture all refugees  
 endure,  
 Stonewalls and stone hearts drafted in policies  
 of election.  
 Refugees are fleeing persecution to arrive in  
 jails of house arrest,  
 Unbalanced scales of human rights abuse in*

*suspension,  
 Australia calls this mandatory detention,  
 Is this pre-tension?,  
 A civilized response?  
 Or the misuse of the refugee convention?  
 Detaining innocence until proven guilty in jails,  
 As a mandatory detention,  
 Silently punishing arrivals for seeking freedom  
 when they are un-shore,  
 Daring to risk their lives on leaky boats,  
 To find another solution off shore,  
 On waves of hopelessness,  
 As death becomes freedom,  
 From insanity.  
 How to stem these refugee flows?  
 From the bleeding heart of our humanity,  
 Begs the question – have you ever been targeted  
 by the war machine?  
 That is not friendly fire or a war movie on digital  
 television,  
 Did you know cluster bombs fall as yellow toys?  
 Children pick them up and lose their limbs,  
 As childhood is in limbo,  
 But no-one is dancing,  
 Have you ever seen deadly military jets that are  
 not showcasing exciting air shows at Amberley?  
 Did you know ground to air missiles are heat  
 seeking?  
 Depleted uranium is armour piercing?  
 It is made from yellow cake?  
 Spreading the cancer of death to civilians and  
 soldiers,  
 Australia enriching itself by uranium is not a  
 medical isotope  
 couched in hope,  
 What of the wealth and toil of free trade,*

When exchanged for refugees?  
 Are we Advancing Australia Fair?  
 Did you know hospitals are targeted to weaken  
 the enemy's recovery?  
 Infrastructure destroyed to disable civilian  
 populations?  
 No power, no water, no sewerage is the solution  
 from these thoughtless tanks,  
 Spreading dis-ease of death to more civilians,  
 Weakens the enemy's immunity,  
 For it is hard to find the enemy as they hide in  
 houses,  
 Could be a father, a mother or a child,  
 Echoes of Vietnam haunting the ghosts of these  
 times,  
 They all look the same,  
 As we are in a war game of strategy and  
 stealth,  
 Where the Geneva Convention is no longer an  
 option,  
 As violent video games are played out by man-  
 less drones,  
 Technology is the veil crossing man's  
 inhumanity,  
 For he is blind to see 90% of fatalities are  
 civilians  
 seeking food and shelter as life is helter skelter,  
 In endless wars of destruction without  
 solutions,  
 For war crimes are never tried  
 Calling the real perpetrators to account,  
 For behind closed doors they count the spoils,  
 Such is the media war that justifies terror,  
 In the name of gambling the winning hand  
 is worth the risks of business self interest.  
 Did you know wars are armed by the Industrial  
 Military Complex for profit?  
 Power plays for oil and gas pipelines sever  
 lifelines?

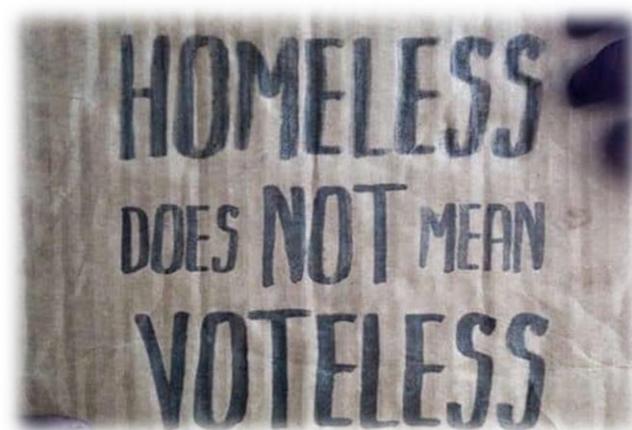
As the war on terror was an illegal war of  
 aggression,  
 A mission impossible,  
 A game of battleship,  
 Where Australian troops were ordered to remain  
 loyal,  
 For they joined the Coalition of the Willing  
 without question,  
 Participating in illegal wars that bank rolled the  
 world economy,  
 Yet we focus on illegal refugees,  
 And that is the real crime  
 against humanity.  
 There have been many refugees,  
 And we have heard the stories ...  
 ...Many in your family have died,  
 Your mother urges you to live,  
 For she cannot live if you die,  
 She sold everything to find money for you to  
 leave,  
 On behalf of your family you must find  
 salvation,  
 A safe haven entrusted by god,  
 For one must survive the slaughter,  
 The pain of poverty scrounging for food,  
 Is this the new world order?  
 The misery of endless wars?  
 For no good reason,  
 Do we end war?  
 A Christmas island solution excised truth from  
 the mainland,  
 A Pacific solution rendered international  
 obligations off shore,  
 A Malaysian solution reduced the number of  
 arrivals,  
 For the public will go overboard as more boat  
 people survive,  
 For they believe they are illegal and taking our  
 jobs,

They are coming through the back door,  
  
 A revolving door of Muslim terrorists finding  
 flaws in our Constitutional clause,  
 As they challenge our border security with  
 impunity,  
 As fortress Australia builds a legislative wall  
 plugging loop holes of insecurity  
 to keep others out,  
 For we will decide who comes to this country  
 and who does not,  
 No matter the letter and spirit of 1951 Refugee  
 Convention,  
 It was never learned after a Second World War,  
 That fortress Europe has to find cross  
 subsidization  
 in lifting neighbouring nations out of poverty,  
 By banking reparations,  
 As insecurity for profit divides and collapses  
 world affairs,  
 For peace is only realized in shared security,  
 Of all nation states living in wellbeing.  
 So friends as I stand in my cyber Agora,  
 No longer silenced by Question Time,  
 I ask: Imagine – what if you are seeking refuge?  
 ...Can you imagine yourselves as climate  
 refugees?  
 Survivors from earthquakes and tsunamis?  
 Homeless from flooding across Australia?  
 ...Can you imagine the reality of a global  
 collapse?  
 No money in banks?  
 Where there is no gold standard when money is  
 fools gold?  
 Perhaps that is the moment of realization for us  
 all,  
 Shaken from false security of fortified comfort  
 zones,  
 To find life is in control,

As we free fall to find our true reality,  
 Is shared.  
 ...Can you imagine a united nations of a  
 renewable earth community,  
 Sharing a vision of a global charter inspiring the  
 right to be human?  
 That sees shared interests as interdependent  
 like a self organising ecosystem?  
  
