

My Wall

Ten Foot Pole

A middle-class mom crouches on the hill
Eyes behind binoculars she sits so still
Spots a boy going under the freeway
Whispers in her radio going for the kill
Open your eyes! You're fighting kids
Who only want to make their mark
Everything else you took away
You left them in the dark
Open your eyes!
Your war is not about beauty
It's about rights and choice
Speech isn't free
It is only for those who can afford
To raise their voice
Say it is pollution
They say it is a sin
Mobilize their force to
Stop the demon within
They say it is not a battle
It is a full scale war
Recruiting volunteers
Like never before
Say it is so ugly
They say it is an eyesore
But remember
They're the ones who build department stores
Put ads on the windows
Asphalt where the grass used to grow