

i'm not patriotic
why would i want to be patriotic
this country sucks

the backwoods deputy pulls me over
on a stretch of country road
between tifton and eufaula
i know he's going to rape and kill me

two dead dogs on the side of the road
gunshot wounds to the torso
rigor and the vultures swarm

the boxes and lines contain and define
who is in and who is out
a one-dimensional world i can't accept
i run off this canvas and onto another

streaks of red smeared blood
splashes of blue
lack of oxygen
yellow cowardice
jaundice

black
black as tar the color
of our hearts
white patch
the breath between permutations
square square
grid of life closed on all sides
roads that go nowhere
not a speck of green to be found

piss and blood
cancer
lump of black sin invades
prayer is no answer
god bless the usa

red color of wine
blue cheese
pears

i pledge allegiance to no flag
this country
of dishonor and shame

blue sky fades to gray
sun a paler shade of red
sets pink upon
the dusty ground

stars flicker inside my brain
everything fades to black

i've never seen the ocean so blue
orange ball in the sky
dances across the waves
rippling lines form in the white sand

black coffee
cream
artificial sweetener
stirred
in swirls
counterclockwise

i peel the skin from my arms
watch the blue veins run red
yellow skin
not white
turns black in death

make a patchwork quilt
stitched with guilt
in fabric salvaged
from a thrift store

on another canvas
you live your life
stretched in shades of
green
violet
our mediums
do not mix

a flag is not fashionable
who would wear such a thing

children
run in the streets
hide from cops and bullies
duck into alleys
crouch behind dumpsters
hold their breath
pray to god
no one finds them

it's dark now
the colors fade
on the horizon
no light
by which to read
or navigate the world

write by touch
braille
raised letters
forming words
where fingers speak

no one hears
sees
feels
numb
dumb deaf
rambling
spinning lines
collide and burn
no charred remains
erased

there is no peace
no rest silence
rivers of blood
roll to the sea
plunge fathoms
sink

democracy is dead
greed
is god
a lottery ticket
won't stop
the bleeding

trace the red line
rub the patch of blue
kiss the yellow
wash the white
worship black pastures
honor segregation

what becomes of love
when the sun burns out

i am lost
in the land
of rule lines
let me stand
in the bread queue
beg on the street corner
run naked to the
end of the continent
rush the waves
of oil and garbage
take my chances
on another shore

if i could see through these colors
magnify them a hundred times
i know i could read their meaning

their blends and hues perplex me
they vex me like the land of the free
the home of the brave
which am i
not free land
not brave home

these colors do not suit me