

Scrap Heap Of Life?

Technology has made a huge difference to our lives but it is not always used for good or shared with those who need it most. Too often it is about advancing the capitalist market economy rather than being sustainable and for the benefit of humanity and creation. In this particular service we watched part of the film Robots which we had watched with the children the night before. We reflected on our use of technology through the role or the lead character in the film, an inventor, a labourer, and ordinary everyday robot, a messiah figure in that he challenged corporate power, stood up for justice, mended broken lives and found innovative ways to inspire hope. Sound familiar?

Milk bottle tops
paper bags
cereal packets
yoghurt pots
black bin bags
overflowing
wheelie bins
multiplying
rubbish mountains
piling high
landfill sites
full

Computer chips
wifi
sim cards
iPods
nothing but
the latest model
the newest
upgrade
high tech specification
replacement
more cost effective
than repair.

The dream
of new
inventions
design for
less labour intensive life
creativity
coupled with
productivity
a step into
the unknown
the lure of the big city
beckons

Creativity high jacked
markets forced

corporate image
aggressively advertised
components and repairs
discontinued
surgical improvement
sorry enhancement
uplifts, reductions
nip and tuck
age defying
promise of eternal youth

What cost
the glossy upgrade
the cosmetic surgery
the mercury face cream
the "you're worth it -
but only if you can afford it"
mentality
environment destroyed
global warming
poverty gap widening
lives disregarded
consigned to the scrap heap

An unlikely hero
of labouring decent
unpromising upbringing
itinerant traveller
adopted by maverick gang
exposes injustice
challenges corporate power
angers marketing gurus
fixes broken lives
finds innovative solutions
and from the scrap heap
builds a community

Hunted down
he shares food
with the hungry
on the run
he pours oil
with the rusting
he restores faith
and kindles hope
gives of himself
and inspires dreams
this is my body
this is my blood

[share bread and wine]

A people come together
to proclaim
we are not junk
to side with the rusting
and redundant
to share the
nuts and bolts of life
and pour oil
to salve the hurting
and to inspire dreaming
a robotic dance of hope
silhouetted against
the scrap heap of life.

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