

## BEHIND GEORGE WASHINGTON'S FACE

Looking at a dollar  
for the first time  
I realized the face  
was actually a hidden door.  
I stepped inside  
to find the magnet that can attract souls.  
It's very green in here  
like the color of envy,  
and it feels like  
a third world country's  
craving for food.  
Soldiers are pointing their guns at me  
I am standing on their battlefield  
My only way out is to run  
either through the colonies  
or the graveyard.  
I am running,  
ducking behind tombstones  
hoping the shots won't find me  
I keep moving,  
they are right on my trail  
Deeper into the cemetery I go  
right past Washington's grave.  
There's an owl on the perch  
watching, head swiveling  
not afraid of the bullets.  
He's with them,

keeper of the gate to detect traitors.  
His eyes can see into the dark  
and he is the symbol of wisdom.  
He watches as I go deeper  
past Lincoln's grave  
past Hamilton's  
Jackson's, Grant's  
Beyond Franklin's  
and into the ghetto,  
the part where lives are shattered  
and dreams die.  
I see the Zodiac and Queenie's Place,  
dens with double mouths  
that devour biweekly stipends  
and forty-hour salaries  
in their quest to feed  
the never-ending voracity,  
the greed that turns daughters  
and housewives into whores  
because chemically-induced freedom  
comes with a price tag too high to maintain,  
Nothing is sacred in this land  
and pits of dense darkness  
illuminate the minds of children  
crying for their fathers  
who have been sold to Northern plantations  
in the name of commerce.  
They won't cry for long,  
for soon they will be reunited

after traveling the same ritualistic maze  
in the footsteps of those before them.  
I've seen enough  
I wanna leave this place  
but I'm lost.  
The green light is blinding me  
and I can't feel my skin