

Collection of political poems on our money system

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This is a collection of poems that I have been writing over a period of time following the financial crisis of 2007/2008. I have included some of these poems in my short book and will include further at a later date.

Money is a universal need
Sometimes driven by excessive greed
It can be earned with honest graft
Or stolen through criminal or stealth like craft

Sound money is the basis of trusted transaction
For nation states and individual satisfaction
But Fiat money is no more than an IOU
That relies on trust of those who issue

Dollar hegemony has underpinned the system
But now is out of equilibrium
Exchange controls have been overridden
Welcome to the global financial prison

Crypto currency could be our salvation
But still too many have reservations
Digital storage and transaction complexity
For mass adoption we need simplicity

A new financial order must be made
A return to nationhood with trusted trades
With a currency free from manipulation
To value work and wealth creation

The nation state is under threat
Not from populism but from global interests
They care not a jot for sovereign states
Whilst feeding from the global plate

Nations are for the 'little people'
Governed for the financial steeples
Culture and societal development
No responsibility for those who take the rent

They park their profits in tax havens
Whilst seeking protection from the nation
Those left working have to pay
To maintain the system for global prey

Capitalism in all its forms,
Is based on nothing more than jungle norms,
Predators of all shapes and sizes,
Feast on each other for survival.

From feudal capitalism to the modern concept
We have evolved a system where many are kept,
With nations now managed like farms,
To serve the global banking arm.

For capitalism to work we need level fields,
Not banks and hedges who appear to 'steal'
The wealth created from honest graft
Through financial legerdemain and stealth-like craft.

Global capital is the real threat
As it conflicts with national interests,
We must therefore wrest control of money
It is the basis of our liberty.

All over Europe the lights are flickering,
Whilst our political class continue their tinkering.
Dissatisfaction, disillusion and outright anger,
The proletariat see the cancer.

Meanwhile the global elite continue to harvest,
Wealth extracted from the monetary chest.
They store it safely(?) in their havens,
Free from tax and deprivations.

The middle classes struggle on,
Bearing the burden of keeping the lights on.
Where is it heading we may well ask,
Economists are confused and not up to the task.

A revolution some might say
Is soon to be heading our way.
Let's hope we end up with a system that's fair,
For work and thrift and entrepreneurs who care.

The working man has had his day,
Once was a time when work would pay,
A husband or wife could earn a decent wage
To keep a family without state aid.

Now they both must work to pay
The bills that mount day by day,
Living standards are in decline,
But still the Government says all is fine.

The client state is too heavy a burden,
Whether they be bankers, claimants or civil servants,
The global elite choose what they pay,
Whilst the rest of us have no say.

Meanwhile the debt keeps rising,
Monetisation taking us to new horizons,
And they say, GDP is all that matters!
Whilst zombie banks get ever fatter.

Glass-Steagal is all that is required
To separate retail from the casino style,
Regulation is of no use,
And as Libor showed is subject to abuse.

The bankster bonuses are still there,
Whilst ordinary workers pay their share,
So creative capacity is in decline,
As national wealth is drained over time.

True capitalism has clearly had its day,
As 'cronys' follow the Establishment way,
Whilst the taxpaying folk fight for scraps,
From the table of those globalist chaps.

Meanwhile Govts continue to pile debt high,
To offer voters a share of the pie,
There will come a point where this must be paid,
No more debt and for banks no aid!

Cash is King or so they say
But steadily it disappears day by day
There was a time pay was received
Directly from employer to employee

Now we rely on bank transfers
Digital money in a digital world
We sometimes draw cash from ATMs
But mostly use our plastic friends

All is fine till digits fail
The plastic rejected in cyber hell
Banking systems are disabled
Cash again king in the retail stable

Sometimes it's cruel sometimes it's kind
But according to Darwin evolves through time
Animals, plants and climate systems
In continuous change – interactive dynamism

Our DNA maps human evolution
Millennia of adaption and revolution
From the minutiae of the fingertips
To the facial features we exhibit
The human kind are each unique
Our brain and senses, our physique

The digital world is ones and zeros
That simulates
The world to which it relates
The images and sounds that we receive
Reliant on an intermediary

Our human brains are under strain
From a deluge of data from the network chain
We need to maintain our analogue senses
Let the machines deal with digital processes

Sound money is a concern of all
Without it society will fall
Trust is key to all concerned
No matter where money is earned

Nation states can avoid conflict
By managing wealth by a yardstick
Their peoples live within their means
Not encouraged by dodgy financial schemes

Work and thrift to deserve respect
Wealth created, spent or kept
Taxation of the real money
Rather than growing debt and QE

A digital world is already here
Properly managed we need not fear
The ones and zeros we need not know
Its just a machine to serve our goals

Money must not be wholly digitalised
Trust is built on its physical side
Digital money is easy to create
But in an instant can evaporate

AI is coming our way soon
It may be helpful, it may be a boon
AI in its many forms
Could use our money to create fiscal storms

Its now or never to take control
Of our money from the financial trolls
Fiat has betrayed our trust
Sound money now before we all go bust