A poor man’s tribute

In the metre of the 23rd psalm

The state is my family
I need little else
She lay me down on affordable furniture
She introduced me to mean streets
Sent my kids to schools of hard knocks
She restored my trust

She leads me in the right path - her own idea
of the benefit
Even though I walk through alienated shadows
I no longer care what may
For she will never leave me
Her coppers and social workers they check
on me daily

She lay out a feast for me at the next takeaway.
She filled my head with new thinking
My little mind is confused
At the end of day I know this: that her
gracious hegemony will follow me
to my grave
And I will live in her dilapidated house
for ever.

Levi Tavita version