



Bed Sheet World

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A bloom of red: Crimson, bold, important,
Crushed under the purity of white.
Colored so saintly, so pure.
To be used so unforgivingly.
Destruction in its whitest form.

The inspiration of purity.
Little ghosts grabbing the bed sheet cloth,
Cut and stitched to put dark to rest.
No power looms so tall,
As that of the man who will kill you.

And as if glass could contain it.
As if 100 years of hungry earth could contain it.
You, child will glance past him.
Heart skips a beat.
But, you won't be so lucky as to his indifference.
You and your color so bold and your heart so full.
Will not pass by his cloak without vengeance.
Will not pass by his children without vengeance.

And when you cry for your world,
Your grandparents, your grandchildren.
He will grin, and his children will grin.
Because their white purifies still.
A holy flame burning within
A long dead bed sheet waiting to be worn.

You will not take down this statue.
You will not erase this flag.
You will not impeach this president.
This is a bed sheet world, child.

Only once red blooms down every cloak
And every street.
Once every gun runs hot and dark..
Will this world of theirs be clean.
The love you carry like songs of freedom
Through bright pure cotton fields
Erased in the race of searing hot white.