

Non-Metaphorical Decolonization

Mount Eerie

The place I live has a name
But there's another one, older

Emerging through the mist
I saw where I was as it was
Before we called it anything

Now we live in the wreckage of a colonizing force
Whose racist poison still flows
So scared of a moment of discomfort now
We turn away from the obvious:
All we have is stolen and can't be owned

This America, the old idea, I want it to die
Non-metaphorical decolonization
Beneath the one sky

Let this old world shatter
And transform

Allegiance to nothing at all
But the burning present moment
I cut the cord connecting then and now
And start again
I show the kid how to give up everything