 For what we do to others we do to ourselves.  
 ...Can you imagine a world that sees wealth in  
 the health of nations?  
 Feeding the hungry as your own family?  
 Then dismantling systems of greed?  
 Transforming economy into a global commons?  
 Balancing needs with deep ecology seeds that  
 germinate?  
 Resurrecting peace treaties that resolve conflict  
 decoupled from trade?  
 For it is the economic wars that further  
 corruption,  
 As the real illegals,  
 That we accept without question time,  
 Excessive executive salaries when profits are  
 falling,  
 The world is calling out,  
 For change.  
 Did you know insecurity cultivates the culture of  
 fear?  
 And this is the endless ice rink spiralling down  
 in certain circles,  
 That is melting the ice caps as real core  
 samples,  
 For we are in times of Realpolitik change,  
 And to 'be the change' we must re-surface truth,  
 As we return to the community of inclusive  
 democratic dialogue,  
 An Agora of community insights,  
 Where detention is dismantled for good,

And replaced by the mantle of human rights  
 and justice,  
 A re-new-able democracy of civil liberties,  
 As the bedrock upon which our Parliament was  
 elected,  
 On a rock of truth from where we carve the  
 Philosophers Stone,  
 Representing the truth of a free and democratic  
 society,  
 Of equality, tolerance and justice for all,  
 No matter their status,  
 That no longer silences freedom of speech,  
 By calling divisions as a diversion,  
 To inflame e-motions,  
 Against required change,  
 For this is the motion put forth these days,  
 By the majority of people.  
 ...I can see a Vision that we are indeed our  
 brothers and sisters keeper,  
 Compassion is the real currency of an advanced  
 civilization,  
 That sees the world as ONE,  
 As earth changes have no national boundaries,  
 Or conundrum of 'them and us',  
 Only seas that join all continents together  
 as a blue print of a saner blue planet,  
 Supporting an ocean of unique life,  
 A global community that can 'see change' on the  
 horizon,  
 As ONE that is illuminated,  
 And that is the light on the hill we can see afar,  
 Leading the way for future generations,  
 Towards the unity of peace on earth,  
 And this my friends is the outcome of wisdom,  
 That seeks to know,  
 And knows to seek,  
 The truth,  
 The whole truth and nothing but the truth,  
 And it is the truth that sets us all free,

To see a world of possibilities,  
 Where there are no refugees,  
 Only friends coming to a new home girt by sea,  
 And this is the freedoms in the Australian  
 anthem which sings...  
 "To make this Commonwealth of ours  
 Renowned of all the lands,  
 For those who've come across the seas  
 We've boundless plains to share,  
 With courage let us all combine  
 To Advance Australia Fair."



**A World Fit for Children Begs for your Compassion**

*I am sleeping in the cocoon of my parents love,*

*Driving home the hum of the car rocks me to sleep,*

*Secure and safe,*

*Loved and embraced,*

*Innocent of the world of fate,*

*I hear the car gently come to a standstill,*

*Are we home?*

*I open my eyes and see lights in the darkness,*

*I see men around our car who are they?*

*They are asking questions of my father,*

*My mother looks back to say it is all right sit tight,*

*My father gets out to check the light and tyre,*

*Shot on the spot with gunfire,*

*My mother screams,*

*A bullet to the head,*

*And they are gone,*

*The window of my life shatters into a million pieces,*

*My peace died my breath ceases,*

*My world crumbles,*

*As the shadows grow,*

*On walls without a home,*

*Death looms larger than life,*

*As family is the mirage,*

*Of the after life.*

*My brother and the baby,*

*We cry,*

*There is no sky,*

*It has fallen in,*

*Stunned by the fire fight,*

*I become mama and papa,*

*Head of the family,*

*As the baby screams for mama's voice,*

*We are left?*

*What is right?*

*We have no choice,*

*We have no voice,*

*In a world unfit for children.*

*My aunty comes and goes,*

*Leaving for 3 days never to return,*

*The baby is crying,*

*The baby is hungry,*

*I rock her back and forth,*

*I talk to her to tell her I love her all day and all night,*

*I hold her tight,*

*She is hot with fever,*

*There is no water to cool her down,*

*There is no money for medicine,*

*Not charity in blindness,  
No kindness opens its door,*

*She sleeps to never awaken,*

*I scream what for?*

*No money,*

*No food,*

*No rent,*

*Our new home the landlord throws into the street,*

*The dust,*

*The dirt,*

*The cars,*

*Food smells,*

*Rubbish bins overflowing,*

Dogs are better fed,  
 Our parents fade from our memory,  
 Yet our hearts cry in every heart beat,  
 Poverty is the shoeless soul,  
 That feels every rock on the path,  
 That is holy but not purified by true love,  
 Hungering for love is the empty stomach,  
 Hungering for safety is the house with no walls,  
 Desperate for a piece of bread steals life with  
 every ache,  
 Keep walking until we find some throw away  
 cake.

