

Citizen!
Whence came your voice
Your right to speak?
Is there a purpose to your tongue
And gnawing teeth?
I ask thee;
How deep and hollow
Is your mouth?
What lie is too decayed
For you to stomach?

With humility and obedience
You pride yourself
Evasive and lukewarm
Until the end

Citizen!
The interdependent morality
Of your collective
Made too soft the bed
In which you lie.
I ask thee;
Do you acknowledge
Your own fragility
When you sleep
To server the "Great Good"?

United in fear
Lives "hard to bear"
Illusions that "we are all peers"

I preach not for understanding
In you I have no faith
I spit at you my truth;
That you are the burden of my heritage.

For herein lies the irony
There is neither room
Nor air
For the wakeful fire
In your precious world
Of equality

Citizen!
You are truly faithful
To tradition
When you crucify
Those whose voices burn
Alas
A hundred years from now
You recite and corrupt
Their epitaphs
To crucify another.