

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.