

Razed
Maxwell Guttman

doors opening
empty seats, take your pick
out scuffed window watch Nixon's firecrackers
work to learn twentyfivehundred ivy
wash onefortyfive minimum wage dishes fivehour day

Nineteen, closed eyes in a casket
 love thy neighbor.
Eighteen, holes in his back hands up
 trust thy governance.
Sixteen, cigarette freckles tattoo her arm
 love thy brother.
Fifteen, in the maternity ward
 love thy cousin.
Fourteen, stolen from his family
 love thy mother.
Thirteen, pencil sharpener stripes on her wrists
 trust thy teacher.
Twelve, playing a game game over
 trust thy protector.
children.

carefree best years bullshit
prisoners to blame, warden's cancer smoke

we used sun
reliant on bulbs, you are;
high on gasoline air
we'll be underground while you suffocate

doors closing
no seats left stand
no pole to hold fall cut your knees cut your recess you don't
 take care of yourselves
barely distinguish ferguson's fire through scratches
charge fortyfivethousand
seventyfive minimum enjoy your eighteenhour shift

applied ourselves

just call ask if they're hiring
we laugh you off the line

you're not even trying
you deserve our poverty

we shredded your brooms
sweep up the dust,

lazy.