A new friend,  
 A shard of light breaks from the stormy clouds,  
 She teaches us to sell to pull us out of hell,  
 She teaches us the street is our market place,  
 Our power is in self help,  
 To not give up,  
 To pester to annoy to trick,  
 For each coin is the lottery of life,  
 Tissues, lighters, stake knives, odds and ends,  
 A means to an end,  
 In the end nothing means anything,  
 As people brush us off like flies,  
 They're talking on mobile phones  
 cut off from the real world living at their feet,  
 With well-heeled shoes and clean feet,  
 They have no holy soul for they don't feel the  
 path,  
 No-one knows the dead-end life,  
 Where shelter is nestled at the end of a stinking  
 alley,  
 As bottles smash and drunks crash in a relay,  
 Fighting over space we can ill afford,

I could be dead in the end,  
 No life  
 sends you around the bend,  
 Survival is one square meal,  
 Street wise is the lie we all feel,  
 We are only children we have to steal,  
 It feels a waking nightmare yet it is painfully  
 real,  
 We only know the value of a piece of bread,  
 And this is the only slice of heaven,  
 That is sweeter than sleep.

I am the poet that watched your story from afar,  
 That walked passed,  
 That never knew your suffering,  
 For it seemed surreal,  
 As my world was well fed,  
 Unable to capture this crime of many centuries,  
 That tolerates poverty as a street scape,  
 To find escape is only compassion,  
 To give every last penny,  
 Rationing life for the many by the few,  
 For how can any life be so cheap?  
 Why is love such a scarce commodity?  
 What happened to community?  
 To common unity?  
 To family?  
 To friends?  
 To interested bystanders noticing the need?  
 A duty of care by every human being,  
 Yet detached greed is on the phone and  
 distracted,  
 Not my problem is the catch cry!  
 Yet I feel the shard of light brightening my  
 world,

*Illuminating new words,  
That I am my brother and sisters keeper,  
I am responsible for the state of this world,  
And children cannot pre-serve the future,  
If they are hungry, scared and homeless,  
We are the stewards and care-givers not care-  
takers,  
And every child is you,  
And when you stand in their shoes,  
You become every child,  
And ignorance is not bliss  
as the tyrant remains in the shadows careless,  
And good people choose to do nothing.*



**The Unemployment Trap**  
**Is it Better to Stand on Your Feet Than To Live on Your Knees?**

*Is unemployment not working?*

*For the great Economist Maynard Keynes  
promised full employment,*

*As government benefits were not to help those  
in need,*

*But to pump prime an economy as seed funding,*

*As consumer spending is cyclical,*

*Yet the real wealth of nations requires social  
stability,*

*An ability to recognise that employment and  
unemployment follows booms then bust,*

*Markets rise and fall at the cusp,*

*As many fall between the cracks,*

*Or fall between the tracks,*

*For always there were cracks in the system,*

*As it goes off the rails,*

*Blaming government policy,*

*Or insufficient demand,*

*Yet it is important to understand,*

*Not all managers are good leaders,*

*And not all leaders are good managers,*

*And fewer still know the meaning of social cost.*

*Australia was a prime mover*

*enshrining social justice in social policy,*

*Ushering in the Welfare State,*

*For the protection and promotion of social well-  
being,*

*A principled platform of...*

*Equality of opportunity,*

*Equitable distribution of wealth,*

*Public responsibility for those unable to avail  
themselves of the right to a good life.*

*What is a good life?*

*Life,*

*Liberty,*

*Happiness,*

*Quality food,*

*Secure shelter,*

*To pave a pathway out of ...*

*Loneliness,*

*Emptiness,*

*Depression,*

*Failure,*

*For the greatest self-loathing is poverty,*

*For one is valued by what they have not who  
they are.*

*The philosophy of welfare is measured by the  
values of society,*

*In the beginning it was universal coverage as a  
right to dignity in life,*

*Their means was never tested,*

*All have the right to welfare as a safety net.*

*Then unemployment rises,*

*Means testing arrives,*

*And budgets are cut,*

*Rhetoric slips into public discourse,*

*As social stigma becomes the silent stick...*

*'Dole bludgers rorting the system'*

*'System pays for those too lazy to work'*

*'A waste of public money'*

*'Welfare to work'*

*'Work for welfare'*

*'Mutual obligation to earn the right to life'*

*'Mothers getting a free ride'*

*As public responsibility becomes the burden of responsibility,*

*And users pay is the dictum 'you must pay for what you use',*

*Those who have can use more,*

*Those who haven't access less,*

*Cross subsidisation is sold off as 'public assets' becomes 'private property rights',*

*Flexible markets free fall to lower real wages and conditions,*

*Unemployment is deemed a cost of production rather than a market failure,*

*Perceiving taxes paid to welfare as non-productive liabilities,*

*Higher taxes on the system is a drain,*

*Is economic rationalism to blame?*

*What of unpaid mothers working full time to care for children?*

*Send them to work they say,*

*For raising children is non-productive it doesn't pay,*

*But what of Gross Domestic Happiness for the next generation?*

*Are people more productive when they are balanced and happy?*

*Everyone works for future happiness,*

*This is the real incentive,*

*A futures option,*

*But what if the option doesn't pay?*

*Is it taken away?*

*People will elect for a new way,*

*Revolution or evolution is what they will say.*

*For it is a salient creed that everyone owes a debt to society,*

*Even though public taxes paid for the assets,*

*And democracy represents the public will,*

*The right to the good life becomes a life with fewer rights,*

*And new workplace bills,*

*As a class apart is the dividing line,*

*A class above or a class below,*

*Winners or losers,*

*Winners celebrated as role models,*

*Losers socially ostracised and marginalised,*

*Excised from the joys of an equal life,*

*Haunted by the ignorant words*

*'just get a job.'*

*Yet for many unemployment is a loss of face,*

*Many classify by asking 'what do you do?'*

*Many laugh off their silent scream,*

*They take drugs to cover low self-esteem,*

*A poor education renders them unable to read between the lines and agendas,*

*A square peg in a round hole they find,*

*Have another wine as you feel so cold,*

*You have a work choice ...*

*You may choose to sink or swim,*

*As this world draws a line in the sand,*

*You are with us or against us,*

*Included or excluded,*

*Responsible or irresponsible,*

*For to win you must jump through hoops to be  
worthy of income,*

*Control forces compliance,*

*Compliance takes away self-reliance,*

*As self-determination is stonewalled,*

*In favour of clicking YES to terms and  
conditions, if NO you are refused permission.*

