

The Song of America

WITH ARTWORK

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The Song of America

We are natives, what is left of us
The first children of America, standing
Once proud with earth and sun, but now
Left defiled, by the lashing lusts
Of greed, with all its means to succeed
And always those eager ones
Who are quick to take up this scourge
Making nothing but emptiness
Wherever it steps and stripping our minds
Of any sense to recognize our losses

We bow down to its power
And, of course, its largess is best
When taken with a dash and dollop
Of stinginess held close to our hearts
But never discussed; for why, would we
Share this insight to despair? It is held
In private accounts: even to our god(s)
Whose ideas we fear the most, we must
Dissemble or at best equivocate our trust



But now, we must discuss this next
Part of us, which has been for far
Too long verboten, if not a sin against ourselves
We are the immigrants, who came from
Hell (or precincts very near) from
Starvation and privation of the most
Perverse sort, the only path it seemed
Was to leave our hearth and birthplace, in
Desperate liberation, we hoped to find a new space

America it became for us, this new place
Where the muscles of our minds could flex
And our hearts and hands could take hold
A miracle it was, perhaps, that we survived
We had help, of course, in the beginning
Most inauspicious was our start, but
This is still early in our story, before our tainted
Glory is fully unfurled in its most deadly
Capture and total abrogation of this resource
our "new world"



In this beginning, our first peoples did strive
To help these ragged voyageurs to survive
Making a beginning that would become their
Own demise. A fateful decision laced up tight with
Promise and trust and then as the years rolled on
Many treaties written in the dust and blood of
Tribes now gone; treachery designed and sold
As progress is now become the new American
Way, perpetuating and preserving a distrust

And dismay that has existed throughout our
Stay here and remains to this very day. We still
Cannot explain this transmogrification of our
Most sacred and honored principles, without
Relying upon our two most available, unassailable
And invincible principals: right and wrong
We have Right and they have Wrong! There can
Be no delay, no need for thought; our orientation
Is action and all else is naught, and so do we swear



Was there hesitation? No, none to be seen, but rather
Angst and anger, fear and trembling, with only
Rage at our own inadequate selves left to season
We need labor, we need industry, we need: slavery
Four million stronger they made us before the end
Stolen from their own homes: sold and re-sold
Until this practice was suspended, wanting only
More "legal" means, which were soon derived
And to no one's surprise still today survive
Our darker skin sisters and brothers know the
Value they have made here, and we all know how
It was stolen: again, again and yet again, until
 today their very souls are left bleeding

We cannot find solace, nor should we expect
To discover "justice" in this history of ours
Is there justice when a tiger devours an antelope?
We have a market economy; we need expanding
Markets: so then, what better means
Than war to fertilize those hallowed grounds
With blood and honor. Of course, there is
Always a collateral disparity to progress: well, we
Could not block our profits when it was so easy
 to deny our reasons



There are no civilians in war, when death is
Delivered as justice and casualties are counted
Only as necessary collateral damage. These
Accoutrements of mayhem and evil have
Been the dear friends of our rulers since our
Time here began; so why, or even how, would
We reason now to recalibrate these furrows of
Misery and pain that have raised this crop of
Delusion and disdain? Oh, and our profits from

This process have been grand. We sell our
Magnificent weapons as a part of this plan
At a great gain to aid in our stand, to crush
All dissent throughout our land. Remembering
We cannot be wrong as long as we are strong
Until that is we reach the end and then must
Suspend judgment lest we condemn our own
Successes. We mark it all as progress and write
Our books in explanation of our dementia



Naming this devil's urge a most natural proclivity
Even begun in modest and holy nativity. It is
Again, these squires of madness: democracy
And religion, which have clothed our species
In hatred most fearsome; we rationalize our
Honor with lies, till time flies away and only
The dead survive. Though our flags do still fly
Pity the fools with no eyes left to see, hands
Clenched alone and feet set in stone, for they

Are the ones who have won the game, garnered
The fame and once proud roses in their splendid
Funereal displays; and yet, do these few who
Remain now play politely together? Gather their
Fortunes as friends for the future, hollow in
Sound and empty of virtue? No, sadly they rust
And writhe, still striving to survive their own lapses
Of construction and destruction, knowing neither
Humanity nor humility as a reference or a reason



