**In The Hands of White Men**

Their power…

You can feel it in process,

embedded in tracts,

in the bricks and mortar,

In the stacks of paper,

In the suits and shoes

That tap out the tune

of the big white men who

prowl,

Behind soft slow smiles,

moulding and shaping ,

manipulating,

working the facts the way that they are,

have always been.

Gripping and strangulating

Ideas and dreams.

Tall, or fat, skinny, long nosed

The keepers of custom

maintain status quo

with bureaucratic tools

That inveigle and anoint

Divide and rule,

pick and point

According to scales,

according to whim

According to him.

The regulations they impose

To frame the world

To give them control

Means

The hands of white men

Embrace us all.