

## Verse

### "The Relevance Of Our Disconnect"

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She watched us all put a price tag on anything we  
Could.

Her gifts neatly repackaged and presented  
In a way that is entirely misunderstood:  
Watered down and compromised.  
Lives that were once free have been stolen  
So now she calls on us to steal them back.

"What's ours is ours, the little we have."

We wait patiently at the end of the table for their  
Scraps.  
We fight amongst each other and emulate the first  
When we should identify with the last.

"Their suits are a symbol of the perpetual power of a  
Dominant class.  
See through the handshake and see the sneer in a  
smile.  
You will all put your hand in theirs.  
But you must remember:  
They keep their plates full through acts of oppression  
And lies.  
Their cups of blood red wine flowing with the sweat of  
Your kind."

She shakes and waves frantically to make us  
understand  
That we will have to learn to know patience.

In our nightmares:  
A utopia just beyond our grasp;  
A hand scolded and burning with the boiling bloodlust  
Of our past.  
In our dreams:  
We live and love equal;  
We walk with bitter clarity, uncommon grace, and as  
Tall as the rest.  
Someday: glowing and radiant.

