

Kakistocracy "Red Emma"

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Where are you Red Emma? it's now we need you most.
What would you see if you were to peer upon our
times? Black Emma, did you struggle in vain, for as I
look around it may seem so. It stings me to the quick to
think your efforts have been stunted. It stings me to the
quick to think your efforts were in vain. It is written on
your headstone, "Emma died for your sins," what
would you think of such martyrdom? I wonder often
how you perceive your home, your city in it's present
state; so rich with forgotten history- buried deep
beneath corporate tombs. I went to Haymarket Square,
a shopping center now stands there. I walked for blocks
to find a plaque on the street: they said it was there
somewhere... It all seems so depressing until I think of
you, dearest Red Emma, it's in your spirit I plea to
comrades old and new: This is our revolution, so cast
aside your chains and dance!

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