

... from *Macaroni and Cheese Manifesto* (Third Edition)
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Because I was poor

Because I was poor
My life began with naught,
With fear and shame;

Because I was poor
I prayed to God for truth,
For life and strength;

Because I was poor
I bought the path—
The longest, hardest way;

Because I was poor
I paid full price—
Red blood, white tears, black pain;

Because I was poor
I stayed the course,
Surviving fire and rain;

Because I was poor
I earned it all—
My skill, my soul, my place;

Because I was poor
Now I am rich,
With money, friends and fame;

Because I was poor
My inside bleeds,
My outside reads disdain.

for Andy Hug, 1964-2000

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