

USAmerica (After Allen Ginsberg)

USAmerica I gave you my all & you wrenched it loose & shit on it like you do everything else.

USAmerica, I've two Canadian \$5 dollar bills, a toonie, two loonies & 8 American pennies. April 20, 2014.

I can't stop my own mind, besides it's non-local.

When will you give up lizard brain & respond as noble human?

When will you apologize to Indians, Africans, Mexicans, Canadians & everyone else you looted, raped & slaughtered?

USAmerica, pilot that drone right up your fat polyester ass.

I'm gluten-free, high on dark chocolate & green tea & can't stop itching.

I'll write the poem when my right mind meets the gentle ancestors waiting nearby on the outside.

USAmerica, when will you stop being demonic?

When will you discover the softness of your own fur?

When will you look at yourself through the lens of Lorca's duende?

When will you be worthy of your fifty million immigrant dreams?

Why are your libraries the only place homeless can shit?

USAmerica, when will you defeat your inner urge for empire & conquer your own shadow?

Habib's in Morocco, his government starves teachers like you end tenure, waterboard & settle arguments w/ a fist or a killer robot joystick.

In my heart I'm Canadian, my soul's Jewish & I too am a Mammal Patriot!

USAmerica, no one ever calls us the *Ugly Cascadians* & we don't want your tar sands, fracking & oil trains.

We don't want your endless war, your wars on terror, drugs, cancer, the poor or any other endless violent occupations standing in for your lack of imagination.

USAmerica, stop kissing the ass of the rotting corpse of Joe McCarthy.

When I go to the International District, I get the Kung Pao Chicken or the spicy lemon grass fried tofu at Uwajimaya & at least one bottle of Momokawa Diamond then go home to wife & child & never get laid!

When I read *Testing Theories of American Politics: Elites, Interest Groups, and Average Citizens* I can see Ronald Reagan's half-shaved Alzheimer's-addled skull smiling as he waves from the grave but still don't see who's moving his strings or writing his scripts.

USAmerica, what'd you do to Paul Wellstone?

USAmerica, you better hope Fred Hampton, his wife and baby forgave you. The baby. You killed the motherfucking fetus you son-of-a-bitch!

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My non-local mind's made up & I'll teach my kid how to grow kale, savor
the taste of the flowers & dance always dance as if the lion inside
her's angling for prey.

USAmerica, my soma neuromuscular bodyworker tells me to sweat
& my community acupuncturist says watch out for liver heat
& my surrender's a use of sound at its *least careless & least logical*.

I feel sentimental for the Wobblies, the Diggers, the Black Panthers & FDR
despite his dams, his Executive Order 9066 & his refusal of Jewish
WWII refugees. I want a new deal & maximum salary.

USAmerica, we can buy marijuana here any day we want, but I remain low
& focused.

USAmerica, I want to watch capitalists dance motherfucker dance when all
the cards are in the hands of those with inner lives & faith in the
collaborative commons to airbnb/kickstarter/Uber X your pale,
white, casino-capitalist ass.

USAmerica, my latihan makes me quiver & sing Indian Doctor songs
loud enough to make the deck chairs move.

I'm still pissed at what you did to Cuba, Chile, Iran, Nicaragua, Japan,
Mexico, Bosnia, Iraq, Yemen, Colombia, El Salvador, Afghanistan &
the 50 million American Indians.

USAmerica, I don't believe your 9/11 story.

USAmerica, I'll give you something to cry about!
The dogwoods are blooming!

I'm talking to you, your henchmen & the corporate puppets who slobber
over the genetically-modified feces you spoon feed 'em.

I think your sports fans holding up the letter D & part of a fence are
shitheads & your cult of celebrity pathetic.

Get your bloody hands off my bioregion. I'm with Emily Kendal Frey
with my dead mouth open & still no bird.

USAmerica, wait 'til the crows come back.

I'm done arguing with you.

USAmerica, when will you learn to compost, feed your old plastic into the
3D printer & give everyone shelter, a bicycle & a p-patch plot?

When will you turn parking strips into vegetable gardens,
permaculture your suburbs, food jungle your brownfields
invest in watersheds, turn your military bases back into pastures &
forever stop your demented projections?

USAmerica, I'm putting my straight shoulder to the queer wheel.