

American Lines

By Leslie Carl Highrock

Loss

The hole
In my pocket
Said
I am open

Loss

The hole
In my pocket
Said
I am here

Renewal

When the trees
Get greener
Than go
And
The cherries
Redder
Than stop
It
Is
Time
To
Listen

The Facts

Three feet
Is the length
Of a step
Four feet is the
Depth of a skip
Half backward
Is the length
Of a lie
Two forward
Is the length of a story
Rhythm is the tale
Of a black and white
And brown and red
Sound is not around
The colors of the world
Are lost
In the sound
Of inequality

No Excuse

I heard Gabriel
Blow his horn
I saw the people crying
On the grey day
Waving their hands
With ugly faces
The dogs were
Tearing at our heels
As we ran
To the firestorm
Of
Our
Destruction
We became soft
They came
And it ended

Apathy

Eraser three toes
From West River
South Dakota
Has a dog
That smells
Like my old sneakers
Does not
Piss in the house
And
Sees all the evil
But barks
For
No
One

Plantings

Johnny
Was the seed
For the apple tree

Ghandi
Was the seed
For passive resistance

Crazy Horse
Was the seed
For structured
Violent opposition

Materialism
Is the seed
For nature's destruction

Lost Warrior

I
Stand
As they
Look at me
With
Fear
Ignorance
Hate
And
Furry Eyeballs

(Untitled)

As America
Continues
Down the road
In their wicker cars
Feeding their young
A breakfast
Of technology
And haste
The birds
Can scarcely
Find a healthy bug
To taste

U.S.A.

Usual State of Affairs

The rich
Will xerox babies
To continue
Their way

The poor
Will die
With the lance
Of frustration
In their backs

The Shadows Yesterdays

The miles of smiles
Tell no tale
Of the trials

The dirt
The hurt
It left
When the doors
To the
Chief Seattle Club
Did not close

Mark the spot
It will not rot