

## **We The People**

I sit with anticipation,  
cold sweat,  
clenched teeth.

I perceive the fluctuation of dopamine levels as  
the whistle rings.

I feel like a powerless child.

I read a transcription of my mother being  
raped, shamed, betrayed,  
in a public place.

All to see.

All to taste.

I anticipate plummeting serotonin as I watch the trial.

There are no witnesses  
in this fake case.

I see empirical evidence of the guilty being acquitted of  
public, protrusive, penetration.

I know the right disregards  
reliability and validity in favor of control.

This is real.

This isn't fake.

My wise and historical mother,  
providing stability and the division of three,  
is our mother.

Our narcissistic executive defendant  
is really really exemplar of  
the Big Lie.

I hate that chicanery is winning.  
He won.  
I fear history repeating.

I sit among my peers of scholars,  
defeated, complaisant, carrying on,  
buried in documents seeking truth, citations, references,  
and I feel like a powerless child.

You know there will be a tidal wave of real causation and consequence.  
Inequity, Eugenics, and Exclusion.

Can we use our words?  
Can we research our way out of this one?

We the people,  
don't have to say,  
me too.