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Your Unknown Possession

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Your Unknown Possession

Christina Hickman

You, the American, the fortunate one
Wake each day to priceless opportunities
Gifts from some distant forefather
One who allegedly shed blood for you
You partake in these benefits daily
Without thought or even thanks
You attire yourself in hundred dollar skin
For which you will one day pay, but
Not now, thanks to Master Card
You transverse borders with no thought
Traveling from country to communism
To civil wars and back again
Simply relying on a blue, stamped book
You view fires, hurricanes, and starving children
From a Lazy Boy with beer in hand
Flipping screens if too boring or gory
Dismissing images with learned apathy
Christmas and Easter, ritualistic visits
To shell out dues to who knows what
God, merely a name seen when
Purchasing unneeded merchandise
Or maybe pondered on September 11
But only in fear or anger
You stroll from spouse to spouse
That is, if you decide to marry

Painted Iron

by Nick Young

Children and pets are good when lonely
But require no effort or instruction
Then you wonder about Columbine
You pour time, effort, and money
Into legalizing marijuana
And fail to connect overflowing jails
To the growing addictions
You idealize stick skinny supermodels
But send teenage girls into suicidal depression
Yes, you would be 100% American
Fortunate? Well, you should have been
But in your freedom you lost it
Enslaved to the incessant demands of self
Ask those living in oppression about it
They know the very essence of liberty
But you, you only know bondage
Slavery to the freedoms you think you so deserve

