

20 Years

Propaganda

Well, 20 years... 20 years, but you know, who's counting, right?
I mean... 20 years, she endured a said marriage
Where sister really ain't have no say in the original arrangements nor the terms thereof
For 20 years... he beat her senseless

Somehow or another she managed to muster up the quote-unquote "bravery" to stick around because one day he decided maybe he shouldn't hit her no more
Now granted, that was due to outside pressure that threatened the security of his pockets, but he stopped, right?
But the damage was done

And on their fortieth wedding anniversary he decides- well, they both decide "maybe we'll throw a nice little shindig"
Spare no details, all expenses, pull out all the stops
Invite all their family and friends
She is to smile, celebrate her husband's greatness
Talk about how far they've gone as a country- I mean, as a couple
They're to reminisce on the good old days when everybody knew they places
They're to talk about all the great Trumps- I mean, the great triumphs that they've accomplished
All the lands and the places that they've conquered- I mean, that they stole- I mean, that they visited
And before any of their friends come, in the still silence
You could hear the creak of the floor as he walks
Touches her ever-so-gently
Then caresses the small of her back and says
"Babe, look how far we've come. Those last 20 years, they were rough but these have been good. Let's not talk about the last ones because you know, they make everybody uncomfortable and they-and they separate and why would you wanna separate? Let's-let's unify! Let's talk about unity!"
What is she to do?

Well, she's to hold her little sparkler
Wear her pretty little red-white-and-blue dress
And act like the first 20 years didn't happen
As if she's still not suffering under the thumb of the mental walls that he done built
Oh yeah, he ain't hit her no more, but he don't have to
The scars do all that work for her
You know, she ain't been the same since
Her hip is a little bit out of place
Her jaw is kind of ajar to the left so her smile a little crooked
And every once in a while he compares her to other wives like
"You know, she ain't as pretty as ya'll are" but he turn and tell her "I don't see color- I mean, I don't see beauty"

She is to be thankful
That now she can be in the big house
She is to celebrate her rights
Her right to vote, you know, on what's for dinner, right?
I mean, things are good now
Or at least they better than they were
You should pat your nation- I mean, your husband on his back
Tell him he's the greatest nation- I mean, the greatest country
I mean, the greatest man in the world
What is she to do?

You ask if it was so bad, why didn't she leave?
As a matter of fact, why is she always playing the victim?
Why is everything about her?
Don't other wives get hit too?
Don't all wives matter?
Why am I forced to only mourn your scars?
You know girls hit girls all the time
We call that "wife-on-wife crime"
Why we need to worry about just your's?
And if it was so bad- if it really was so bad, why was he not prosecuted?
Why did not all of your friends who saw this all go on step in and say something?
Maybe she's making this up.
Why did your church not even step in and 'stead silenced you and said "This is not our issues"

And in a weird twist of magic, somehow she just became the victim and the villain and I don't know how this worked
Does he not owe her?
Does forgiveness not require restitution first?
Does the cross you say you cling to does not scream that justice comes before reconciliation?
How can we talk about unity if you not ready to admit you wrong?
Is she not worth justice?
And what about the ladies that fight back?
Can you not understand why she might think to take matters into her own hands and punch this sucker every once in a while?
Even though we know that vengeance is just a bastard version of justice, can you not understand the pain for which this young lady is suffering?
Is it not too late to say you sorry, huh Justice?

Those thoughts don't plague your mind?
I don't know...
You know what? Nevermind...
Happy 4th of July.
Enjoy your ribs.