

## Worlds

A banker and a homeless mate,  
will never see each other's fate.  
The broker profits from Dow Jones,  
The wino does not feel his bones.

The bankers meet for business lunch,  
The dopers have their pea soup munch,  
The men with ties propose a toast,  
The bums are longing for a roast.

The stock exchange makes bankers greedy,  
they lose the sight of people needy.  
Of civil life the doper dreams,  
while sleeping next to cash machines.

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