

Bet

(1980's)

Bet we could fill a room with wonder
Bet we could corner that concern
Constructively
And make it community
And make it community

Bet we could buy out
All the antagonistic assets
And attitudes
And invert them
Till the hidden sweet
Cream
Of the crop
Of conscience
And kindness
Floated to the top
In the blameless joy
And generosity

Bet we could redistribute
The resources
Respectfully
Hey you at the top
Don't hoard it
Lord
It's enough to share
I'm sure
Don't hoard it
Lord
There's enough to share
I'm sure

Bet we could rid ourselves
Of racism
So it couldn't rule
Or oppress
Or divide

And insidious systems
Like apartheid
Would have to roll over
And die
Never to be resurrected
Amen

Bet we could do better
Bet we could better
If we tried
Bet we could do better
If we dared
If we cared

Come on
If we stared
Long and hard
At ourselves
In the timeless
True
Picture
Of the stark
Mirror
Of reality
And saw reflected
In our own eyes
The hopes
And dreams
And aspirations
Of all other beings
Struggling
Just like our own
Damn
Sorry
Selves
I'm not sorry
For myself
I'm sorry
When I'm not myself
And as selfless
And expansive
As I can be

Bet we could do better
Bet we could do better
If we tried

Bet we could fill
A planet
With parity
Bet we could fill
Our hearts
With something more
Than the venom
Of accumulated
Hatred
And desperation

Bet we could do better
If we tried
Bet we could fill a room with wonder