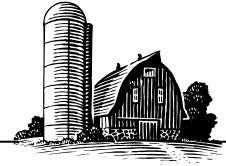


# The Small Farmer

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It is the small farmer  
Who is the loser in this world.

It is the small farmer  
Who has fallen in all the wars.  
The small farmer, wherever he lives in the world,  
Whose land they have stolen and whose garden they have burned  
On the way to their wars.  
His sons they have taken,  
Dressing them up in carnival attire, letting them die  
For ideas of which he knew nothing, nor was at all concerned with,  
Nor even wished to know.  
It is the small farmer who is forced to leave his valley  
To labour in collectives and in factories.  
It was the small farmer's cows they took,  
Along with his field, for yet another motorway.  
He it is, now, who sleepless lies night after night,  
With worries about repaying all he owes,  
So that the banks can build their houses, huge like palaces.  
He it is who has been driven to the cities  
To fill great blocks of flats. ('He adjusts well enough.')He it was who milked his cows  
And laboured on his farmland to gather stones  
Where now we reap and sow with ease.  
It was the small farmer  
Who knew how barley should be sown,  
And how calves came to birth.  
He knows all about the clouds, the wind, and winter,  
And how hard it is.  
The whinnying of horses he knew well.  
Now he knows the tractor, and lending rates,  
And when payment is due.  
Yet still he leaves the door ajar, the small farmer.  
Still he hears when grass is growing, and is aware  
When soil gives birth anew.  
He who has lost. Until now.  
For soon perhaps we shall be asking him the way.  
The way back from whence we came.  
There, there is growth.