Silence

In a land infected with virtuous disbelief,
where the words of presidents, senators,
jurists and generals
spark only questions
of what scam they are pulling this time,

where employers’ promises of plentiful times
resonate in workers’ minds as omens of pink slips
or unpaid weekend work;

where siren-songs intoning “duty” evoke mutters, gloom
and a despairing silence,

where will the spark come?

Who will be the first to refuse?
the first to strike, disrupt,
seize the offices or shop floors?
which cops, soldiers or militia
will first see themselves in the strikers?
first turn their guns to point at the enemy above?
Who will sing the first anthem of freedom?
Where will we burst through the reigning silence,
shatter their power,
and sing in our billions
new pathways to joy?