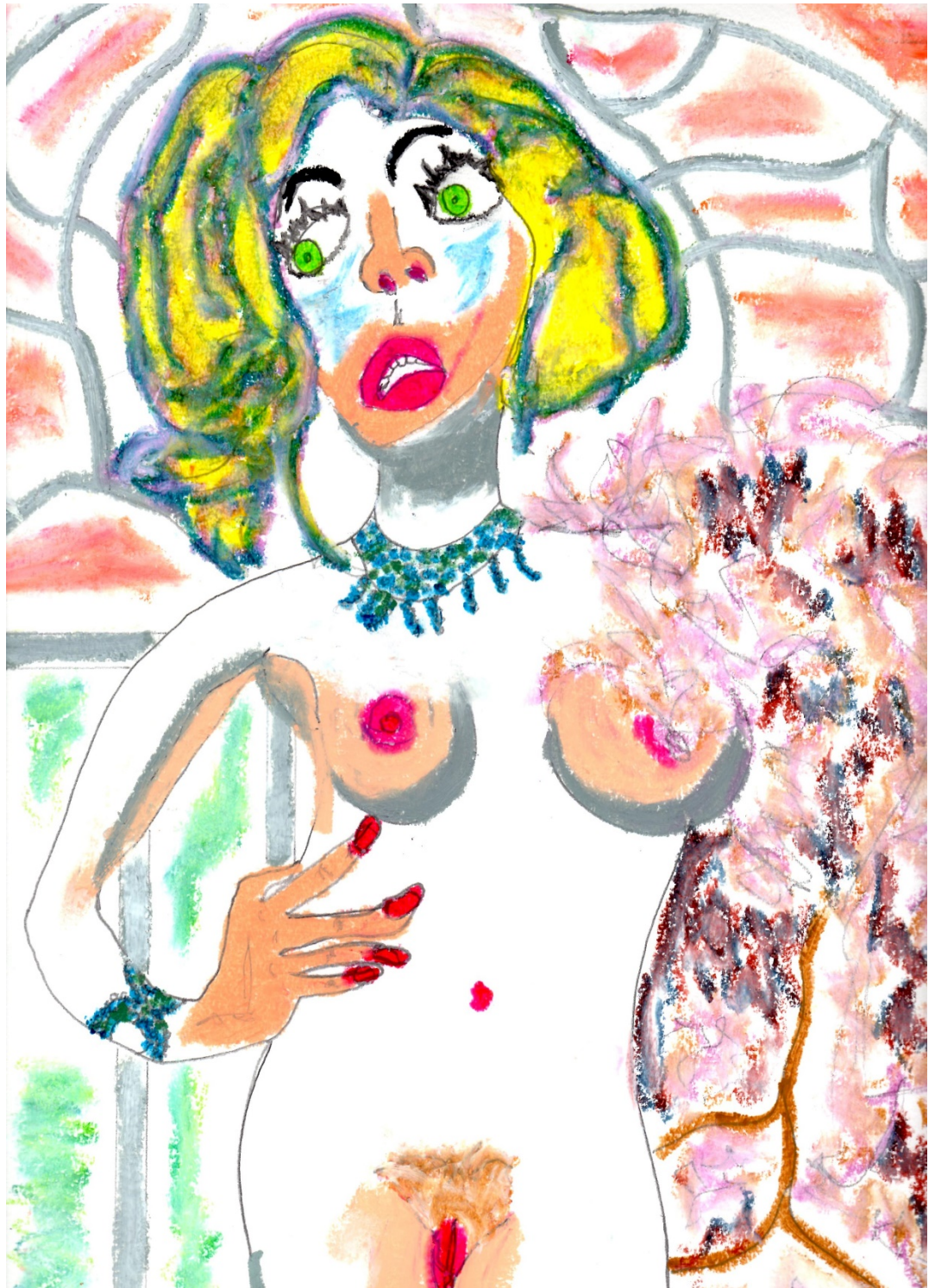
We have this evolutionary imperative, if it
Must be named, to devour first, and then
To try to understand, in retrospect, if at all
For understanding is never as important as
Moving forward in our journey, motion is
Our comfort, our security abiding in the
Knowledge we never need look back
We cannot lose this race to nowhere
We can only make a place for our arrival and then
begin the trip

Our shores and borders are still graced with
Those folks who are brave and audacious and hungry
These immigrants coming for the same reasons
Their elder emigrant brothers and sisters came
Hope that here could be the place where life
Is sacred, laws are just, and kindness is not an enemy
And is this not what we have promised
To each other and to ourselves? We are
A family of Americans; it cannot be denied



So? Our family has some problems, could
You name one which doe not? No?
As I thought, it is always hard to
Judge without being judged. We have
Killings too many and prisons too full, babies
That go hungry and the drugs we use that kill us
We cannot let go. We each have a history
Of hate that guides us like a delirious autopilot
Possibly, knowing what is wrong and what is right

In either case we can pretend, as we do know
It is not truly American to be wrong, even
Within our own minds, in those secret spaces
Where the truth is whispered and built
To pose a shadow upon every imagining
We struggle, grappling with those devils
We find within ourselves: bigotry, probably
Or greed, most likely, as it is a common host
And source (betting all we have and do not need
in a wager against ourselves)



Or perhaps we hold ourselves so proud
There could be no rival, much less an equal
So all lesser ones must serve this magical
Myth, of self-delight, perpetuated upon
Its own success, with no belief of higher
Goal, no need of sympathy or sharing
But is this not the loneliest way? Are
We so short of feelings, so lacking in wisdom
That all we can do is this, so clearly not enough?