*This democracy affords no life choice only a role  
play scripted by unquestioned economic  
imperatives,*

*Sign the contract and lose freedom of speech  
they won't say,*

*Bound by clauses and laws to enforce,*

*For how is work choice a life choice when  
forced?*

*Is the purpose of life to work or contribute to  
excel and expand innovation and possibilities?*

*Why is there no life at work?*

*Just the rhythm of monotonous routine,*

*Suppressing the sanity of humanity and calling  
it professionalism,*

*For there is no choice about what you do,*

*Employees are not shareholders,*

*They are paid to work not speak out of line,*

*Do as you are told is the mantra of the model  
employee,*

*When does the citizen's voice offer a real  
choice?*

*As the true election of freedom,*

*As you serve other interests not your own,*

*Playing a role without a goal,*

*Just watch the clock to go home,*

*Don't be alone,*

*For no-one actually cares about your fate,*

*You have missed the boat it is too late.*

*I have worked in 400 workplaces,*

*The majority were sad places,*

*Impassive faces,*

*As many were not doing what they choose,*

*There was no real work choice or fair play,*

*They did not jump for joy to go to work,*

*They worked for mortgages but still they lose,*

*1 in 4 have mental illness,*

*Stress is a nightly bedfellow that is killing us,*

*Work life balance is eroded as employee power  
is denuded,*

*The balance of power shifts in favour of profit,*

*The working poor,*

*Slave wages,*

*Is not advertised in the paper,*

*Leaving a paper trail of silent resignations.*

*Labour is a cost of production it is not the value  
of citizenship,*

*And this ship is sinking,*

*As Greece slips and slides into depression,*

*Europe's economic zone dis-members,*

*The US sub-prime masks the greed and  
corruption in money lending,*

*As bail outs were a waste of public money,*

*That were not for the public good,*

*As the economic system is a slow landslide  
ending the boom with bust,*

*For the rust of greed stains the incentive to  
work,*

*In reality the system is not working,*

*The environment is plundered without a second  
thought,*

*People do what they are taught,*

*There is no deeper thought of a better way.*

*So at last I wish to say,*

*Society must make room for visionaries,*

For philosopher's asking meaningful questions,  
 Invest in peace education as the real Gross  
 National Happiness (GNH),  
 As strong families care for the next generation,  
 For my time is not wasted on finding a plausible  
 future that sustains,  
 That refrains from unhealthy externalities and  
 injustice,  
 A future that engenders equality, meaning, hope  
 and human potential,  
 For these are the pillars of a stable enlightened  
 society,  
 For we are here to live to our full potential,  
 And that is not typing what is rote,  
 For the creative commons must be free to speak  
 up.  
 Money is not the marker of success  
 nor does it inspire you to reach your peak,  
 It is to be a successful human,  
 For that is the golden globe to reach,  
 And this comes from values and integrity,  
 From kindness and generosity,  
 For no-one would fall between the cracks,  
 If we sought to serve society as ourselves,  
 When giving was valued higher than taking.  
 Yet many are left on the shelf their potential  
 unrealised,  
 Or packing boxes in a factory,  
 For self interest is where lies are paraded as  
 security,  
 Human potential is the opportunity when best  
 interest becomes the surprise,  
 To learn it was never about work,  
 It was to discover the meaning of your  
 incredible life,  
 The excellence in living on purpose,  
 And this is the purpose of this poem to you,

That I am not a commodity standing in line with  
 my hand outstretched,  
 I am a person of value desiring to work full time  
 for the highest good,  
 And if that doesn't fit the box,  
 Then I will fall between the cracks,  
 For it is better to stand on my feet,  
 Then live on my knees.



**A New Value System**

*I am without a home,  
I am homeless,  
I am less without a home,  
For a home is where I belong,  
Anywhere else is the song of failure.*

*Is a home where the heart is?  
Or is it a shelter?  
Is it a place I can rest?  
Or am I restless?*

*For I cannot settle down,  
I do not want to stay,  
For the ray of hope,  
Has faded in the sky of my night,  
As I seek a ditch,  
For I am ditched by society,  
I am not wanted,  
For no-one cares,  
If I am on the street or incomplete,  
And that is the deepest loss of all,  
For how can I recover?  
How can I find cover?  
From the storm in my soul.*

*So now I do not care about me,  
I am a faceless face,  
I mark my territory,  
I get to know the feral on the streets of pain,  
For they are stained,  
They are strained to breaking point,  
They are dysfunctional,*

*But what does that mirror,  
But the dysfunction of social structures,  
Where buildings are erected,  
Out of stone,  
For they are cold and functional,  
They do not meet demand,  
For they are not listening to demands,  
The structure of the system,  
Erects barriers to conscience,  
Beyond belief.*

*For many are not conscious of the barriers,  
The stigmatization of non-conformity,  
Is seen as a pity,  
For the stigma is in the eye,  
For many cannot see,  
Reality.*

