america

You are sugar and fat and cheap and rich
wanting convenience without the sacrifices
wanting the cheap labor and cheap cars and cheap phones and cheap food
but not those behind them
not those who toil and risk their lives to provide
for themselves for their children for their babies
the babies that those protesting outside Planned Parenthood say they care about.

I am a moth
and you drew me in with
your deadly flame.
I did not know the real You.

Like biting into a red apple only to find that the inside
is filled with rot.
Or like being inducted into a club
fulfilling membership qualifications but
knowing on the inside that you do not and cannot really belong.

the Center of the universe; all eyes on you
as you make your move,
like Atlas, only unaware of
the true weight of the world that rests on your shoulders.

we wait.
holding our breaths as you
prioritize your Imagined Community
over People who are equally invisible to you.

But

there are those who see through
Lady Columbia's disguise
who look forward and pray
to Knowledge and Understanding
and they will keep america's true flame alive.