

Kate Houston

Urban Warfare

Nameless faces tell us we're going to war,
I wonder where they think we've been.
Each in our uniforms, black suit, striped tie
Marching to the front line, clutching our briefcases
Like the paperwork holds the keys to victory,
Like they'll protect us when our cosy lives explode.

Mental muscles flex and pose in minimalist offices.
Soldiers making a killing on the stock exchange
So we can line pockets and grease palms.
The fear that we will not get up and over
The latest life hurdle means we grab and claw
For the meagre protection of a bank balance.

The brave and fearless warrior will cross the road
To avoid the reminder that success is fleeting
Eventually we all sit in the gutter, shot down
By an unseen enemy on his way up.
'War is not nice', but we accept the battles
In return for our shiny new lives, however long they last.