Old white men, who were certainly the first
And founding fathers of this league of thievery
And debauched ambitions, are still in power
Why would they not be? They were the schemers
Dreamers and then writers of this new mythology
This now impregnable it would seem, great but
Tawdry American dream; for does it not still
Work as well as it did back then: to differentiate
Between those who can dream and those who



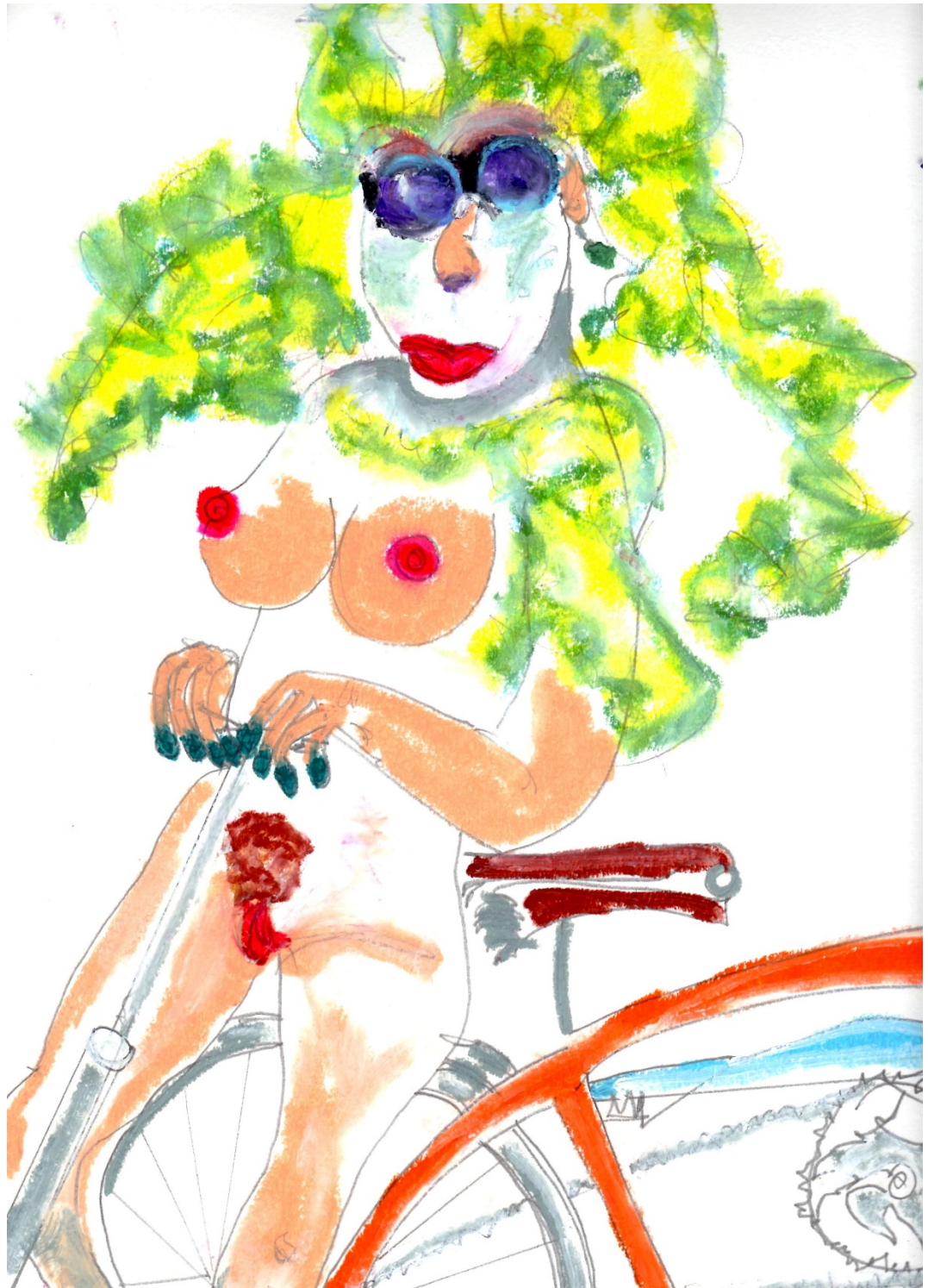
Must not (because for the few to have too much
Of course, there are the many who are left with
Too little). But I must say, this land, this America
Is a large place, a continent so it seems; and what
A lovely family we are, even though today, we must
Confess, there are some problems and much distress
Well, we Americans can take faith for that is a
Specialty (if one must be named); we have a genius
For solutions, for ourselves, serving to enhance

Already rosy prospects to rule (our desires? alas, no!)
But to satiate our will to remedy these family problems
With reminders to ourselves that we are not heroes
Seeking to rescue our own victims, against our better
Wishes and thoughts. We exist to celebrate our mission
As delineated by our words (not by our deeds, as these
Are often found wanting); but the magic of this democracy
In stripping most everything of want and need, to feed
These great jaws of freedom the blood and bones of
its dispossessed



It would seem an easy lesson, one learned long ago
But no, we continue to reap exactly what we sow
War does nothing but kill...is this our goal, nothing more?
But the children, our family children, are they collateral
To be held against our wisdom? Do we not despair
Of our future without them? Perhaps within the
Scientific process of getting more for ourselves, it is
Merely logical that we should sacrifice those we say
We love the most to the glory of democracy and

Possession, using whatever means available to suppress
And then to repress the cries of need and pain
For if we do not listen, of course, we cannot hear
The noise from these little ones, who are suspiciously
Vulnerable. We do not like to kill the life that would
Begin within the womb of America, as it seems to work
Against the empty and hollow sounding words of
Our god(s); but best of all we can discount the babies
And toddlers, those in school or just beginning



