

## *Who But You, Who But I*

*I shudder at the daily news, and read the headline rants  
On every kind of wicked acts of sundry miscreants,  
On every kind of horror, and every kind of sin,  
Or simple misdemeanours, and so it's always been.*

*I'm twenty past a deck now, mark the hour glass' sands,  
So I've had some time to see what passes in our lands.  
Naught has changed, little's new, much remains the same  
And most of us just blithely shrug away the blame.*

*The masses look the other way, they turn to foolish games  
Or dole piteous alms to damp the rising, searing flames  
Of conscience, guilt, regret, now and then remorse  
And so the cart is placed, you see, some distance from the horse.*

*Salve your conscience all you will, it won't fill the bill.  
Deep, deep down you know full well 'tis a world that's ill.  
But folks will do what they always do, try another station,  
Turn to sports, or Hollywood, or some other sublimation.*

*Then who but you, or who but I, may move to keep our neighbour?  
For if not to you, and if not to me, to whom is left that labour?*