

Poems

Joe McFarlane

Tender

Whose agenda
when the funding runs dry?
When grassroots projects
lose their share of the pie?

When big guns fire solutions
and the little guys jump
because we've got no voice
to speak of
in the consultation sump

Whose agenda
when consolidation wins?
Expertise and knowledge
sacrificed to spin

Misleading promises
that less means more
Now they've ripped the heart
of our community
and the tender's left us sore

Deaf Ears?

It's not impairment that disables me
but lack of fair adjustment and support

It's not a miracle can cure me
but a radical transform of will and thought

Keep It Simple

If you want to find me
come into my neighbourhood

If you don't know where I live
ask the people I hang out with

If you want to find out
what I'm like, hang out with me

If you want to like me
see me as I am

Rally

We're wheelchair panthers
stalking politicians

Deaf and mute,
we're waving our petitions

Blind, we've seen it all before
Tory cuts have left us sore

We're learning how to argue back
for being the brunt of all the flack

Our muscular fatigue's gone lame
It's time to stoke the fire again

We're mad ass pussies
hissing no to all the cuts

We'll fight you tooth and claw grip
if we must

Don't think we're going to go away
Disabled but we're not afraid

to tell you where to stick ATOS

You're shocked we're using swear words?
Well we couldn't fucking give a toss!