

I'm Afraid That I'm Me

Showbread

the world is sick and all of us in it
so fight the cancer
fight the cancer
don't bow your head to it

the world is sick but it won't die from it
so fight the cancer
fight the cancer
don't bow your head to it

i'm afraid that i am me
and i had no say in this
i dare to be self-aware when ignorance is bliss
i never do the things i want
i do what i don't want to
i'm fortified for treachery and hopelessly untrue

remember when we were all small?
with stained-glass windows stretched up the walls
we listened to words we could not understand
as they echoed through the church halls
they stacked us up conveniently
and fed us from their tables
they deduced what we should know
because we weren't able
and as we grow we feel we know
the truth of where we've been
satiated by their oaths
dragged on the heels of holy men

lately i have found frustration among the incongruence
a movement of peasants and pacifists drowning in patriotic affluence
i feel as though i should do something but i'm staggered by the ramifications
they've baptized the empire into the church and heralded its sanctification

sometimes i feel as though i'm taking place outside of myself
but i'm afraid that i am me
i am me
i'm me
i'm me

"blessed are the meek" succumbs to "might makes right"
"turn the other cheek" succumbs to pre-emptive strike
"love your enemies" is fossilized beneath the frozen tundra
and "blessed are the poor in spirit" is devoured by "God bless America"

you file the children into the classrooms, make them stand and say an oath
and when we ask "should i love God or my country?"
you smile and tell us "both."
we've hidden the God we claim we serve and driven him beneath the floorboards
but i can still hear this still, small voice