

Chris's Song

Fifteen

I saw a man who stood on the white house lawn
Dousing himself with lilies and lighting himself into laughter,
Hysterical at the shrieking feet of those whites who wear their
crosses
On their sleeves, with their spinning swastikas neatly pinned b
ehind their eyes.
I've heard of those who have sliced the throats of their razors
to see a
Stream of revolution spill off the tiles and into the mountains
of that tiny land we call free
I know of cages from whose teeth flow tears, rage and sedation
tenants
Who refuse to feed the hand that bites us all.
I know of crimes so unspeakable they must be shouted, of a land
Whose streets are paved with those without homes.
I know of a land numbered by the staccato upheaval of chorused
Consumerism, of those who mutter "love" under their breath whil
e
Riding into a grey horizon, sweetened with steel, and preserved
through war.