

Citizen!  
Whence came your voice  
Your right to speak?  
Is there a purpose to your tongue  
And gnawing teeth?  
I ask thee;  
How deep and hollow  
Is your mouth?  
What lie is too decayed  
For you to stomach?

With humility and obedience  
You pride yourself  
Evasive and lukewarm  
Until the end

Citizen!  
The interdependent morality  
Of your collective  
Made too soft the bed  
In which you lie.  
I ask thee;  
Do you acknowledge  
Your own fragility  
When you sleep  
To server the "Great Good"?

United in fear  
Lives "hard to bear"  
Illusions that "we are all peers"

I preach not for understanding  
In you I have no faith  
I spit at you my truth;  
That you are the burden of my heritage.

For herein lies the irony  
There is neither room  
Nor air  
For the wakeful fire  
In your precious world  
Of equality

Citizen!  
You are truly faithful  
To tradition  
When you crucify  
Those whose voices burn  
Alas  
A hundred years from now  
You recite and corrupt  
Their epitaphs  
To crucify another.