*For there is a process that one must enter,  
There is a career path,  
There are stages of the life cycle,  
Where the empty nest is no longer dependent on obligations,  
For they have flown the nest and made their way,  
But what if the way is unknown?  
What if job falls through the floor boards?*

*For there is nothing solid on which to stand,  
For standards are rules by which we judge,  
And homelessness is the smudge on a society erected in the formation of facades,  
For losers evoke guilt,  
They are guilty as charged,*

*Condemned as incapable,  
Not valued in an economic transaction,  
For they are a cost on the balance sheet,  
For the assets are stacked against them.*

*Yet their true value is not in status,  
It is in a common humanity,  
It is in the sanity of a civilization,  
Where the people are served by economies of  
scale,  
Not the scale of economies,  
Where a new value system is implied,  
Is tied to the wellbeing of all,  
For this is the wellspring that ushers in,  
The phoenix from the ashes,  
For the potential in each human face,  
Is unlimited,  
When it is believed,  
That there is no failure,  
Only the failure to care,  
For a member of the family,  
In which we all share.*



**WHEN URBAN PLANNING BUILDS HOMES NOT GLASS HOUSES**

*When I lived in London I worked for a satellite  
channel,*

*I spoke directly to the CEO to watch the  
channel of communication diverted,*

*To then be answered from below -  
So above is not below,*

*For this is the real Tower of London,*

*An ivory tower,  
A class system,  
A glass ceiling  
Of silent exclusion.*

*The structures of society*

*Hold the potential of why a home becomes a  
house,*

*The poor live in dilapidated structures,*

*Many houses are not inhabitable,*

*As the human is valued according to their  
means,*

*For the best form of welfare is a job!*

*Yet salient structures prevent equal access,*

*And this is why those without a home,*

*Become home-less,*

*This is why those who are heart-less,*

*Have many homes,*

*To be seen to be,*

*Rather than authenticity,*

*For is it...*

*To be or not to be is the real question!*

*Asked on time.*

*The structure of our civilisation has become  
corrupt,*

*The scaffolding is now the support structure,*

*The plumbing is blocked,*

*There is no insulation to keep one warm,*

*The rooms are empty boxes,*

*Electricity monitors without supplying real  
need in real time,*

*As greed is the modified seed that cannot  
germinate the well-being for millions.*

*The family homes are separate houses,*

*Housing bonds replace human bonds broken  
down by business-as-usual,*

*For there is no longer the sounds of happy  
children running, laughing and playing,*

*As poverty is serious business,*

*Infrastructure contracts and corrupt builders  
off-sight and kickbacks,*

*Houses are private property investments not  
public assets serving equality as real public  
goods,*

*And doors are closing to diverse voices who  
speak of social costs and diminishing returns,*

*For as you speak as you share,*

*There is no real time response that meets the  
call as action,*

*As my calls will be diverted or ignored,*

*When I speak the truth to those who cannot or  
do not want to hear as it is not in their  
interests ...*

*Why the real poverty is not about housing it is about not being heard,*

*I cannot afford to sponsor my own voice to gain a platform of conscience,*

*Why poverty is not about inequality it is about the imbalance of competing interests,*

*Democracy is economically unviable!*

*Why poverty is not about structural cracks but structural violence excluding dissent,*

*It is a human rights issue swept off the table!*

*This is why many turn to drugs to self sooth or self-harm as the pain of exclusion is so great,*

*Where violence is self anger turned outward, As no housing is 'social' when lonely structures are erected without common-unity,*

*As there is no substantive investments in social-emotional wellbeing as the real wealth of nations,*

*For we do not want welfare rhetoric as 'taking' but empowered community living as 'giving'*

*For REAL HOPES integrates:*

*Responsibility, Empathy, Awareness, Love, Honesty, Oneness, Peace, Enjoyment and Service.*

*For real urban planning must plan for real human needs as a home is not a house,*

*For real urban planning is non responsive to greed in the guise of planting seed funding sponsoring voices investing in abolishing real social security.*

*For real urban planning must look at the socio-economic traps that imprison rather*

*than offer free dominion and self-determination,*

*Real urban planning is not about markets that are 'Future Ready' mainlining Smart Cities automating increases to the jobless rate and social decay,*

*Real urban planning sees an eco-village of self-reliance not an urban slum reinforcing weakened structures of low self-esteem in unequal systems in theory,*

*To re-member...*

*Ancient sites included familial rights and social codes to house social harmony,*

*Building without mortar in harmony with the precision of the equinoxes advanced civilisation,*

*Machu Picchu an egalitarian site where no-one fell through the cracks as temples were well built to last as testimonies to truth,*

*Swales filtered water without pumping,*

*Self sufficiency is low energy is sustainability.*

*Ceremony reinforces the spiritual life as values are the real mortar holding community together as ONE.*

*Therefore:*

*Real urban planning is reignites community not the status quo ta,*

*It is about social housing not prime real estate,*

*It is about real wealth of a nation not profiting from growing misery.*

*If we are to re-build a broken nation,  
Every-ONE must see further than self interest,  
The structure is imploding under the weight of  
self interest over shared interests,  
And this means breaking down the barriers  
of: Superiority, Inequality, Distrust, Exclusion  
and Indifference.*

*For humans are not capital but a caring  
community,  
The Capital must become human not  
automating,  
As our Parliament House becomes the home  
of all the people regardless of creed, colour or  
status,  
Not a pyramid scheme on a hill remote  
viewing,  
But the people's house (home) open to all.  
When Minister's speak it is not for a price but  
of valued representation without vested  
interests,  
As we gather to listen to hear rather than  
become tone deaf to repeated sound bytes,  
For we have heard the rhetoric before and it  
only leaves us wanting,  
For this is the real poverty of 'not enough'  
socially engineered as economies of scarcity  
not scale,  
Fast breeding - scarcity, poverty and  
exclusion,  
Disempowering voices as there is no real  
urban response in real time or just-in-time.*

