

National Ignorance

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This is a national emergency.
We have a land covered in speakers,
Those who talk in free tongue,
Freer of words,
But listeners are a scarcity.

Who hears the cries of the single mother?
She works a menial job
For a minimum wage
Degrading her pride
And struggles for her child
We hear of her everyday
But her true life story does not matter
It matters not that her husband was killed in Iraq
Or died of a disease he couldn't afford to get
We just see that she drains our systems
And reaches her hand in our pocket
To put food on their table.

Have you seen the hands of that illegal migrant worker?
Cuts, burns, and blisters
One doing the work of a million men
Living under the radar
In order to make a better life
Coming to a nation where they seem unwanted
The carriers of brooms, the mowers of lawns, carpenters
The harvesters of our nation's fruit
Yet we are so eager to send them back to a step above hell
Or to an address next to third world,
Because they threaten the very jobs we didn't want to begin with.

How can he without a womb make choices for she who does?
The givers of life having less and less say
And the fate of her opportunity of choice
Made ill by a man with a pen
Writing laws to control the womanly being
Enslaving the female soul
No man can speak for the lips that do not have a voice

It is all about control,
Control of money,
Control of bodies,
Control of power

But who is thinking about the people
They are the threads that are woven together to make our flag meaningful
The very thing to which we pledge allegiance
If we make the wrong decision this November,
2012 just might be the end of the world.