

## **CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY BY JACOB WILSON**

We all are born in poverty  
Most would not say openly  
And adrift on life's open sea  
There we'll ground again indeed.

But a few good boys turned to men  
And girls to women with intent,  
Find their soul like a mangrove bent  
Towards the prevailing wind.

So willingly, take openly  
To the open seas with their greed,  
And wage a war of industry.  
They'll invent anew piracy.

Without swords nor cannon thunder,  
They'll figure a way to plunder-  
Tow you with a rope of wonder,  
Until your head goes under.