

This isn't a pretty poem.

Black clouds roll in from the Capitol

as we goose-step our way to destruction.

They move like Stalin to eliminate their rivals.

A woman cries for the missing.

Have they gone underground? Are they deported?

Are they locked in a cell at Guantanamo?

Pinochet and his soccer fields would be proud.

Will they drop this generation

from planes into the sea?

Will we raise the flag to a new apartheid?

I watch the magician ask for a number in trillions.

He pulls out an ace from the deck full of aces.

Our little billionaire suckles the millionaire,

both wanting for nothing yet needing more. Always more.

"Get on the boat," they say,

"join in the revelry as the sharks circle."

I sit in a raft scorching in the sun,

floating on the Gulf of America.

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