

What To Do?

Bus headlights through waxy snow petals and purple exhaust,
Sunlight flames lap through neon skyglow and clouds of angel pink,
Flowing water reflecting leftovers of sky catches like chewy candy on discarded toys and empty
milk jugs,
Beach days like once-bright gingham are tacked to my wall, sand shores washed out now by the
surge
Is this my home?
Is this my planet?
Is this my country?
Red stripes and blue stars tear apart in sparks of orange and white,
Hard voices bounce and break with shreds of torn Union addresses on marble floors
polished only to reflect the faces of our Fathers we've all seen before,
Children pick up the pieces, using dried Elmer's glue to paste irrevocability into vocal ability,
Glue in the hands of children, sparkled and messy,
Young voices bounce but never break,
calling,
Don't write your message, try screaming it like bus tires on a turn too fast to erase what's already
been said,
Say things that make sense, they say, like a hot pan burns careless fingers
Listen.
Now.
Only these are the things I can hear