

Oh Beautiful

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This nation was founded on freedom
This nation was founded on slavery.

Do what daddy tells you
Go!
Or don't go
Either way you'll be shot full of holes
By a man who doesn't know you
A man who has never met you
A man who is bent on killing you
A man who has no opinion of you
A man who is doing his job.

You are a mouse being chased by an owl
Running away from the impressive black helicopters
With their bright white lights
Murdering lines of light through the darkness
Scaring everyone but you into submission
To their buttoned down lifestyles
In their concrete boxes
With their concrete spouses
And concrete kids who have not yet set.
The light scares you
You want to join them
You want to stop all this silly running.

An auto assembly line
Pounds every piece exactly the same
They fit all together
They make a brilliant machine
Each piece serving its purpose
Doomed to a life of repetition
One piece out of line does not make a difference
It is thrown out
Discarded into the trash heap
And life goes on.

This nation was founded on equality

This nation was founded on privilege.

Do what the rich man tells you.

Do it!

Or don't do it.

Either way you'll end up with nothing.

You are a leaf on a tree.

Free to wave about in your confined space.

Illusion.

Always attached to the omnipotent tree

Forever indebted to the tree

Forever controlled by the tree

Forever serving the tree

Making food for the fat tree

Giving the tree everything

Using all your energy for the tree

Hoping that the tree does not detach you

Hoping someday that you will become your own tree.

Stop dreaming naïve leaf.

In winter you are no longer needed.

You are old and wrinkly and gross

tossed onto the muddy ground

Disregarded.

You are nothing

You are death, not life.

Snow covers your pathetic body and suffocates you.

A box of batteries

Disposable.

Put into a toy

For a rich kids pleasure

Batteries run on high

Batteries run all the time

The toy is left on overnight

A mistake?

Batteries run out.

No worry.

Batteries are disposable

Batteries are replaceable

New batteries are used

Lives of dying
Old batteries are thrown out
Discarded into the trash heap
And life goes on.

This nation was founded on tolerance.
This nation was founded on bigotry.

Do what mommy says.
Don't talk to him
He's dangerous
He will infect you with his disease
He will stab you for drug money
He will stab you just for fun
He will stab us all
Stay away
But you can still watch him on the tube.
At a safe distance.

Alfalfa's acting school
"Colorful" actors
Basketball players
Track stars forced to race horses
Boxers
Drug dealers
Homeless people
Don't touch!
Lingering hatred
Masked
Token friends.
I don't hate them; I'm friends with one of them.
Fried chicken
Watermelon
Segregation
"That" part of town
Run down everything
Nowhere to run.
No way to get out.

A once abandoned roller skating rink.
Echoing with the sounds of lost children

With no love
Loveless
Lost.
No sense in trying to listen.
No sense in trying to "make it".
Future fast food chefs
Serving their oppressors dead armadillos on buns.
Nobody tries.
Nobody cares.
No way to try.
No use.
Nobody taught you anything
Nobody taught you how to succeed
Stuck in a black glass dome
With just enough air to breathe
Blocking your dirty face and dirty breath from the outside world.
Immobilized
Your children immobilized
Your children's children immobilized.
You rebel
You try to gain influence
With a voice of air against a voice of gold
And you are dispatched
Thrown out
Discarded into the trash heap
And life goes on.

This nation was founded on peace.
This nation was founded on war.

Do what grandpa says.
War is fun.
War is life.
War is death.
Grandpa fought a war.
Grandpa wants you to.
Grandpa wants you to defend freedom.
Grandpa wants you to defend equality.
Grandpa wants you to defend tolerance.
Grandpa wants you to give up your freedom for the army.
Grandpa wants you to fight the communists.

Grandpa wants you to kill the towl-heads.
Grandpa did in his war.

You are tiger hunting a sloth
Slaughtering just for the hell of it
Slaughtering to keep up the tradition
Slaughtering for the veterans
Slaughtering people just like you
Slaughtering people who are just living
Burning houses
More homeless
To balance the rest of the world out with America
You protect something
You don't know what
But you know that you're protecting it.
You prowl through the forest
searching for more easy targets
To kill
And leave to die
Tossed onto the muddy ground
Wrinkly and gross
Disregarded.
You are part of the engine.
You now make the car run.

A factory in Indonesia
China
Mexico
Thailand
Vietnam
Pounds out torso after torso of G.I. Joe
The heads attached by peasant workers
Slaving to the beat of a golden drum
Delusional from hunger.
Assembling the guns that will be used to kill them
Each piece added on.
Each face exactly the same
Each build exactly the same
Each weapon, each leg, each arm, each hairstyle, each mind.
Thrown out.

Discarded into a raging fire
Surrounded by pain
Unable to escape their destinies as toy soldiers
Burning under the focal points of microscopes
Held by toddler politicians
Playing a game they do not truly understand.
They melt the faces first.
The melted plastic is used to make new toy soldiers.
Better toy soldiers.
Ones that crawl
Ones that make shooting noises.
Built upon the remains of their fellow humans
Obsolete toys thrown out
Discarded onto the trash heap
Life does not go on.
Life is over.
No more life for you.
Your life is disposable.
You are a commodity.
You are an investment.
Stand before god on your day of judgement
And tell him all that you have accomplished
And how great you were
And how proud you were
And how you followed his word
And how you followed his morality
And how you worshipped false prophets
And how you bowed down to the flag
And how you abandoned your morality
And how you abandoned god's morality
And how you cowered beneath the black helicopter
And how you did everything you were supposed to
And how you did nothing you were supposed to
And how you succeeded
And how you failed
And how you did something
And how you did nothing
And god will condemn you to life on earth for the rest of eternity
And you will always be a pathetic mouse on the run.
And you will forever be stuck in the rich boy's toy
And you will run

And run
And run
And give up

This nation was founded on freedom