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# Untitled

Endya Moten  
*Winthrop University*

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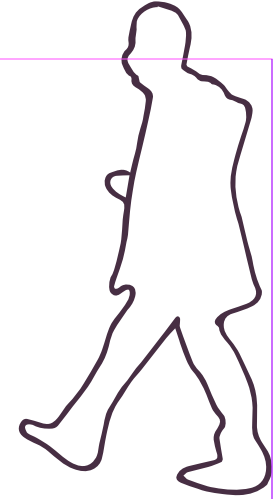
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## untitled endya moten

I've created canyons in my fingers  
Trying to make companions in the sinking sands of drinkers and  
swingers  
My hands are earthquakes when they land  
On the moons, the stars, the dreams of my mind they say are way  
too far  
Rolling my eyes for them to raise their bars  
Like they raise their drinks toasting the inevitable downfall,  
America's on the brink  
President washing his responsibilities smirking down the  
porcelain sink  
I think...  
Just think  
The government and private sectors work like lion's den  
They don't care about your skin  
Black, white, whatever, the money is what makes you kin  
And create sin  
And we follow the dreams that they pose  
Without thinking how we can plant and nurture our own unique  
rose, same prose, Same shows, new technology of erosion  
Minds timelessly falling from the sky dripping red, blue, and  
white potions  
Are we so patriotic that humanitarianism flies like a fifth gen jet  
fighter, right before our very eyes?  
America has finally kamikazed itself by obvious leading liars  
following trails of fire with stealth  
But the 5% is here to restore the soul and take you higher  
Slit the calloused skin over your third eye, the purifier  
And watch, as the world turns all that transpires  
The world is no longer disguised in cherry pie mire  
I don't see politics anymore on the biased news hub  
I see the Little Rascals of The He-Man Woman Haters Club  
I see old rich white men with merk on their gloves  
Something always up their sleeves, got a smirk on their mugs  
I see terrorists flooding the pubs



And they're all members of the minority-employed country clubs  
complete with watercress subs  
The same ones calling blue for you for selling by the dub  
The green love is clearly legal only for skin colors OPPRESSING,  
COALESCING AND ABOVE  
Mercenaries  
At the mercy of money  
At the mercy of honey  
White culture aesthetics and Playboy bunnies  
At the mercy of wages  
At the mercy of rages  
They'll be bowing when Zion flips page on front stages  
They don't care about trees or the funding they're cutting  
Unless concerning taxes or war then they don't give a hoot bout  
who ain't grubbing  
Long as it ain't them or their furry four-legged bud  
Got cities without clean water, America's flooding in blood  
This country, this world is too messed up to delve into it all  
But aren't you tired of being boxed within capitalist empire walls?

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