

A nation of broken syringes;  
Walmart faces  
Offering Tiki torches are brownshirts arms held aloft.  
And  
America hasn't changed.  
Twisted nostalgic lynched picnics  
Tear through our exceptionalism.  
And  
America isn't brave.  
Living men resurrect dead slaves  
And fly their flags of primacy like a child's drawing.  
While  
America hides in vain.  
Color blind halcyons hide dark faces  
With white graces.  
And  
America is still the same.  
Lie forged memories  
Blindly see with amnesiac brains  
as,  
America prides in shame.  
Numb men provide death gifts to strangers  
Mowing down crowds  
As,  
America drowns in pain.

Make America Great.