

We Want a Future

We want a future?
A good one?
A well won rhyme?
To know what we're forging this time?
It's funny how we lie sometimes
to ourselves when we know the right lines:
a better bed that we could lie on sometimes
is helpful
it helps
to steady the mind,
pucker my lips, messy like picket lines,
pay the people the right
amount this time. The earth, it's warming
right as we lie, and please,
let's stop the genocide, making weapons,
cranking them out against Palestine.
Violence, it's kind of like cyanide.
Watch it slowly creep in your head and around your mind,
make you think wrong all the time.
You can say that we came a long way
but if we're fixing this, it's going to take some time.
Wrap your head around it.
Think about it in your mind.
You know why?

Cause we want a future,
a good one,
a well won rhyme.
We know what's important,
love is what we're forging this time.
No more war, touch the earth,
The grass, you don't have to know why.
If—and I mean when—you cry,
I'm going to be there
to wipe
away those lines
of blue
tears are running down your mind.
It matters, love,
we're going to go for it this time.
Smart, successful, important, and beautifully timed.
Healthy together
we'll wipe away the grime,
forge a whole city right from out of these hard times
and our rhymes
and then, together we'll cry
not out of fear
but knowledge: we are the atmosphere.