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Life isn't about Arranging the Flowers, it's about Controlling the Seeds

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Life isn't about Arranging the Flowers, It's about Controlling the Seeds

by Christian Powell

there are no laws on these streets.

the rich are warm by the fire, blind with luxury

and outside in the same town, grown men dig in the trash for food.

these are the scenes of the city.

whole families standing on street corners, entire lives written on cardboard signs.

little kids shivering through hungry winters of long nights and sad eyes.

single mothers with a full-day's worth of garbage under their fingernails fixing dinner

for generations of children who's fathers have gone missing:

same winter.

this is a nation where there's enough for everyone and we still go without.

where kids who don't know shit they didn't learn on tv are

still

trapped inside

a cycle of brutal efficiency. a country

full of excuses and drunk with guilt

ready to swallow them up, no matter what they might build.

i'm sorry.

i'm sick and angry

and i don't understand

what happened to the life we were promised when we were children.

i don't think it's hopeless, but from where i am,
there ain't much justice
in the brave new world of the empty hand.