

Sing Anymore?

Now,
I am at the table.
I have eaten my fill, becoming fat
like them.

Still, no challengers come.
No one tells me to
“Eat in the kitchen”

Yet,
They have not seen my beauty,
and I have forgotten.

Does anyone sing anymore?

My strength has
faded into
trivial pursuits,
sex and cell phones.

Where is my song for America?

I hear death
at the door.
None of the guests
will rise to
stand in its path.

Feeding on ignorance,
it spreads,
destroying me.

I have reached out,
tried to be heard,
helped.
But it never comes.
They laugh as they see
it spread, a
virus among us but
feeding on me.

Yes, the ever-present
chains have shifted.
Once binding my arms
then my movement
and into my mind...
Now that you see
one of the chains...

Will you sing America?

I have doubt,
sitting at the table.
Is the song worth singing?

If no one is listening,
Do I sing?
Can I be
loud enough,

can I be
clear,
can I be
precise, and strong?

The forgotten beauty!

Being fat,

I sing a different song...

“Lean Back,”

“Here’s a pillow, bite that.”

“Bend over to the front, and touch your toes.”

“Move bitch, get out tha way.”

Is this my song for America?

There is strength.

in me,

fleeting and strange.

Deep down in my soul,

in my eyes.

In the schools without tables.

I can hear them.

Outside,

away from

the kitchen and

the table.

Singing ... something.

CHRISTOPHER NISKE