

## Virginia's Glade by Raphael Foer

I wonder when it became commonplace  
to sit out of a life, a try we all should have given  
I apologize, I apologize for not giving up  
on a world we all could have believed in.  
I wonder why we'd rather rape the world  
confiscate her land, compete for a missing piece,  
all four corners, puzzle complete  
instead of taking a chance on peace

only after pain do we contemplate  
how everything we seem to complicate  
Allow me to apologize to the planet  
I apologize for giving up on our world  
small blue dot we all could have and believed in.  
I wonder why we would rather be  
locking up and burying our dirty secrets,  
why we would rather leave our bones

to hollow out wherein they remain  
instead of turning into a skeleton key  
unlocking a door that could release us  
shed the weight of material enslavement.  
I wonder when did we stop believing in  
a life we could have turned into a key,  
And learned to earn our keep in.  
But when I woke today, my soul sank.

I wonder why I bothered looking out my window  
only to find my worst worries realized,  
I wonder why I bothered looking out my window  
only to see the last virgin forests burning,  
shrunken heads underwater, morals drowning.  
I wonder why I bothered looking out my window  
only to remind me of what I already know,  
where I already know I am standing.

When I woke today my soul sank,  
The floor ripped out beneath us.  
and for Forgetting how far we are falling  
the backup parachutes go missing  
I don't recognize my landing, please help me  
remind a nation we're still recovering,  
remind the world we're still recovering.  
Where does our collective hatred go?

Does it seep into a nation's foundations?  
Does it sink into all of our cells?  
Maybe anger can swallow pain,  
It can't root out all the stains because  
shadows always follow, shadows remain.  
I'm forgetting a country's name,  
I've heard it repeated so many times  
it has lost all meaning.

I've forgotten a country's name,  
a nation vanished without a trace.  
If we learn who it burns, can it be returned?  
Will we ever recognize our own home?  
Where does our collective hatred go?  
Where does our collective hatred go?  
tell me where is this land of the free,  
a home of the brave you call it I don't see it

i dont see it in those who claim this land  
is only for those that already dwell within,  
and If having a place to call home is something  
only the privileged know, then I wish them well  
and hope their wells pollute the same as mine,  
and when I close my eyes, I hope their dreams  
turn into nightmares just like mine. Im afraid  
to look outside I wonder where a country went,

or If we ever were anywhere to begin with?  
Please turn back make america great again,  
like the time before colonization  
when this noble experiment was nonexistent.  
Can we recover from this land's original sin?  
for some reason, this feels more final.  
This country passed its litmus test,  
I've exhausted all the PH strips.

How many times can you reopen a scar  
before festering wounds become terminal?  
How many faults can a country make  
before its citizens recognize the evil  
that has stared them in the face for so long?  
I wonder why I bothered looking out my window  
only to see the last virgin forest burning again,  
shrunken heads underwater, morals drowning.

when I woke today my soul sank. between us,  
space naturally grows great I can only wonder  
ten times before I start to cry, my heart breaks.  
I wonder why I bothered looking out my window  
all I uncovered was troubling, nothing left to learn  
nothing left to burn, nowhere to return  
I can only wonder ten times where a country went,  
I looked outside my window but cannot find it.