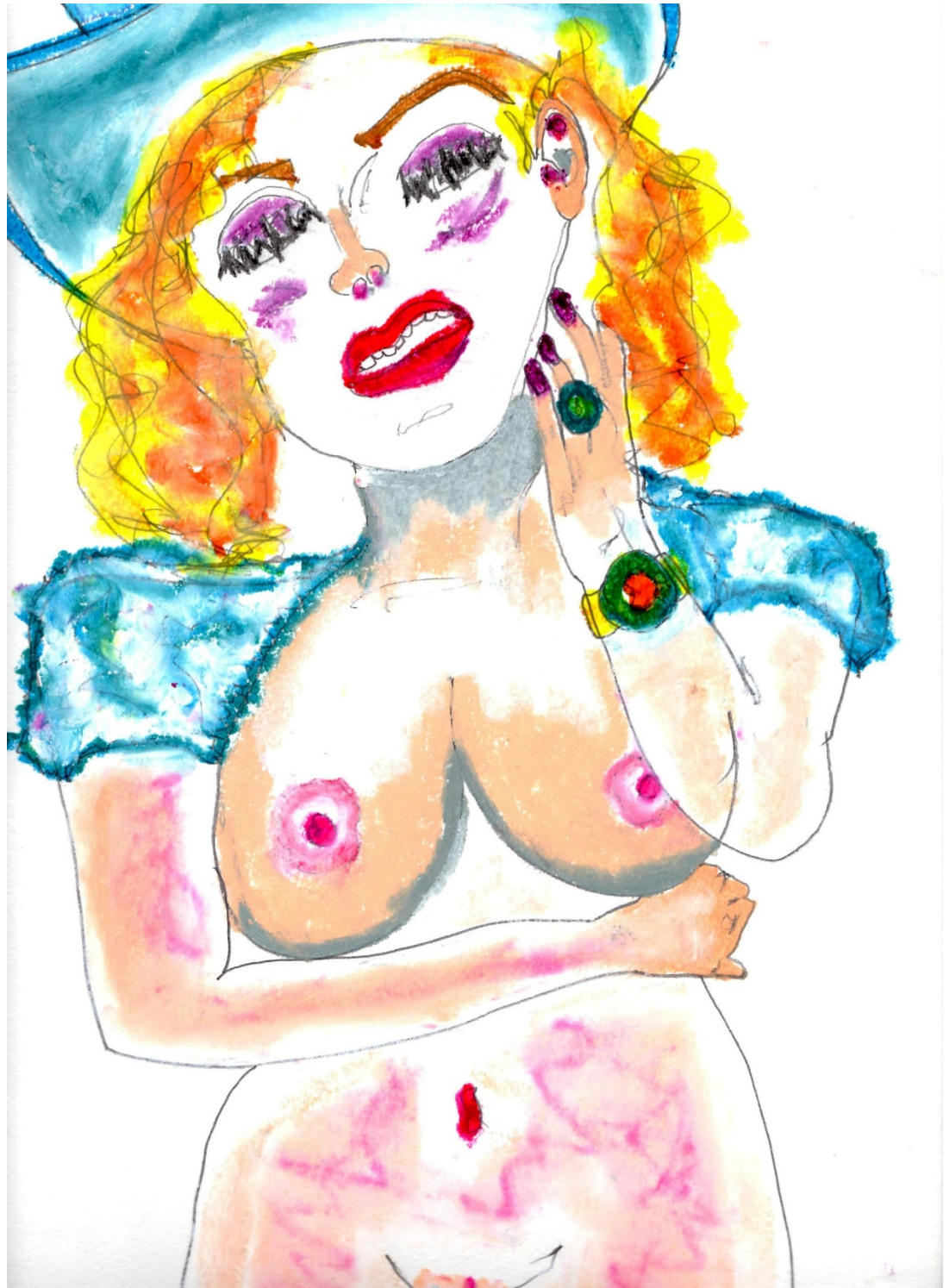
Who are killed in war, or better yet lost with no
Chances: displaced and forgotten, battered down
Secure and helpless, only by our "rules" of civility
Held fast within their own womb of poverty and
Pestilence, hungry most of all for hope. But we
Cannot offer these family members any amelioration
Or even commiseration, without denying the integrity
Internal worth and godlike self-respect of our democratic
Oppression. Some might call this imperial disdain

We have heard this charge throughout, and it can be
A complication to forge a competent denial that this
Is who we are (we do not look in mirrors, as tears
Are seen too clearly in this reflection); but with much
Constitutional practice, we have been made almost
Perfect in our ignorance and holy mess. We cannot
Reverse our course because we cannot be wrong
In our own estimation of these deadly and bloody
Proceedings, as it has been called and believed to be



Our very own manifest destiny. Of course, for you
And for me, but for them? Our family children
Who have been lost or are endangered? Nothing
Is the answer. Will this American song of ours continue?
May we sing and laugh and love and live even as
This blood and those tears haunt our happiness?
Without even a backward glance, we hurry onward
Engaged in this mad dance upon the remnants of
Our last hopes and chances to remedy these vicious

Endeavors perpetrated against our brothers and
Sisters, and sadly, against our babies, our children
Our dear ones. So, we use our reasons, democracy
And religion, to justify our impotence. There must be
Rules, after all, we cannot do everything for everyone
And our courts, the bastion of these excuses, have
Been “supreme” in full force; and we have many
Soldiers and everywhere a police battalion to help
Us do this nasty work. They are a princely bunch



