

Political Climate

Distraught playground eyes viewing a bleak world, a sight no generation fathomed,
Too puerile to understand... forced to experience.
Too juvenile for a stance- involuntarily enrolled in battle between politician and people-
Forced into seeing ghastly truths.

Mother Nature cries out- scathed by blades of drills and waste,
Waterways choke silent tears- throats ablaze with algae- tourists ill by taste.
I watch aloft clouds gasp for breath alighting trees howling to be freed, I wonder...
"What will the blue marble dispense when she is depleted and desolate?"

Robbing our sole provider- leaving her drained for temporary gain.
Taking advantage of generosity thought to have no limits-
Children scrambling, attempting to reconstruct broken cogs-
Decrepit patriarchal dinosaurs battle her very existence- frail youth stumbling in the dark.

You can't feign blindness as scenes transform before somber eyes-
You can't shield eyesight in hopes to bear no witness while remaining listening.
You can't flee when your frame still chatters late into the evening,
You can't ignore the aftermath when it shatters the world around you.

This is the climate of a politically morphed America circa 2020.