

'Pounding Down'

-by Rich Butnotfamous

As it pounds down in Bristol there's a current sea,
Of independency.

From harbouring the Arnolfini,
To Bearpit Social and Bristol Green Party,
Cash is flash and pretty,
Spent internally,
Maximising local economy.

A sterling work this art of money,
From city to city it just won't go,
Because the veggies spend it all at Flow.

Lakota raves accept this cash,
For gigs and booze and at long last
The coffee shops, masseuses and florists,
Are united by localising economists.

The root of the word 'economy',
Lies in the Greek for 'house keeping',
And if Bristol's a house it boasts a kitchen,
Sauna,
Cat pub,
And conservatory.

It focuses on the local,
And avoids the brands that make the little folk all,
Wither.

The slogan goes, 'Our city, our money,'
And ours is business not funny,
Fiddling tax evasion,
So none of it goes to corporate havens.

Whether it's paper pounds or texting traders,
Bristol recirculates what makes her,
Tick,
Just like Totnes, Stroud and Brixton,
Independent shops support each others' missions.

So join the credit union,
Owned by the people not suited dominion,
Of faceless bankers and money lenders,
No international misinvestment of what you earned for you.

And while this pound's not legal tender,
The option is to volunteer,
Against the cavalier,
Economy,
That echoes only enemy,
You are of the fat cats in their Shards and Gherkins,
Sporting suits,
And boots,
Top hats,
And merkins.

Bristol here invests in itself,
A value beyond material wealth,
Because it's not the money you really need,
But food on the table or simple haircut.

Indeed this is the bright idea,
Coming to clear,
Out big branded bad guys,
Who only really sell you lies.

Better Food, organic and ethical,
Boasts this service keeps us local,
Beastly t-shirts too they say,
Their customers love Bristol pounds to pay,
The Canteen gives us now a glimpse
At community level, not for pimps
Of money meddling,
The Gardner's patch pay business rates,
Recycled wood can build your gates,
Community farm, it gets more custom,
From not holding your bank account to ransom.

To summarise this bold endeavour,
At stepping away from money not clever,
I'd like to take a minute to think,
That your hard earned cash doesn't belong on the brink,
Of self destruction.

Invest in yourself dear Bristolian,
And not in the global economic chameleon.

It's worth it to spend a few minutes on their website,
Because not all testimonials I can fit in this poem, too tight,
For time is money they say but that's an urban myth,
Invest in yourself dear Bristol, you know it's not a risk.

Be part of a bank that you actually own,
And inspire the world to global currency forego.