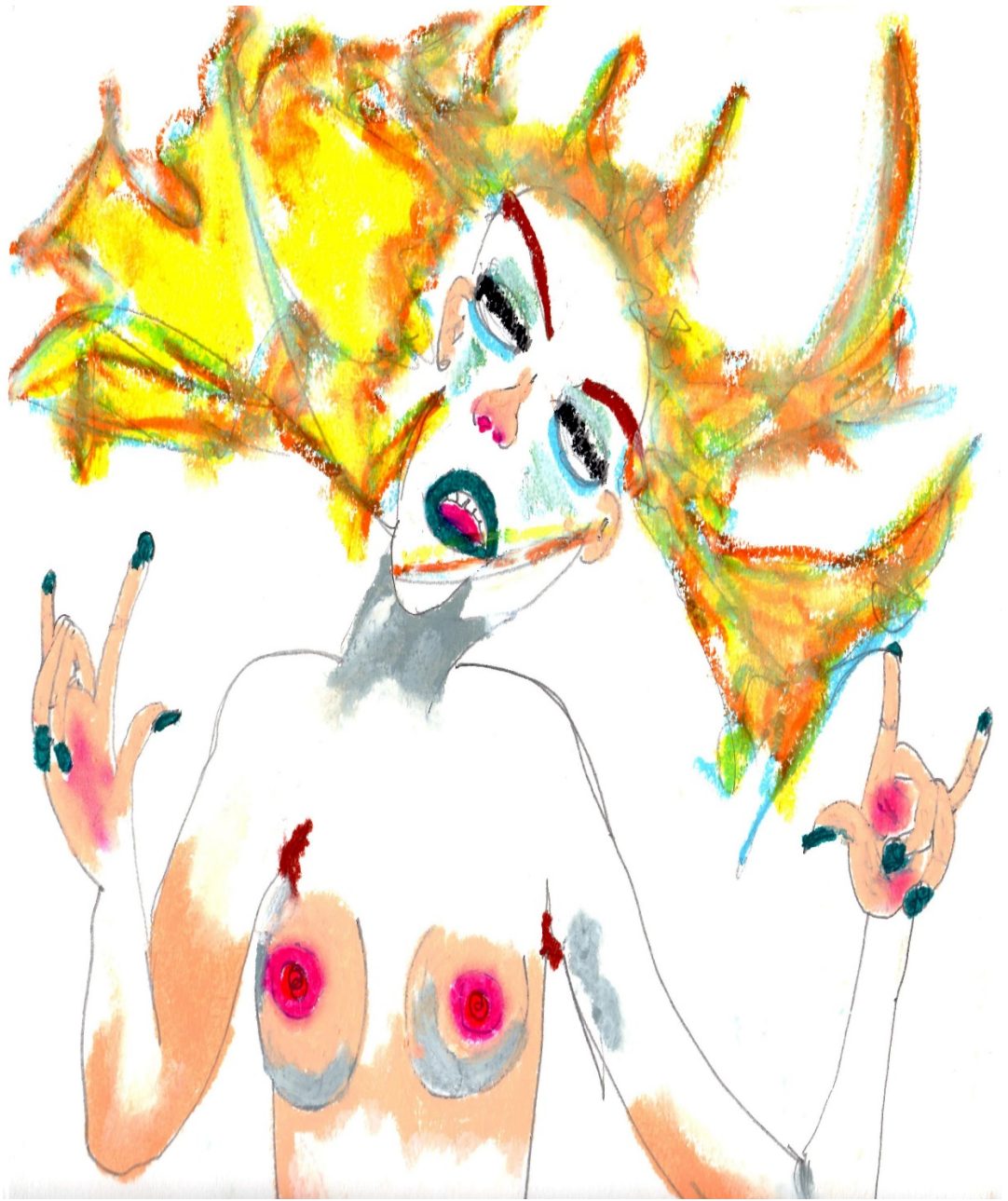
Who, I am quite sure, would eat us all for lunch
If such a menu was required! Reckless and strong
With nary a thought to weaken their surge, nor
To right their wrong. Religion and democracy
These two we can manipulate, as the needs may
Be, to tighten the screws or to loosen those
Public purse-strings; to put it meanly, if not
Obscenely, to keep it all the same, with nary
A person to blame, for has not a god explained

It all before? We are the chosen ones and the
Best at all we do, not even to mention
Being democratic, too. But there is a fugue of
Recklessness (just not properly focused upon
Ourselves!) a foray against extinction: can we
Forgive ourselves to start again or at best anew?
Perhaps absolve these sins accrued? Or do we
Continue toward our own demise, dismissing
Our disgust and disguising our fear as our pride



And then to abide the doom of our arrogant
And perverse wisdom? We are a fecund family
Therein perhaps lies our scope; all of these
Replicant old white men will be out-numbered
Democracy be damned! We will rule like
Beijing commands its cityscape, it is ours to say
But may we consort with justice this day
So that these children, our children, can become
Future commanders of this spaceship earth?

