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How Very American

Fabrice Boulet
NSU University School

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How Very American

Fabrice Boulet

Marching a Trail of Tears,
Walking through a Field of Fears,
Crawling down a Mile of Melancholy,
Measuring an Inch of Insanity,

Out of meaning, out of time,
Sentenced to be the next to cross the line,
Ignoring rational thinking, ignoring the neon sign,
I've let out my last whimper, my last whine,

Crossing into the exorbitant side,
Like the water from the ocean's tide,
Into a world of apathy,
Into the winds of animosity,
Leaving behind a love I used to know,
From hell's doors to heaven's gates I go,
In the distance I hear the sounds of a heedless childhood,
From a time when I always wanted to do, but never could,

"How very American," he said,
As he laid his friend in his eternal bed,
Will I get the same impartial comments at my eulogy?
Will you be the one to deliver it to my memory, and
inevitably me?

In my moments of focused attention,
I can remember certain aspects, with my spotty retention,
I can remember a beautiful face,
However, I do not conceive of which race,
"I have a dream," he said,
Momentarily under appreciation, he is now dead,

"How very American"

Kill off the people before they make themselves clear,
Kill me off, because I might say something irritating to
your ear,
Kill me quickly, because I'm beginning to see as I look,
Kill me, because I can now read the lines in between the
book,
Now I listen and not just hear,
Truthfully, there is less hope and more fear,

"How very American"

Mein Kampf is the same as everyone else's struggle,
Except, to me, my struggle is, in fact, double,
I have received the burden to see,
And additionally to believe,

Believe in the masses,
I'd be better off listening in my classes,
Listening to the biased side of things,
Listening to the truth through the lies the book brings,

"How very American," he said,
How very American indeed,
American styles to plant a seed,
American styles to pull the weed,
American styles to watch it grow,
American styles to interfere with it so,

I've been left to bear the weather,
No protection with a mother's feather,
My vision, however, has not been obscured,
I see every movement and hear every word,

Protection from knowledge induces ignorance.
"How very American"

Fascism, totalitarianism are not the answer to the
question,
There is no answer, you've just got to follow the
sensation,
Americans, the sons of America, guardians to the world,
Americans are there to organize the thoughts that are
swirled,

"How very American"

Anarchy, a state of being without rule; political confusion,
Sound familiar?

How very American.