

Wallies

Anne Clark

So this is where the future lies
In a beer-gut belly
In a open fly
Brilcremed, acrylic, mindless boys
Punching, kicking, making noise
From the cradle to the city streets
They spill out their aggression
By punching what they don't understand
And stopping all forms of expression
Teaching each other to be men
By spewing in the street
Well, now I know just what to do
To make my man complete
Against the power of their misguidance
We must learn to fight
To be just what we want to be
Morning, noon, and night
Night is for the hunters
And the hunted are you and me
Hunted for just having
Some form of identity
Night is for the hunters
And the hunted are you and me
Hunted for just having
Some individuality