

Antiques

Collectors may come and collectors will go
In the meantime, deferring to those who might know
The purpose of this, and the value of that
When, to us, it just looks like a pile of old tat

Not pieces of art that you'd hang on your wall
But shabby old things with no use left at all
You'll pay a small fortune, and sometimes a few
For a thing you can only leave out in full view

Of course, it has value, look what you paid!
For an odd drinking glass or a worn-out old spade
"If it could just talk" the experts will say
"Think of its tales of that old bygone day"

But of course, it can't speak, it's just an old chest
And maybe its silence is all for the best
For if it could talk to you, only the once
It might say it was bought by a bit of a dunce

With money to spare, and money to burn
Will people like you never bother to learn?
That things are just that and its people that count
Not stuff past its sell by and on its way out

If all of the money that auctioneers take
Were sent to the poor what change could that make?
Children now dying could prosper and grow
And tell you their stories if you wanted to know

Better to have empty space on your shelf,
Save lives far away and be proud of yourself
Photos of some of the lives you'll have changed
Could sit on your shelf, that could be arranged

Of course you can't sell them for pleasure or gain
But they could be admired, that much will remain
And meanwhile you'll know that you did something good
Helping strangers survive when no-one else would

If enough of us changed our values and choices
We'd quieten the thrill in the auctioneers' voices
With money now helping the poor get along
You could buy that old chest – but this time for a song