

Beatbeat Whisper, Door To Door

when do the windows glow and the farmers keep their faces clear?
can you see their eyes from here?
Sitting room for blinking youth un-prepared for a channel change away,
changing way too late,
soaking coverage up to ears and sewing seeds of research answers gained,
youthful eyes roving wide out in the world.

Bills flutter to the floor,
politicians spread them out so thin,
all we want is peace led children.
Pork rinds barreled inside sterile propositions so that we can change,
but we stay the same;
we half laughed while looking back to times when the insane were restrained,
with the crazies put away, not running the world.

So I'm going door to door to meet all the real citizens and learn their true opinions;
voices muted, choices split in twos that we can't ever understand,
and they rule the land,
homeland families wearing 'jammies watching censored news so they can learn
when it's their brother's turn to die out in the world

(by David Nereo)