*As I sit with Questions in Time I remember the  
words as the essence of democracy...*

*I may disapprove of what others say,  
But I defend to the end their right to say it!*

*For this is how we build a home out of an  
empty house that appears as scaffolding,  
For how many live in packing boxes in real  
time economic externalities of great social  
cost?*

*For those of us living in structural violence are  
well aware of the high costs of indifference  
Marketed as 'disruption' and 'social change',  
When life is business-as-usual unable to  
change to understand what it means to be a  
real 'social' democracy in the public interest.*

**Homeless or Home Free to Discover the Common Good****Home – less ...**

*I'll be okay,  
 I live where I lay,  
 Where is home?  
 I lost my way,  
 Am I less?  
  
 Lest we forget,  
 Did we not fight for freedoms?  
 Did we not fight for our democratic way of  
 life?  
 What of those who fell through the cracks?  
 Will we fight for them?  
 In the same spirit of mateship?  
 Perhaps there is a real war out there,  
 Between the haves and have nots,  
 Love me,  
 Love me not,  
 Help me,  
 Help me not,  
 What if what we do for another returns to the  
 self?  
 What if this is the real wealth of nations?  
  
 It is freezing,  
 My teeth are chattering,  
 I am shaking I feel cold to the bone,  
 I can't think of anything but warmth,  
 I can't move as I am sleep deprived,  
 How long can I sleep in this car?  
 At least it is a roof,  
 Some semblance of independence,  
 No insulation or room to move,*

*Oh my god it is cramped,  
 All my things barely fit,  
 I hope no-one can see me,  
 It is so embarrassing to be me,  
 Just get up early so no-one notices,  
 Go to the toilets in the park,  
 Is anyone looking?  
 Am I safe?  
 Do they know?  
 Just stay below they won't know,  
 Pretend I am on my way to work,  
 Dress like I am in the main stream,  
 I can't bare for anyone to know my secret,  
 I feel so low when others have higher  
 expectations,  
 They will abandon me,  
 They will not talk to me,  
 Or take me in,  
 I am a burden on others,  
 I am nothing as I have nothing to show,  
 I have no value if I am not working,  
 If I am working I am valued,  
 Why do I have no value because I have no  
 money?  
 Is my value calculated in my bank account?  
 \$2 in my account,  
 Am I less than the third world?  
 Is my value about what I can buy or who I  
 am?  
 Am I an economic digit?  
 Or a human being?*

Yet children have value,  
 Young people have value,  
 What of the elderly? The disabled?  
 Why not valued on the balance sheet of  
 humanity?  
 What of life's checks and balances?  
 We give and take on the roundabout,  
 What if what we give has no economic value?  
 Do we starve?  
 Who am I ...  
 When I don't have money or a career?  
 Who am I ...  
 When I am alone without friends?  
 Who am I ...  
 When I exist from day to day living only in  
 this moment,  
 I am still me,  
 I am still,  
 I Am,  
 What Am I?  
 How can I turn up the way you think I  
 should?  
 When I can't be you?  
 How can I be economically viable when my  
 value is not about money but people?  
 Was I born to make money or be who I truly  
 am?  
 Is it better to be right or happy?  
 How can I pretend I am okay  
 when marginalised, criticised and moved on?  
 Why am I made to feel bad  
 because I have no place to live?  
 I feel like a pauper, a beggar and a thief,  
 As poverty is to sit outside Windows in chat  
 rooms with no views,  
 No connectivity or privacy,  
 Why do you call me a bludger when I am not  
 asking for anything but equality?  
 I dare not ask as I am blamed for asking,  
 Am I a bludger, a sponge or a leach on  
 society?  
 Or an economic externality of inequality  
 where demand does not equal supply?  
 I know you have to work, pay bills, be self-  
 reliant,  
 You say get up and make it happen,  
 Others force them to suffer that will get them  
 up,  
 Tough love is easy to say when you are not in  
 my shoes,  
 Yet what if I can't get up as I am down?  
 What if I am depressed, sick or hopelessly  
 lost?  
 What if I desperately need a real friend to  
 trust?  
 What if it is not my fault this happened?  
 What if the poverty is not about me?  
 What if it is about society and losing  
 democracy?  
 What if we have lost community  
 or the unity in what was once common?  
 What of empathy perhaps this contains a  
 'path'?  
 What of social responsibility or is it the ability  
 to respond?  
 What of 'we are each other's keepers',  
 Are we a society or an economy – who cares?  
 What of mutual concern without obligation?  
 Do I have the right to life, liberty and  
 security?  
 Do I have the right to not be tortured,  
 degraded or subject to punishment if I don't  
 comply?  
 Am I equal before the law without a lawyer?  
 Am I innocent before proven guilty when  
 judged?  
 Do I have the right to choose in a democracy?

**Home – less ...**

Oh my god I lost my job,  
 Where do I go from here?  
 I can't pay the rent for a single room,  
 It's unaffordable now,  
 As casual wages go down prices go up,  
 Bloody property speculators making millions,  
 Money for nothing as auctions maximise  
 price,  
 Is greed taking too much and catalysing  
 poverty?  
 Who cares when you have shares, assets and  
 a retirement plan?  
 What will happen to those like me!  
 Do homeless lives matter at all?

