

Difranco Ani

"Subdivision"

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white people are so scared of black people. they
bulldoze out to the
country, and put up houses on little loop-d-loop streets.
and while america
gets its heart cut right out of its chest, the berlin wall
still runs down
main street separating east side from west. and
nothing is stirring, not even
a mouse, in the boarded up stores and the broken
down houses, so they hang
colorful banners off all the street lamps just to prove
they got no manners,
no mercy, and no sense. and i wonder then what it will
take for my city to
rise. first we admit our mistakes and then we open our
eyes. the ghost of old
buildings are haunting parking lots in the city of good
neighbors that history
forgot. i remember the first time i saw someone lying
on the cold street, i
thought, "i can't just walk past you, this can't just be
true." but
i learned by example to just keep moving my feet. it's
amazing the things that
we all learn to do. so we're led by denial like lambs to
the slaughter,
serving empires of style and carbonated sugar water
and the old farmroad's a
four-lane that leads to the mall and my dreams are all
guillotines waiting to
fall, and i wonder then what it will take for my country
to rise. first we
admit our mistakes and then we open our eyes. 'til
nation's last taker
succumbs to one last dumb decision and america the
beautiful is just one big
subdivision.

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