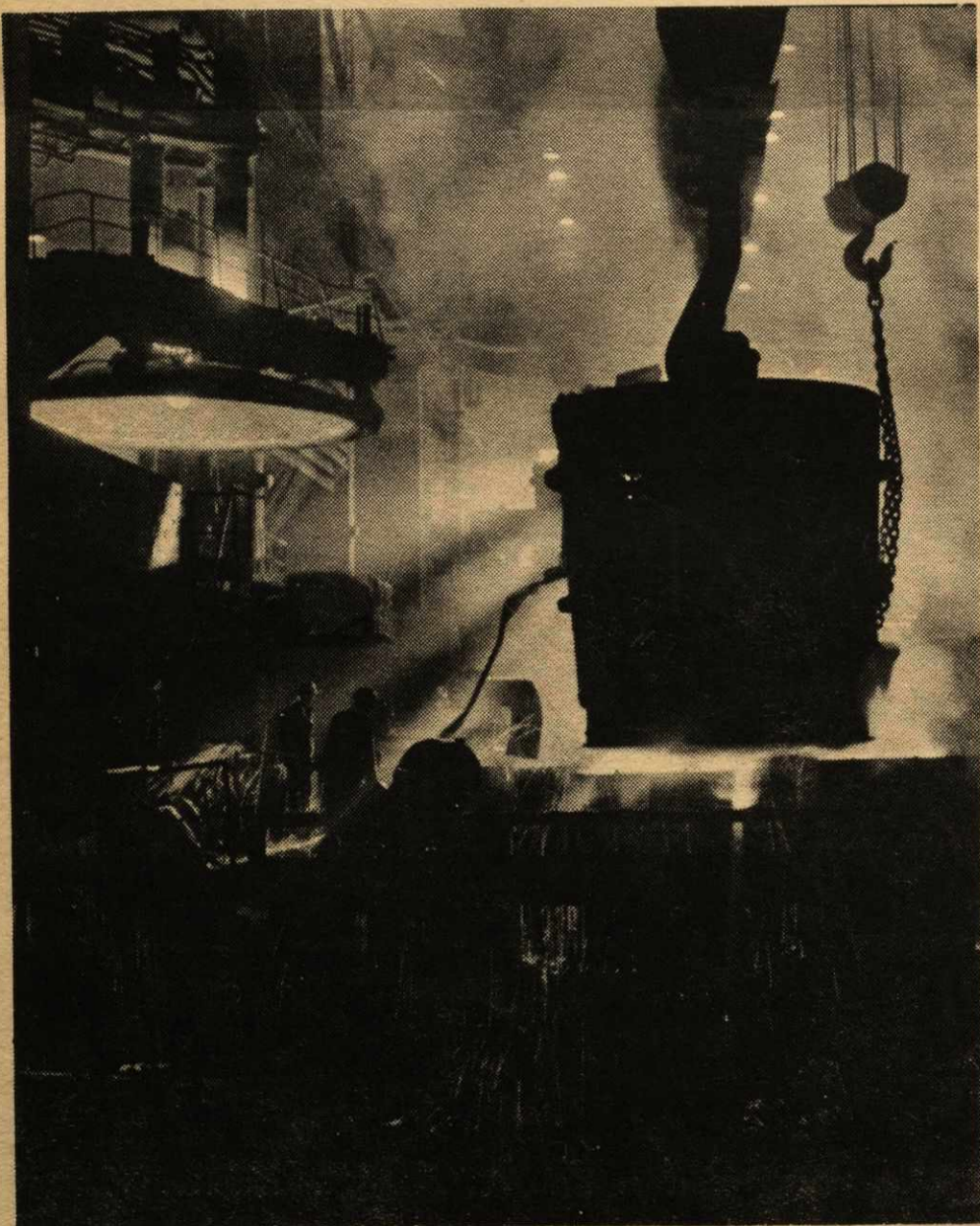


So you stab the man
 with your liberty
 As he returns from an 8 hour shift
 And your independence
 slaps him in his tired grey face.
 Can your idealistic glow wonder
 why it fails
 to ignite his factory-owned fire?
 He looks at you through 40 hour a week eyes
 and your eyes are his mirror.
 Dare you wonder why he cannot
 love you?



He's wearing his heart
 on his face
 and
 his soul
 in his eyes
 He juggles his existence
 from hand
 to foot
 to
 head
 and
 over his shoulder
 and you feel his self
 knocking
 come out!
 come out!
 and meet a friend.

by Adair Jackson
 Canadian Student in Belgium