

## THE SHOPPER

I am an old woman.  
When Germany had awoken  
Pension rates were cut. My children  
Gave me the pennies they could spare. But  
I could hardly buy anything now. So at first  
I went less often to the shops where I'd gone daily.  
But one day I thought it over, and then  
Daily once more I went to the baker's, the greengrocer's  
As an old customer.  
With care I picked my provisions  
Took no more than I used to, but no less either  
Put rolls beside the loaf and leeks beside the cabbage and only  
When they added up the bill did I sigh  
With my stiff fingers dug into my little purse  
And shaking my head confessed that I didn't have enough  
To pay for those few things, and shaking my head I  
Left the shop, observed by all the customers.  
I said to myself:  
If all of us who have nothing  
No longer turn up where food is laid out  
They may think we don't need anything  
But if we come and are unable to buy  
They'll know how it is.

Bertolt Brecht (1934)