The Peasant’s Revenge

“Money for the poor” my hungry cry,
rings throughout the street.
“Spare change, spare change for a starving man,
in need of something to eat.

“Stupid ignorant peasant”, I often am called,
it’s what the noble’s say.
Instead of food they spit at me,
before continuing on with their day.

So content, so happy, so sure of themselves,
are the nobleman that I see.
The wealthy, the privileged, the educated ones,
they think like me they could never be.

“It must be a shame to go through life begging” they say,
cold and hungry without family or home,
To wake-up and go to bed with no one,
to live life all alone.

But alas, alas they to will know,
Because of something in the church they say.
The meek shall inherit the Earth,
The poor will have their day.

For God has sent a monster,
to punish them for their sins.
A monster without arms, legs, or feet
will bring them to their end.

The monster does not sleep,
Always at work is he.
Even if you hide you will be found,
For this monster you cannot see.
His only weapon a deadly bite,
   For this is the only weapon he needs.
For if he sinks his teeth into you,
   Dead you will surely be.

Men, women, boys, and girls,
   It seems that no one is safe.
Jews, Catholics, and noblemen alike,
   I hear he even bit a saint.

The noblemen aren’t so happy these days,
   Since the monster came to pass.
They buy indulgences, repent, give money to the church,
   And NEVER miss a mass.

The same nobleman that spit at me,
   I saw the other day.
Wandering the streets confused and sick,
   No longer so happy and gay.

For he was a victim of the monster,
   my God’s sweetest gift.
A sickness had been bestowed on him,
   One his money couldn’t lift.

His family had left him to fend for himself,
   His sickness they did not want.
He was without his jewels, his lavish clothes,
   no fine things could he flaunt.

“It must be tough” I said to him,
   “to live without family or home”.
For in the end his money could not save him,
   He died like a peasant poor and alone.

This poem reflects the sentiments of peasants in the period before the Reformation. The peasants were treated poorly and called names. People were very comfortable in the caste system and the upper class discriminated heavily against the lower class. The plague was the great equalizer. All people were affected. This is why I depicted the plague as an invisible monster. The bite represents the red lesions that would appear on the body. In this poem, the peasant feels like he is getting his revenge against the wealthy people that had treated him poorly by watching them suffer and die from the plague. He received satisfaction in knowing that in the end the nobles died the same way as the peasants, alone.