It would seem we could ill afford to endanger
Their capabilities, to solve the grievous nature
Of our failures? No, without mistake, it is well
Too late for that result. But only just a hope
That some might remain to rebuild a life from all
The death we will have left behind by then
They will need every chance to survive alive
Of course, even to begin their labors; so, we
Should not hope too much for now, based upon



Our commitment to self-destruct, we should
Not expect too much, even for this last judgment
And opportunity, for we are most prone to forget
Especially our best intentions. Atonement and restraint
Are best seen in the light and thoughts of this day
And not the meandering ways and forgotten resolve
Of the next. If only we could somehow empower
Them now, to help them fend off later torments
Perhaps to shed these worthless tools of hate and war

And then to learn their true choices whilst they still
Remain. What would this require? I cannot even
Think that we know, at least not enough to do what
Is right; we have played our fears like the trumpets
Of doom; the emperor is naked, I must presume
For there is no magic and our mirrors show us the only
Evil is within our own. So why do we persist in this
Reeking assault, shattering the very bones of this
Arrogant structure: our home, our family, our children



Even our spaceship earth: now, all teetering upon
A precipice of incipient demise, befouled historical
Perspective and near mystical belief that America
Is the chosen one incarnate. But now, these “chosen”
Few, these older white and vicious gentlemen
Will soon be lost and gone, if not already so, but alas
That urgent need of theirs, of greed and hoarding
Has left an infection. How could it not? Do we even
Know how to sidestep this juggernaut of avarice

And evil? I have hope in our children is what I will say
And I pray to you all, please, if there be a power or a way
Let them have their day. But could learning from this
History be our most deadly oxymoron? For understanding
Today in terms of yesterday’s machinations and conflicts
Failing any resolution or even comprehension of same
Would provide hardly a grain of sense to each or all
So, what is left, except to fall, a descent long predicted
Really no trouble at all; we are here and then gone



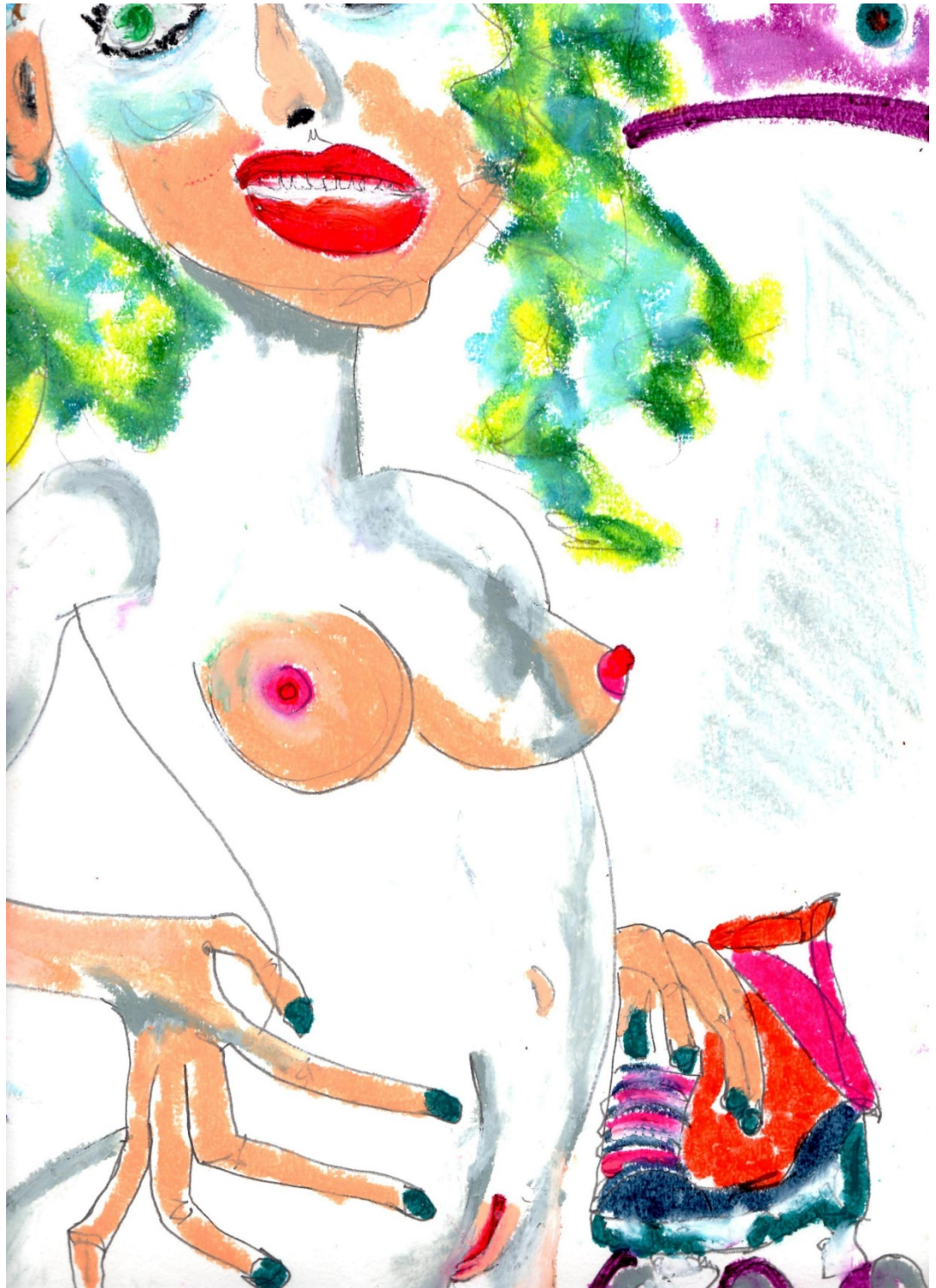
We have a holy land that has been at war with itself
Since it began, and to what end? Consecrating this
Rather farcical plan (of being nearer to our god(s) at
Least in geographical circumspection) with so much
Blood and pain and overall "civilized" disdain that
Even today we simply cannot understand how this
Brew of trouble and chaos does yet boil and bubble
As if it were a portal into the very hell we chortle
And sigh about to ourselves and to our babies

