

America 2006

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*A "stream of consciousness" poem for my History class. I *heart* this thing so much.*

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Chapter 1 - Untitled

2

1 - Untitled

Kerrian White March 17, 2006

America, I listen to you every day, yet I only seem to be losing my mind.

Run by my president, my dictator; meet the man who running my life,

Who is running the country that's running in circles.

Mamma, where did your little boy go;

She doesn't know, she'll never know again, she's scared; crying.

America, where'd it ever say murders' law?

Constitution tell you that?

Seems that way, `cause you keep doing it as if it were law.

Watched the news today, don't know why I bother anymore.

All the same,

Always the same,

bet I can tell you the headline too, never even have to look.

My God, bang, another one dead.

His dad killed him this time. Another one. Another innocent child.

His momma couldn't save him from Daddy's gun.

"Two more women die from abortion pill." That's four dead, America.

New Orleans is building itself back up, too bad it didn't have help before, America.

Headline after headline. Worse and worse. Want to feel better? Want good news?

Turn off the television. You won't find it here.

Little children and their television set. Nothings gonna' pull them away from their video games.

Let me kill this guy, mom, then I'll eat my dinner.

Disney's panicking. No one watches that happy stuff. My five year old wants to watch that horror movie. Rated R. So what. I can get him in.

No gore in a Disney flick. What's the point, there isn't one, is there, America?

You think that movies' bad do you? Watch the news. The movie will look like Bambi.

If my kid can watch daytime television, he can watch that movie. I know he can handle it. He's five.

America, my Daddy wants the best for me, can you give me the best?

The best schools, America? Kegs, parties, rape, drugs. I want to escape; I really do.

The best jobs, America? That anorexic model is making more then your Harvard grad,
and all she does is look thin.

Does it amuse you, America? That guy bleedin' in his wrecked car?

That woman who became the next domestic violence victim?

The child that was abducted while playing in her front yard?

The man who was shot in a hate crime?

It's *scary*, America. You seem to be *entertained* by this.

Traffics slow again. Must be an accident. On the other side of the highway.

Gotta' look. Is there blood? Anyone die? Gotta' know.

America, I love rebellion.

Breaking away.

But what's rebellion worth when everyone else is doing it too?

Technology breakthrough; they found another way to kill you faster.

Bird flu and AIDS and HIV, they're chasing me down, is it only a matter of time?

It'll only get worse America. Fix it now. Not later.

Later it might be too late.

God says the apocalypse is coming, America. But most of us don't listen to him anymore.

I'm one of them.

We've all put our trust in someone else, haven't we America?

Too bad too, looks like God's the only one working for us anymore America.

God was there during the hurricane, too bad our President wasn't.

Oh well.

They'll get over it, won't they, America?

God's sitting there with our troops overseas. Too bad someone had to send them there to begin with.

But God isn't the one watching over us, is he, America?

No someone else is. *Bush* is.

I think I would rather be alone. Be all on my own. I'd be safer, America.

But don't listen to me America.

I'm only sixteen.

I'm only a child.

I don't know what I'm talking about.

I'm just your future, America.

I'm just what's going to continue you on.

Right now I may be sex and drugs and rock and roll but tomorrow,

tomorrow, I'll be your police,

I'll be your teachers,

I'll be your press,

I'll be your media,

I'll be your *President*, America.

Taint me now with *your* press and media. I'll do the same to what comes after me.