

I feel like a crude pipe bomb
planted by madmen with no agenda
what I am about
to prove
I do not know, nor care
in the instant for which I am created
I will cease
the words they would have me speak
have no meaning
and the lessons I will teach
spiral down through smoke and ash
to instill a hatred I cannot feel
in people I will never meet

My head aches with weeping
that cannot see light
with longing for the future
I am sent to erase
with jealousy for those
fortunate enough never
to have known me
My heart beats so hard
that passers-by turn to stare
either with concern for me
or fear of the one that does not fit
the one who came from somewhere else
the one whose body loudly marks its time

It is not anger makes me what I am

a pathetic parody
of those destitute ones who wait on me
nor desire for freedom's revenge or
harsh intent has left me so
but just the weight of history
upon my unprepared spirit
the pressing crush of a nation in heat
to spear cruel death
at those who are never seen
whose land-mined existence
put me here on this busy street
to interrupt your contemptuous prideful goings