As we work to hold and mend their broken pieces
Back together again. Well, we are set to die in any
Case, so why the fuss and fluster? Did not god give
Us these rational gifts to use (or abuse?) in egregious
Cases such as this? We can reason our way out of
The tightest of places; so, I guess we are left only
To choose...but what, if any, tools should we use
Are there some left, or are we now finally bereft, lost
And defused, yet standing so smartly in final review?



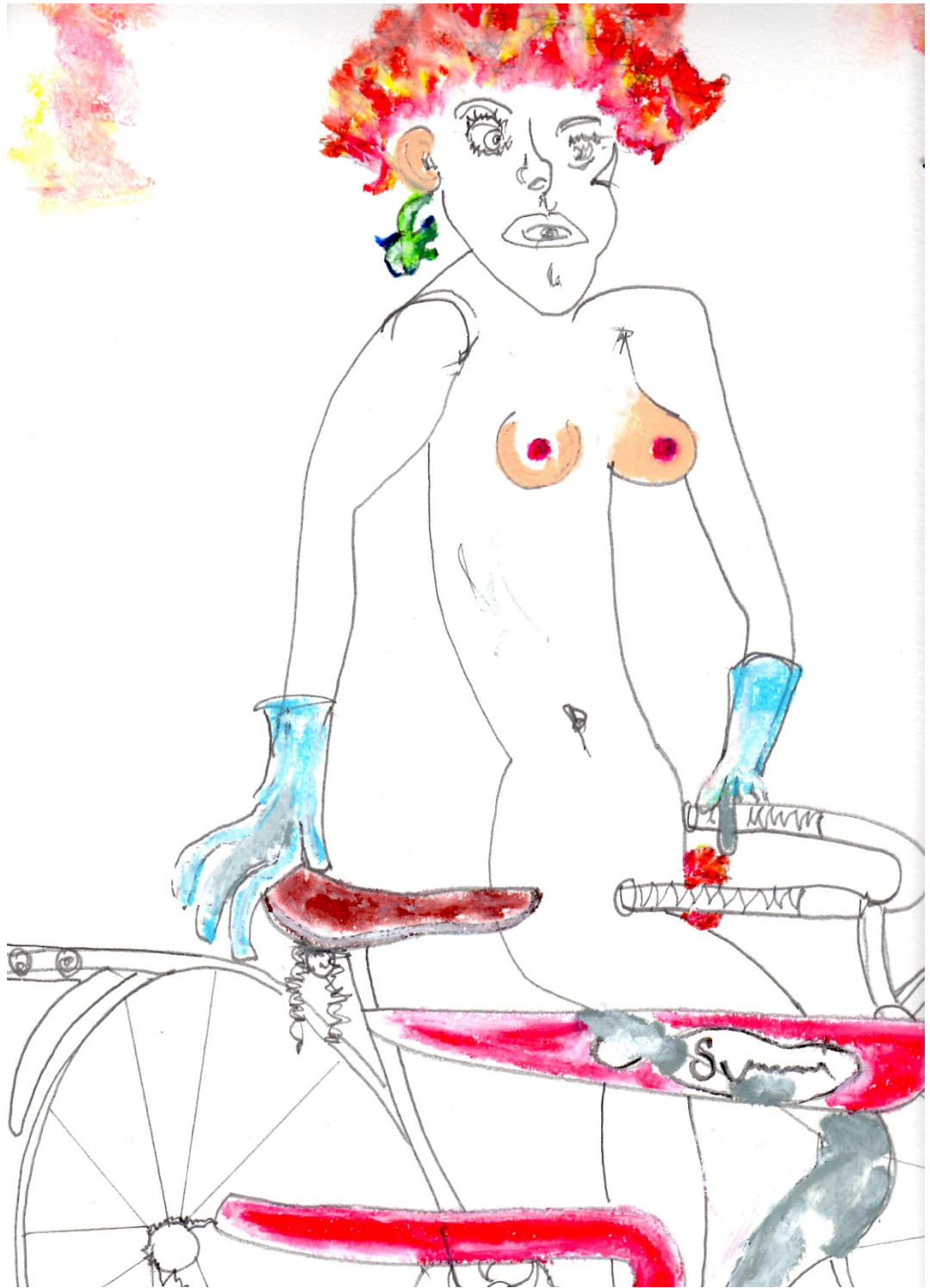
Almost naked again in the glory of our philosophical
Conjectures and protestations of guilt. There is no
Loss in dying rich and proud, except perhaps in a
Life held against a devil's wager: a gentle hawking
From beyond the grave, mocking the hauteur and
Goose-stepping march towards a shallow ending of
Recycled chemicals and dust. Must we smile even
Now in this betrayal of trust, are we bound like that
Prometheus, knowing naught but self and that