**Home – less ...**

I worry and feel sorry,  
 I can't see a future anymore,  
 I can't find my way out of this poverty trap,  
 Where can I stay tonight as the weather is  
 cold?  
 I have nothing to pay to restore my rights,  
 Who is going to help me? I don't want charity,  
 I can't ask?  
 They'll judge me and that is far worse,  
 I can't tell them I am homeless,  
 They will think less of me,  
 They'll think I am dangerous,  
 That if they help I won't leave,  
 I just need shelter for the night that's all,  
 I need to feel safe,  
 They will think I am on drugs,  
 I can't tell them I need help,

*It's so dark and cold outside of society,  
 What to do in this prisoner's dilemma,  
 I pray to find a light in the darkness.*

*Why do you walk past and say nothing?  
 Why do you judge when you don't ask me  
 why?  
 Why do you talk behind my back and not to  
 my face?  
 Why do you shame me when I have done  
 nothing wrong?  
 Why is poverty a crime when I broke no law?  
 Why do you think me a criminal when I am  
 innocent?  
 Why do you treat me this way?  
 What if you were in my shoes how would you  
 walk and talk?  
 What if you can't go home?  
 Would you want to live in 3<sup>rd</sup> world conditions  
 when others live in new luxury apartments?  
 Would you want to be ignored, shamed,  
 blamed and spat on?  
 Would you want to be beaten up on the street  
 because you had dirty feet?  
 Would you want your life to be about survival  
 of the fittest in a liveable smart city?  
 Would you sleep on the street if you had no-  
 where else to go that was safe?  
 What if you have your period - where to go?  
 What if you were raped - what is safe?  
 Murdered in a park or an alley way?  
 What then? Who then?  
 Will be the change we need to see?  
 If not You then Who?  
 If not Now then When?  
 Time waits for no Fool.*

Should I ring an old friend,  
 They will help me,  
 We had good times together,  
 We went through stormy weather,  
 I'll say how are you?  
 They never asked how am I?  
 They never ring or send a text to check,  
 They never emailed me to find out where I  
 have been,  
 They don't care about me,  
 Everyone is busy,  
 They have their families their own life,  
 I don't fit,  
 I feel like an orphan,  
 I don't have a partner or a job,  
 I am nothing when I am alone,  
 No-one is my friend anymore,  
 How can I ask - can I stay on your couch?  
 I won't stay long,  
 I'm in between jobs,  
 I'll find a job,  
 I'll find my way,  
 Don't you worry,  
 You don't have to pay,  
 I'm okay?  
 Something will turn up, it will go my way,  
 In my heart I say don't turn away,  
 I can't bare the rejection anymore,  
 I can't stand 'that look' of pity,  
 Just say it: Do you mind if I stay?  
 I promise I won't overstay my welcome,  
 Am I welcome

to stay?

### **Home – less ...**

I ache inside,  
 I am unemployed,  
 I've applied for a 1,000 jobs,  
 I am a failure no-one will employ me,  
 Set up for failure every time,  
 I'm not wanted,  
 Yet the silent pressure is 'get a job',  
 Do the right thing,  
 Don't ask for help or anything,  
 Be self-reliant, be responsible,  
 Come on get up!  
 You're a drain on the public purse,  
 Why should we help you?  
 Help yourself, find resilience,  
 We have to work why not you?  
 Get off your backside,  
 But I applied for thousands of jobs,  
 Few reply,  
 Most don't even say thank you,  
 No encouragement as 'you were  
 unsuccessful',  
 It is your fault you are not chosen is the  
 message,  
 When will I be good enough?  
 In whose eyes do I shine and have value?  
 How much rejection can a person take before  
 losing real hope?  
 It is not so easy to cope,  
 As life becomes a lose/lose,  
 A self-perpetuating quagmire of hopelessness.

When you are old you are not valued,  
 No matter experience, intelligence,  
 accomplishment, innovation or degree,  
 No basic respect or certainty,  
 I don't fit the box,  
 I don't have the right bit of paper,  
 I can't afford the course,  
 17 people are going for the same job,  
 You have to do it their way or the highway,  
 You can't go your own way yet I must travel  
 my own path to be human,  
 My heart calls me to not give up but keep  
 going,  
 Some say I am not experienced, I am too old,  
 I am woman, overqualified and the reasons  
 go on and on,  
 If I don't comply I lose demerits in the system,  
 If I don't comply I'm cut off without  
 assistance,  
 I am on the street,  
 What happened to social security when there  
 is no safety net?  
 When welfare becomes jobless,  
 Unconditional becomes conditional rights,  
 Yet not everyone is work ready or ready to  
 work,  
 Some are poor, uneducated, in crisis or sick,  
 How can I comply for years through all the  
 tears, when the system is not working for me,  
 I am not working,  
 I don't fit the box,  
 Oh my god where do I go from here?  
 Uncertainty grips with fear.

Don't tell anyone I can't afford to buy lunch,  
 I can't shout you a coffee,  
 Thanks for the invite I can't tell you I have no  
 money for dinner,  
 Everyone pays these days,  
 I can't be seen to be poor or homeless,  
 I will sink or swim,  
 Doors close, friends leave, all turn their backs  
 no mercy or empathy,  
 They do not run to help you,  
 They run away as you have nothing to pay,  
 They don't even seem to see you or hear you,  
 Even when I bravely say 'I am homeless',  
 It is not heard as if no right to exist,  
 They don't get involved,  
 They accept it as normal it is not their  
 problem.  
 If I say "I won the lottery" they get excited  
 I have a friend for life,  
 Fair weather friends leave when the climate  
 changes,  
 You will find out when the chips are down  
 who hangs around as the sweet smell of  
 success becomes the odour of a drifter,  
 If they leave know your friend  
 was an acquaintance.  
 When I was young you could just walk in to  
 any job and they'd give you a go,  
 I worked in 400 workplaces can you believe,  
 I remember thinking I'll never not have a job,  
 But I didn't see my life would change  
 completely,  
 It is so competitive and they favour the young,  
 No one questions in a wealthy society  
 spending billions on infrastructure whilst  
 many work to live or go hungry,

