

CRACKED

Will Bussell

I just wanted to tell you
you're something short of extraordinary.
Which isn't to say you bore me,
or I don't put stock into what you've been through.
But if you demand I stop reaching
for a world you don't recognize,
these people you've never failed to scrutinize
will rise beyond just bitching
for the rights you were born into.

Our arms may hold no bullets
but they show constellations of scars
built by bending and scratching at these bars
of this cage built by church pew pamphlets.
Our hands grip onto the light we were promised
at the end of a long, dim tunnel
built with bleeding, thrown bricks and torn up flannels
by broken lips, chapped, bleeding, grinning and bruised.
And so what if that sunlight burns?

Those burns heal better than the wounds
you left, just ten years old telling me
to pick up reality and ignore that favored fantasy
of a world built on letting wildflowers bloom,
just because you were taught to cut them down.
We will not fall prey to the lie of tradition
so just get ready for a new edition
of the generation refusing to die drowning
in these poisoned waters we inherited.

You're welcome to join us.
