



Alexander Joseph

and the crashing

What's another day  
Another cup of coffee  
Another last cigarette  
Another shower taken for the heat and solitude,  
not to get clean  
Cause water can't wash away  
that filthy feeling  
Another deep breath  
That is exhaled in a cough  
Cause the haze  
That blurs the stars  
Also stings the chest.  
So take a long drag  
Listen to the rain  
Do that thing  
You've always lied  
and said you've already done,  
Cry to that sad movie,  
Call your mother  
Forgive your father  
Forgive yourself  
For giving up on love  
Or for choosing to be comfortable  
Instead of taking a chance.  
Watch the sunset  
And let those  
Pastels of pollution  
Fool you,

Our destruction is beautiful  
The supermarkets  
And prisons  
And schools  
And concentration camps  
And white houses  
And white picket fences  
And mowed lawns  
And unmowed lawns  
And half mowed lawns that I didn't have the energy to finish,  
It's all going to crumble  
It's all going to slide into the  
Fishless poisoned plastic littered  
Salt of the sea,  
And the crashes of the windows and the doors  
And the floors  
And the tvs  
And the  
Refurbished record players  
And that book you never could finish  
That sound of the crashing  
It'll be my new favorite song  
That I make my ringtone  
And hope someone will call  
so I can hear it all the way through.  
I hope you will call,  
So I can't ignore it  
and feel better.  
And as I sit in my car, in traffic  
Waiting for the light to change  
A white man  
Blasting rap music  
In a lifted escalade  
Runs the red light  
And gives  
an old woman  
The finger  
And I think  
This is a perfect time  
For it all  
To come burning down  
In a flash

And a boom  
And a final bass bump  
From the back of some asshole's car.

## Let's dance in the ashes

Here  
I'm told  
there are only two seasons  
winter and construction.  
the road is worn bare  
The bridges are  
potholed and cracked.  
We are crumbling  
but our tanks  
and machine guns  
are minty fresh;  
easily accessible  
and cheap  
for anybody who wishes  
to add to our decay  
by contributing to another mass shooting,  
now chant with me  
NRA! NRA!  
And our mr president,  
says he wants to invest in infrastructure  
while he tweets hate speech  
at anyone close enough to touch.  
The world is at his fingertips  
and I can see his grease stains  
smudging the sky.  
There's more to infrastructure than roads.  
He says he is Pittsburg's president  
but I've been there  
and the river runs black.

We are a manikin  
smeared with tanning oil  
and dressed in the finest  
sweatshop made clothes.  
The American dream is as alive  
as our plastic eyes;  
painted bright white  
bloodshed red

and blue  
to make us look  
happy and awake.  
The thing about manikins  
Mr. president  
is that they are empty inside.  
The thing about hate  
is that it's empty inside.

The thing about empires is  
that they crumble,  
no matter how much  
you tweet about our greatness.  
Isn't it ironic to wear a hat  
that says  
make America great again,  
when the hat was made  
in Bangladesh  
by a modern day  
child Slave?

So, what I'm trying to say  
is that we are a plastic husk  
bursting at the seams with  
rancid garbage, bullet casings  
and god bless America bikinis.  
What I'm saying  
is that  
when roads crack  
sometimes flowers grow between those cracks.  
Mr. president  
nothing you are doing is good,  
please know that,  
but maybe  
we can take the mess you make,  
maybe we can  
dig beneath the pavement  
tear up the infrastructure  
and development  
and quasi democracy  
that you've used to rape  
this country

and planet  
and maybe beneath it all  
we will find a bud  
that if nourished  
can start to make something feel sane again.

So,

Mr. president  
please keep tweeting  
about how great you are  
and I will promise to keep praying for rubble  
and maybe through my prayers  
and your shitshow of a presidency  
maybe our country will be so tragically  
beautifully  
destroyed  
that we can make America again  
this time for good  
and without racist, fascist  
sexist  
xenophobic, homophobic  
transphobic, hate speech spewing  
fear mongering  
rich white men like you.

So,

fuck the infrastructure  
this American empire deserves to crumble  
Let's dance in the ashes.