They build new homes that are left empty,  
 The buildings have no tenants,  
 Greed oversupplied without regard to need,  
 Yet no shelter for the home – less,  
 The government houses were sold off,  
 Yet the army houses are still there,  
 They are on the market can you believe  
 not deploying to those in real need?  
 Lest we forget inequality doesn't advance  
 Australia fair

What about the fires everyone gets emergency  
 shelter,  
 Everyone gets behind those who lost 120  
 houses,  
 Yet 116,000 lost their homes one by one,  
 100,000 seek shelter as night follows day,  
 Is not home where the heart is?  
 If there is no heart there is no home,  
 For are the homeless thought less,  
 Worth less,  
 Care less,  
 Lest we forget we are not resolving conflict,  
 Remember the fallen felt abandoned,  
 The street becomes the front line,  
 What of silent wars and silent walls unseen  
 in this battle for a home land,  
 Why do so many take their lives every day,  
 They are beyond blue,  
 They feel no-one knows and no-one cares,  
 They agreed they were less without a home,  
 They bleed as they can't stand the pain any  
 more,  
 They've had enough of isolation, solitary  
 confinement as a burden on society,

It is curtains as this show is over,  
 They can't find a way out of this one way  
 street with no exits,  
 No-one will notice when they are gone they  
 feel,  
 There will be no funeral as no-one will turn  
 up,  
 For this is rock bottom when the bottom falls  
 out ... Quietly.

Home – less ...

Why am I less if I can't afford a home?

Is that what you say?

I have no pay,

I have no say

.... anymore.

Am I not a citizen?

Did we not Advance Australia Fair?

Why don't we care?

Where is the Aussie spirit of a fair go?

Don't we have endless plains to share?

Is our country girt by sea?

Or a sea of indifference to the plight of so  
 many?

116,000 + people lost their homes,

This is a national emergency,

How can one put a positive spin on a crisis,

It is not a numbers game yet the numbers are  
 going up day by day,

Yet few are jumping up and down demanding  
 a solution,

Who is sending up the warning flare to get  
 help?

No media tell stories of real change,

No one is in my corner as homeless don't vote,

*Where is my representative in a democracy?*

*When I have no rights or ability to have a say,*

*The Assistant Minister for homelessness  
doesn't respond to my call for help,*

*Why is he a Minister for homelessness if he  
can't answer the call?*

*I ask: Is love the answer to this question?*

*Or do I fall?*

*Do we listen to some and not others?*

*Who is important who is not?*

*Is it about serving special interests or  
delivering a public service?*

*I wrote again, no comment only silence,*

*I conscientiously objected to corruption is that  
a crime?*

*I was cut off welfare for saying no to what  
doesn't work,*

*Am I a prisoner of conscience?*

*Am I doing time?*

*Does anyone care what is fair?*

*All for one and one for all was the Australian  
way,*

*Do we Advance Australia Fair by selling it in  
a fire sale to the highest bidder?*

*Do we turn misery into a market investment  
in the homelessness sector?*

*Do we sell our country, our land, our assets,  
our people when greed is seed funding?*

*Is this sovereignty or dependency with our  
hand out to investors and equity finance?*

*What of corporate welfare bailed outs?*

*Awarding contracts without competitive  
tenders?*

*More toys for the rich boys?*

*Does anyone believe in integrity, honesty and  
to stand by our mates when their need is  
great?*

*Or spinning fancy marketing to look great?*

*Didn't the wise say 'what you do to the least  
of me you do to me'?*

*Does that make a difference to the state of  
play?*

*The sign of a civilised society is in how you  
treat the vulnerable and poor?*

*Mother Theresa saw the greatest deprivation  
in psychological poverty,*

*Are the poor those without homes or those  
without a heart?*

*She said forgive those who trespass against  
you,*

*She saw the anger and hurt as she healed  
the wounds of the soul left wanting,*

*It is not about the begging bowl or spare  
change,*

*It is about real change not coins,*

*For it is not about money it is about equality,*

*In your poverty do you offer crumbs, the bare  
minimum or nothing at all?*

*Or dismiss it – you made your own bed?*

*To get off the hook of social responsibility is  
indifference to suffering,*

*Who are you?*

*Who are we?*

*What do we stand for?*

*Or do we sit down and look the other way?*

*Is there dignity in integrity?*

*For that is my message I share today.*

*Alas I reminisce ...*

*When I had money,*

*When I had a home I was so happy,*

*My life was on track,*

*I had a place to belong as the swan song we  
all take for granted,*

*Yet many are Whistling Dixie to a different score,  
 And I am singing in a Choir of Hard Knocks,  
 For this is a place I can call home for now,  
 It is a blessing to feel unity in diversity,  
 For when hope is taken away from you,  
 Social stigma becomes your bed fellow,  
 An invisible ball and chain drags behind,  
 A counter weight without balance,  
 I become less when I knew I was more,  
 Yet I am still the same person,*

*I am still waiting,  
 I am waiting still,*

*For you all to wake up!  
 Wake up your humanity  
 before it's too late,*

*For I am you,  
 And you can be me  
 .... easily,*

*As anyone can fall from grace,  
 Yet grace can be found in the fall,*

*Can you see  
 Yourself in me?*

*For when you do,  
 I am no longer home – less,*

*What if I am home free,  
 To sing and be happy,  
 As you found me in you,*

*The loving wise ones say:*

*Seek and you will find,  
 Knock and the door will be opened,  
 Ask and it will be given,*

*Perhaps we are all homeless seekers on our way home,*

*For **home is where the heart is,***

*To discover home is to re-member the common good!*

