

Leadership

I.

Past dreams of courage
no longer filter through
the weary stalking bristles,
as greed catches us.
Golden streaks of change roll out of his lips;
what now, President Obama?
Large risks may be an opportunity to expand;
however a gradual look is also possible.

Regulation bows with reform as its dancing partner.
Socialism barks out now and then,
while screams of nationalism
take a strident new course.

Who will curtail this ghastly greed?
It speaks to itself
and sadistically takes down
the naked poor.
Our President, on trails of goodness,
captures the hope of our neighborly country.
Come with him, you and I,
reach those levels demanded by our future.

Lesser action will only impact
those who cannot afford these treasures.
War, no longer will we hide this price of yours
to move into a secure future.

II.

America's leadership, bend, change your ways,
create a new path
one that our young lovers feel.

Our globe is tiny as the oaks' galls I collect –
they open up in a benign manner
expelling what doesn't fit the slipper of peace.

We paint a sound of warmth in mental tunnels
echoing support for those we lost
and those immigrants who come.

Those who travel the distance
in collapsing boundaries of language and geographies –
know what needs to be done.

The ridge is thin, the opening white light
secures a footing for the distant new leader
who sheds no tears of fear,
no more loneliness here.

My recorder turns off
like my car's engine the other day,
I am completely out of gas.