

Welfare

It was in the spring of the year,
early rye was pushing out
and the brown bald of the hills
sporting a blue hair.

Why do I hear hollow sounds in the landscape,
the uncaring demands of unfair deliberations?

Why do I hear the senseless sounds of hungry
oversized-eyed children on this worldly shore?

Why do I hear the mournful songs in a land
full of plenty
which must afford the same neighboring lands
off beaches and shores, downstream from this
wasteful spring?

So, why do I hear the emptiness in the tearing
of America
reaching, taking more, more and more?

Undress yourself, my soulless land;
give back to others their humility of nothingness.

Your song of return to sweetness
found in earth's children's smiles.
Or were they just dreams that we had the right to?

Let me hear a rejoicing of our reinstated souls
that reach to the next century and moon.

Our new song sings the renewal of this earth
swaying forth, surging forward in space.
Singing together for the next spring
where the surprise of a blue buzz of early rye
will take us for the first time on American hills.