

Sheila Nicholls, Hidden Track

I bought six sunflowers at Sundays farmers market
The one near Selma and Vine
I took them all home put them into a big green vase
And they were pretty
I was proud they were mine

They brought fire into my house for six or so days
Soon they were droopy I thought
Hmm, time pays
But one just kept on burning
Like she was looking me in the eye
Saying f**k you bitch
Am gonna live without the soil, the sun, the sky

Even tho I have no roots and I'm dismembered and on display
I will burn
You'll drink my like blood til consumption is pass
I will burn for all my sisters and for my brothers too
And all the flowers long forgotten
Yeah I will burn for you

I just looked into her face
Seeing her triumph her struggle and our race
And I saw my comfort then and the numbness and self pity it brings

Like that's some kind of excuse like I can cut myself off another self
Indulgent illusion to hide my violence to hide our violence
Well we all cut this flower down
Be she in yourself in a field in a sweatshop or in a small zapatista town
Yeah we all
When will war be over
When will war be over
When will war be another clich
Just like peace is packaged today oh when will war be over