Nineteen Eighties Hymns
For the IMF and IBRD and Ministers of Finance

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How to cite
I

I do not believe I am
a good man
a good bank
a good government
when my mother’s tears rain
across the economy

II

A finance minister
austerity preacher
thinks that things will go round
if welfare weak

I wish he read the poem
(the one I am yet to have written)
about my mother
the women
nineteen eighties
sewing miracles
from foreign magazines
how they outfit
their girlfriends
find moments of beauty
in the depression
of corn beef dinners
and patchoi leaves.
I remember the congregations’ sermons
that feed religions
and blind the prophets and preachers
who abandon children

I still sing hymns of exile and atonement
for the dark soul of adjustment
bringing false gods and their religions
to their knees.