

National Anthem

Monti Lawrence

today
i come to you with blood
in my eyes

we are hypocritical sisters
you and I
we raise the wicked
with crooked wooden arms

i imagine you watch as
i step from the shower
the examination begins

legs too thin
hips too wide
scrubbed clean
i do not smile

america
this paradise holds
no water or fruit
we name only parasites
and mold

echo the dissent of yesterday
with a silent passion
for repression
we do not resist

our stories are written
for us and laid
open to the right place
to land

we hold no history