

**Domestic Furor**

Judy Davies

I shall go now and meet with others of like mind, those who work to make this country better and do not heed the call of governing individuals unworthy of or unfit for their positions.

I shall no longer trust the corporate cacklers, the fat redneck with an accent, or those who fuel corporate wealth at the expense of teachers and other workers whose sweat made this country great.

I shall go now and ready my guns before the government seizes them, before the greed of the wealthy usurps my rights, before the governor's pen wipes away my bargaining power.

I shall no longer look to Congress for help in my distress for they have willingly sold me into financial slavery for the sake of pleasing Wall Street and saving their own pensions.

I shall arise and go now to the small, buried cell behind my house of block and concrete made. Rows of bean cans and six months provisions will I have; and I shall live alone in my bombproof cage.

I shall have some peace there while the bombs drop around me, falling from scores of bombers to where the shelterless wail. Outside the midnight will be on fire as its burning cities glow.

I shall carefully peer out the peephole of my shelter as I lament the USA I used to love before its moral decay and pray fervently that it makes amends before it ceases to exist.