

Madonna On The Curb

Jonatha Brooke

On the curb of a city pavement, by the ash and garbage cans.
In the stench of rolling thunder of motor trucks and vans,
There sits a little lady with brave but troubled eyes,
And in her arms a baby that cries and cries and cries.
She cannot be more than three, but the years go fast in the slums,
And hard on the pangs of winter's cold, the pitiless summer comes.

The wails of sickly children she knows, she understands,
The pangs of puny bodies, the clutch of small hot hands.
The deadly blaze of August that turns men faint and mad,
She quiets the peevish urchins by telling of dreams she had.
Of heaven with its marble stairs, and ice and singing fans.
And God in white, so friendly there, just like the drug store man.

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In the stench of rolling thunder of motor trucks and vans,
There sits a little lady with brave but troubled eyes,
And in her arms a baby that cries and cries and cries.
So when you're giving millions to Belgian Pole, and Serb,
Remember my beautiful lady, MADONNA ON THE CURB.