

Reach for the Sky

It's a depressing feeling
driving across the country
looking at the wasteland
the massive rolling plains
that is to America
what the Eiffel Tower is
to Paris
and knowing
someone owns
every square inch

what should be
untamed
and free
was purchased
or is property of the U.S. government

and what for?
so no one else can
own it.

in front of
all the beautiful
views
are little wire fences
that remind you
how much this country
isn't ours anymore

we might as well
be looking at someone's
front yard

and no matter how white
your picket fence is
on the other side of it
the American dream is
starving to death.

I feel like
planting a flag

into the dirt
and reclaiming
some of what
has been stolen

how do you
put a collar
on a desert?

how do you
put a noose
around the neck
of a tree?

it's the same to me
as trying to own
a cloud

the more you try
to grasp it
the more it
slips through
your fingers

this world would
be better off
without humans

it would thrive
and flourish
and expand

instead of recoil,
implode,
and shrivel
into the apple core
of the universe

so,
go ahead pioneers
feel free with the
sun on your shoulders

for we still
haven't figured out
a way to sell
the sunshine