

The Cost of a Convenient Menu

A humane menu must begin with care; no market makes of human lives its ware.

When ledgers turn the poor to measured cost,
And mothers beg beside the road for grace,
The neatest plan may hide a human loss,
While polished sums put cruelty in place.

A child, made "value," feeds the market's gain,
While landlords claim the children of the poor,
Each claimed advantage tightens one more chain,
And rich men feast beside the beggar's door.

Let cost, supply, and kitchen plans be weighed,
But not by sums that make the helpless ware;
For profit can leave human worth betrayed,
While public feasts make suffering seem fair.

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No market makes of human lives its ware.