My Wall

Ten Foot Pole

A middle class mom crouches on the hill
Eyes behind binoculars, she sits so still
Spots a boy going under the freeway
Whispers in her radio, going for the killOpen your eyes, you're fighting kids
Who only want to make their mark
Everything else you took away
You left them in the dark, open your eyesYour way is not about beauty
It's about rights and choice
Speech isn't free
It is only for those who can afford to raise their voiceSay it is pollution, they say it is a sin
Mobilize their force to stop the demon within
They say it is not a battle, it is a full scale war
Recruiting volunteers like never beforeSay it is so ugly, they say it is an eyesore
But remember, they're the ones who build department stores
Puts ads on the benches, signs on the windows
Asphalt where the grass used to grow

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