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

Christian Powell
Tennessee State University

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalscholarship.tnstate.edu/sketchestsu

Part of the English Language and Literature Commons, Philosophy Commons, and the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://digitalscholarship.tnstate.edu/sketchestsu/vol1/iss1/8

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by the Department of Languages, Literature & Philosophy at Digital Scholarship @ Tennessee State University. It has been accepted for inclusion in Sketches: the Online Creative Arts Journal of Tennessee State University by an authorized editor of Digital Scholarship @ Tennessee State University. For more information, please contact XGE@Tnstate.edu.
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.