

Frank Spence, "America" *AmeriQuests* (2017)

America, you are sick.

What new race is this orange man?

We know his religion of greed. It is the American religion.

He is an old man, but is he a new man?

Washington is confused.

I'm not confused. I'm tired.

Maybe he'll break the political machine,

mix up gears and chop off arms like proletarians in steel mills,

but capitalism will chug along because money is power, and power pulls levers, and the government is all a sham, and I'm weary.

But people keep yelling at each other that this orange man wants a master race, but why should I think he even cares?

America isn't so tired anymore, but I am.

They yell louder. Am I even American?

Are these the freer, the braver, yelling louder than all the rest?

If the pollution weren't so bad I could see the stars we'll be needing soon to start anew a chemical stew of chlorofluorocarbons and diesel fumes on earths two and three and four if we get there.

But I'm tired, and I'd just like to sleep, but they don't want to sleep.

They don't want to sleep, but they still want the dream, the American Dream.

And that might be what they're yelling for, but it's a cacophony, and the American Dream is dead since 1890 because Frederick Jackson Turner said the closing of the frontier killed it.

But I'm supposed to be successful, so I'll step to and look lively, but what is success without an American Dream?

And do they really want success with an American Dream?

That's your illness, America. You're confused about success.

Get well soon.