

## **Cox's Bazaar**

My mate was at the shopping mall, he said it's quite bizarre  
It's really bloody crowded, no parking spots were spare  
There's people everywhere, hardly room to move  
And on the grocer's shelves, there's really not much food.

I said just count your blessings mate, you're a very lucky chap  
To be an Aussie and have a car, even though it's crap  
And you've got some money to buy your daily bread  
And whatever else you need to keep your family fed.

Not everyone's that lucky, and he said I know  
There's Aussie's on the dole, their living standard's low  
They struggle hard to meet the rent, they're in financial strife  
But they do get by it seems, although it's not a real great life.

I realise that, I said, but a much bigger problem's in my mind  
There's many millions starving, miles below our poverty line  
In countries to our east and west, and also to our north  
But of course there's no countries that are further south.

You may have heard of Cox's Bazaar, it's not a shopping mall  
But a Bangladeshi refugee camp in which a million dwell  
Rohingya refugees who've fled from death from their homes in Myanmar  
Living hand to mouth, and certainly with no cars.

The bazaar is not that big, say ten square metres per head  
That's about the size of the room in which we would have a bed  
But that's the total space per head for shacks and tents and roads  
Bloody crowded, unhygienic, and no space for schools.

They live on hope, perhaps not much, and foreign aid supplies  
Every day you'll hear thousands of hungry babies' cries  
The wealthy nations give some aid, but spend more on defence  
And wars create more such camps as people are displaced.

To them our poverty line would look like gold, they'd feel like millionaires  
Food, drink, housing and good health, space, and fresh air  
I don't know why so many have such suffering as their lot  
Be thankful mate that the shoe's not on the other foot.

**Kevin Davis**

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