

America
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Let's start at the beginning - America
Has never been America
The land owners wrote some noble words on
Sheets of paper as the guide for the nation's
Behavior, but neither they nor their descendants
Have been able to reproduce the nobility of those
Sentiments expressed on paper in their legislatures
In their towns, in their cities, on their streets
In their homes, schools, churches, indeed,
Not even in their hearts

It was a mirage from the very
Beginning – maybe even a deception, a hoax
A myth and an elegantly grand dishonesty - for
What happened to the indigenous people who
Lived here and the kidnapped African people
Brought here in chains was not congruent
With the noble words on those sheets of paper

A deliriously schizophrenia nation travelled
Through the centuries glorifying the words,
Exalting the words, believing in the words, bragging
Of a nation above all other nations, originated
By the agitation of its land owning Founding Fathers
Although the contradictions they lived produced
Carnage to all but the land owners and their tribe
And then one time even their tribe was led
Into carnage because the land owners divided into
A north/south dispute over the continuant of slavery

The Robber Barons gobbled up control of all
Wealth producing processes and proportioned
A society of vacillating economical levels and
Social privileges contingent on tribal membership
Over whom they became the all-powerful oligarchy

The oligarchy divided the riches of the nation
Amongst a tiny one percent of the population; the banks
The railroads, the oil fields, the shipping lanes, the stock market
Then later; the automobile, the airways, manufacturing
And they produced a white ruling class to oversee their
Kingdom and a white managing class to select
Who eats and to whom privilege is administered

All this was done under the guise of those
Noble words written in a document known as
The Constitution of the United States of America
Bringing honor and privileges to members, but
Why the noble words remained an aspiration to all else
Is explained with sleight of hand and hocus pocus
And promises of a better future

Even after the monumental failures of Reconstruction and the
Rise of the Klu Klux Klan the United States restored
Control of the South to white supremacist, the Negro was
Disfranchised and betrayed by his country, even after
Negroes enlisted or was drafted in two world wars
To preserve the sacredness of those noble words
In the hopes of making them true for themselves
The oligarchy ordered the ruling class to warn Negroes
Against moving too fast towards freedom – cautioning them of
Their aspirations for freedom; even after 1919's Red Summer
Of Lynching they scolded Negroes for wanting too much freedom
Even after Emmitt Till was murdered they bellowed – too much, too soon
About the dissent and the ruling class whites pasted the edict down
To the managing class whites to stifle all black attempts to bridge the gaps

One woman's refusal to give up her seat on a bus cracked
Open the lid on century's long bottle-up angry black frustration
And erupted into a nationwide movement for black freedom
The non-violent Civil Rights era came to be after the
Montgomery Bus Boycott in 1955 that elevated names like
Jo Ann Robinson, Claudette Colvin and Mary Louise Smith
With the spilling of blood came other victories; the Civil Rights
Act, the Voting Rights Act, the Equal Employment Opportunity
Commission, America seemed to be growing a conscience
Just at the time when African Americans were awakening to the lie
And beginning to disbelieve what had been said about them by
White people, they were awakening to a history of themselves
That gave them racial pride, racial confidence and a racial identity

A few black men came to the notion that the problem was not
A black construction or of their import, nor of their ownership
The problem, these handful discovered, was solely because they were black
The country they lived in was constructed entirely for the security of
White people – read the Constitution – which considered them three-fifths of
A person in a compromise that proportioned more seats for the slaveholding
Southern states – three-fifths of a person from 1787 until 1865 otherwise
They would have been ignored completely like the indigenous people

So the problem does not belong to the African American people
The problem arises because present-day white people don't
Want to confront the wickedness of their ancestors; nor the
Auction block, or the compromise or the chains or the whip and the lash
Or the limbs pulled apart, or the raped girl or the child sold off, or the
Young man tied all day to a tree in the sun or the wife sold down
The river or the mass lynching, or the fury of a white lynch-mob
Or a hundred years of Jim Crow, or the depths of the evil they Spring
From – there, is the problem; one of the white world's construction

For them to dredge up this evil would be to accept their association
To it and validate their kinship with those who perpetrated this evil
To remember this wickedness would require them to wear the cloak
Of inhumanity and offer an apology – and to surrender a restoration to
The survivors of the evil, a burden so foreboding no white person can
Endure it, so they deny the reality, they would much prefer to
Remain ignorant of it - What's really needed here Baldwin once
Said, is: White History Week – the white man needs to understand
His history - needs to be pinned to it, gathered and penetrable
Otherwise here is what happens

White Evangelicals abandoned God's morality and all
The ethics they pretend to know from the bible to support
A decadent man whose wicked moral excess of
Twenty-five years are well documented in print,
On audio tapes, in videos, from his own admission
White Americans voters in the biggest departure of
Moral judgement since slavery risked the narrow
Sliver of decency that keeps the country from sinking
Altogether to support this man whose marketing promise
Is that he will make America great again negating the
Necessity to dredge up old history – it didn't happened
He will erect a wall to create a reality so white the noble
Words of the Founding Father's will ring true again

America, America,
My God He done shed his grace on thee,
He crowned thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining Sea.

