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Play Yet Unwritten

Lexi Johnson

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Only in America
Scott Marshand

Only in America
Are the rich the Romans
And the poor are roaches
Clinging to a semblance of life,
A promise of the American Dream.

Only in America
Does higher education
Promote rampant capitalism,
Watering down my diploma
For the sake of a dollar.

Only in America
Is race so prominent,
The masses clinging
To an antiquated idea
Of colonial thought.

Only in America
Is homosexuality accepted
Yet held back in the law,
Unable to attain rights
Due to religious outcry.

Only in America
Do we spread Democracy
Only to watch ours crumble
Like a statue in Iraq or
Random collateral damage.

Only in America
Does the government
Laugh at its people,
Too detached to care
What they say or do.

Only in America
Does our nation implode
Descend into chaos,
We do not rebel,
Just quietly accept.

Play Yet Unwritten
Lexi Johnson

Highways, byways,
Converge, diverge,
Join the club in the exodus
Towards the unknown
Towards the possible
Towards the dream
Taste the opportunity
Dancing on the tip of your tongue
As you watch the skyline rise up
From the rock
It's rising for you
All for you
All eyes on you
This is your dream
Leading lady at last
Of a play yet unwritten
Write it well.

Step One:

find a flat
Scour the paper, walk the streets
Of homeless hungries whose eyes
Are swimming with dreams
Lost and forgotten
Walk their streets home
Unfurnished, empty
Home.

Step Two:

get a job
Waitress or strip
Whatever pays the bills
The worse the better it'll sound
In your auto biography
Work, work, and work some more
Then go home and work, slave
To create
Your art, passion, life,
Future
What you came here for
The dream
Your dream
As thousands of others
Work 'til it's yours,
Or get another.