Sadly, by just a glimmer? These are questions with
Answers well known: yes, yes, a universal yes
Our destiny is deception, to ourselves most important
Believing our ends even before they are spoken
Therefore, prediction is not needed, we can see what
We are; we smell the stench of our patriotic fears
And neatly taste our saccharine and vapid constitutional
Hatreds. We will not hold back, saying "too late now"
The dye has been cast: blood red for our viciousness



Blue for our skies as they used to be, and white for that
Innocence that never could quite take bite; and not the
Least, we still have the stars, those symbols of night
Except that these we cannot appease for they represent
More likely to be pockets full of blight and disease
Decayed in mute recognition of a stolid dereliction
And determined refusal to repay. Are these structures
Not the basis of our profits and oasis, without which
We would be much delayed? Do they not at least

Deserve our respect and at last repair? Or is this just
More evidence that we lack every precedence of
Putting ourselves last, not first? For each of the folks
Who are just like you and me, this life is but a fine comedy
Shared by us all, so why do we churn it into such a brawl
Of mayhem and misfortune? Or is this an issue best
Left begging, as begging seems now our primary
Function? Again, our children seem key to this critical
Question: our heritage is family without exception



So, the best we can do, I aver, is to give our love and
Attention to our babies and children in the frail and
Slight hope that they can undo what has come to
Accrue, leaving hatred and war to the mists and dismay
Of our parents and forebears, for only the dead to lament
Forge ahead, dear ones, and look behind only for
Places not to go. For if today is too late, then tomorrow
Is a place to which we must make haste, for a vision that
Is lost is too heavy a cost and can be reviewed only in pity

A big bang inversely expressed; who would be left to
Blot the tears, or stoke the fears that have served us
So very well through all these years, to build the basis
Of this our own demise. We are it seems programmed
By this scheme, repeating this ferocious meme, again
Again and again, always seeking this ineluctable if
Execrable end. But what? Is it really true that our
Children know or agree to do and will march along to this
Deadly song, without a thought or close look around?



These little ones, we sometimes love, are born with
Eyes so they can see, but so were we, so this alone
Could not atone nor change our yet demented
Direction home, to our end and damnation. So, do
We have the words to make a change, to tell the
Truth, to harness our fears to pull us nearer to the
Suns of each and everyone? Finding our common
Light, perhaps, would be a place to start; or sharing
This poem with your loved ones at home, and foster

And care with all whom you share, that a dream
Might be reborn like such we had long ago, before
Our own death did compel us to join and complete
This pending defeat. Is there a new American song
To echo our longing for a freedom to sing and be
Happy, to mark a resurgence and renewal of our
Species, our family and our beloved little ones?
Or, are we finally left alone, forlorn and fully shorn
We have only each other, and now, as before, we
are sisters and brothers and family extended



Might we appeal to this American ideal to steal our
Rights from those who cannot fight as well as we
Or who by our lights may not even deserve to be
Though they work so hard to build a pathway
To be free, they cannot! And is it you and me
Who will not allow this possibility: to feed the
Poor, to shelter the homeless, to teach our children
Well? Or is this hell that we have made, squeezing
The poor and helpless till the stuffing comes out

Then raising the shout "It's all they deserve, only
To serve!" We make our own chances whatever
The dance is, like feeding a bug to a bird, and
Anything else is just mostly absurd. But are we not
Ashamed or accept any blame? No, not in the
Least, we are the beast, and to us this is merely
A feast and we will not be done until there are none
Left remaining to be bilked and abused, only then
Perhaps, we can relax for a bit before starting



It all over again: this ever ferocious appetite
For lucre served up by unconscionable lethality
Most deadly venality and aplomb. For we are not
Dumb, we know we are the ones who do these
Terrible things, but it seems we cannot change
There is an inertia to our predicament, a moral
Vacuum without sanctions, urging on this
Journey to extinction. But now, you have the old
Rhythms and tired tempos, seeking only a different
melody

And new harmony; but let me see, whose responsibility
Should this last part be? Only just, you and me
There is none other. So that is how we must endow
Our children with this trust: we leave you just enough
To begin again. We have failed, so you must not
There will never be another chance, for this madcap
Dance and deadly romance, with these mythologies
Of religion and capitalism is nigh done and gone
When these old (auspicious while vicious) white



Men are through, what then? Can their residual
Infection be stifled and stilled, leaving this earth
Along with yourselves to be reborn, as true stars
On an earth again healthy with blue skies and
Clean waters, and the only red blood to flow
Will be that running strong through the veins
Of humanity. I cannot say, I know you will
Succeed; but I do say, I know if we, who will soon
Be gone, give you a chance to design and enact
the measure and meaning

Of your very own dance, you will try, and I
Would thank you for that! I relish in the sunrise
With each day your chances are renewed
For both good and evil, to be sure; but is there not
Always an opportunity to be taken, a possible solution
To be tried for every problem? A pathway
To be traveled that does not require a ranking
Or a treasure for its passage, but only a family
Member to lean upon and to lend a helping hand

Then and perhaps here, you find a true American family
Plan: from all, one... As easy as a smile strikes back upon
The early morning beams of tomorrow's light, you could
Begin...



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