

Ignorance is Bliss.

1

When you're born into comfort
With a pocket with some money,
And a plate with some hot food
And a house with a roof.
The facts are kept at bay
Far away
For a later day.
They say it'll all be OK
Because today's your lucky day.
I bought you a snack and a toy
Because I love you
And you're my little boy

2

Meanwhile, on the street,
There's people who don't eat
Can't sleep
Sore feet.
Their second hand, unplanned
Refuse boots
Unable to withstand a step's more use.
And we dip into that money pocket
To give a quid to say we did something
To give them the means to live.
But this means nothing,
It just prolongs the inevitable.
These miserable destitutes
Have long since got desperate,
And we just get irritable
When forced to be charitable.

3

But how could we know?
Ignorance is bliss.
I don't have to sit here and listen to this.
Just 'cause I could give
Doesn't mean that I should
So they live outside?
The fresh air is good!
Why should I give all the money I earn
They'll spend it on drugs and drink
And won't learn
They need to be saving to buy a home

Off the paving
Just because I'm slaving away
Doesn't mean that I'm craving to pay it away.

4

There are children who are starving
And starving
And starving
And each week their body weight is halving
As they're carving their route in the paving each day
Searching for something to eat but can't pay.
Their tattered bin clothes
Hanging from bones.
And what hasn't been shown
Through their hand-made card "homes"
Can be seen in the skeletal form poking through
As you shoo them through the city
From doorway
To doorway,
Like a real estate agent
With a heart full of hatred
Who hasn't tried being patient
And waiting
For the vagrant to vacate the station
Or doorstep
Or street corner
Or shop door, no,
You only care about "clean" streets,
What we see on the surface.
History keeps on repeating itself.
We see their dirt not their back story.
Their scars not their skills.
Their lives' arrived here,
Trying to survive.
Stay alive.
Food to feed, not guaranteed
Need to sleep but we'd rather keep
Them off the street
Where we can't see.
Their memories fading as each day brings
A new reason to need saving.
Either it's raining
Or hailing
Or snowing
Or blowing
A breath of death

Into the depths of each person.
A thin, ragged sleeping bag or sheet of old newspaper,
Won't stop the cold from coming back and waking them up later.

5

But how could we know?

Ignorance is bliss.

I gave my prosperity to a charity to help families,
And that 95 pence should help them to live at ease

With luxuries like cigs and tea

And if not then "*C'est la vie*".

They were born to live rough,

Though it's tough,

It's simple enough.

They just need to button up and get up and walk off.

Their begging and scavenging- enough is enough!

6

London.

Twenty nineteen.

8855 seen.

Leo Jackson-Horn