Just When I Thought

by Judith A. Lawrence

Just when I thought America had gone to sleep,
apathy brought to its lowest denominator,
shrugged shoulders sighing in resignation,
What is there to do?

Somewhere in the belly of the beast
something was stirring.
Was it the lack of jobs,
loss of homes,
the hunger in their bellies,
time on their hands
feeding the anger?

Or was it
the final straw,
the fat cats sneering at the drones
who put them there,
packing up their money bags,
moving corporations to far off shores
to drain yet another mass of drones
with even less to invest in their dreams,
and more hours of sweat demanded.

For me it does not matter now
what woke America up,
or even the litany of their demands.
You can ask for everything
when nothing anymore
is taken for granted.

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