

American Peace

I love the smell of saw dust, gasoline, and campfires
things destroying things
the crackling of wood burning, blue
it's dazzling
watching the flame, sparks destroying the wood into ash
the smell, I can wear it for days

We love the red, the white, the boom
from the fire crackers that flare into the night
wishing they were shooting stars

We love the smell of July 4th its the gun powder we blast
we've been sniffing it since the right to bear arms
its addicting like the sound from a shot fired
the impact is empowering we like power
so PULL shoot, PULL
SHOOT
watch the target explode, it feels good to connect with something

it feels good to be good at something
so take another SHOT
shot, shoot til your trigger finger grows numb shoot again
and again, you'll get good & good feels good, it smells like making America great again
we wear it like independence
lets take another shot, shot shots, everybody
shit...shoot there is red on his jacket
accidents happen, when you've taken too many shots
but it feels good going down, the burn
things destroying things, ANOTHER round please!

Clip, clicking, click, connecting to boom
break the target, refer to it as target
or suspect, or terrorist, or black boy, or spiders, or snakes
or a political place, where you are protected the power of politics
call it mass shooting, call it extremist, call it ANYTHING abstract
DO NOT give it a name, when connecting to targets
DO NOT subscribe it to the living
you MIGHT accidentally feel something

Steven... when you opened up on a crowd of concert goers
Did it feel good? Where you proud to wear the red of 58 head shots
Were you proud to wear the White privilege they assigned you, when they excusably said,

“he must have been crazy”
“it's because of the child pornography we found on his laptop”
“he has ties to Texas”
“he slipped through the cracks”
“it's an isolated incident”
we keep hearing the same old American snap-SHOT
The booming affects we ignore
sounds like conservative consequences
or things, destroying people

You pull it, to release the tension, the smoke, the adrenaline, the power of the hammer
washes your responsibility to care
like whiskey liquidating inhibitions
NICE shot
Pour more shots
Poor 851 injured people
Pour, another shot PLEASE
it's your inherited right
drink until your actions, numb America
keep taking shots, to Trump the feelings
to overlook the consequences
to forget many who have and will die by the gun

You love the smell...no matter how much it burns, or hurts, or kills it's addicting
like the smell of power

May I have another shot please?