

Kate Noble

## Banking on Breadlines

If food banks were run by high street bankers  
What bonuses then?  
Would they gamble tinned sardines, speculating caviar returns?  
Or oxtail soup for chance sirloin?  
Turn water into wine, when those parched seek simple thirst-quenching?  
Or would their games lose their edge if not about sating such appetites?

Whilst low returns to investors resonate in hollow emptiness  
Could they dream in person-shaped yields?  
Could they nurture safety deposit nutrition portfolios?  
Act to protect asset-shaped shower gels, teabags and deodorant?  
Perceive who cannot compete, when asked to head a queue?  
Their longer-term investments paling away in the face of immediate cravings.

What profit could they turn on dusty past-sell-by cornflakes?  
Would dividend payouts mean clearing the shelves at year-end to reap their allotted share?  
Whilst justifying to hungry souls about attracting those right people?  
Could they recognise the famine in themselves?  
The starving emptiness behind their eyes?  
Whilst moral bankruptcy sports new tattered hues.