

# 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.

