

# **DABDA**

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In an age when convenience is key

Our generation knows so many

Acronyms; short and long

LOL, FYI,

LMFAO, TTYL

But before they relaxed our sore tongues

They made groups, to our memories, sprung

AA, MAAD,

AAA, YMCA

But now even they are victims:

PBS, EPA, NAACP

Pundits say we can't be victims now

And we are not, to those in power,

They serve us, not we them

But for those still stuck, feeling feeble

Distraught in what seems like eternity

I challenge you to think that an ABRV has

Our subconscious, elusively, PWND:

DABDA

To Kübler-Ross it is a natural part of loss

Like the passing and rot of leaves

But the fact remains: this is not natural

Leaves leave while one repugnant shade  
A shade synonymous with hate  
Has loomed like stained meringue,  
In its sloppy affluence, over our collective Heart  
A shade that wants to cling to its tree  
Like a disease, in spite of the progressive breeze.  
And to think it all started before Thanksgiving's ease.  
Deny that hate had any place  
In a country who gave up race  
As a standard for competency  
When it came to our presidency  
And then find out it wasn't ours  
To decide, making our faith sour  
Anger at the millions hurt  
By such vile words, curt  
In meaning and in thought  
Greed, the only prize sought  
Anger at the lie that bullies  
Will get their poetic justice  
That we would rise, just us.  
Bargain for a better world  
Bargain that times will change  
Bargain that he knew not what he said  
Bargain it was just a stunt  
Bargain no man can be that stupid

Bargain he will break the status quo  
Bargain he HAS to listen  
Bargain that Winter won't come.  
Winter is cold, and yet ebbs away.  
Each year chips away at its stay  
Till one day, children won't have play  
In the permeable, frosted clay  
That replenishes coming warmth.  
Yet, in spite of this winter mercurial  
Our souls hung amidst a funeral  
Cold, dead and lifeless  
Quite synonymous with wintriness  
Much like Depression  
Every day a new tragedy  
Wondering who will be free  
From all the white washed bureaucracy  
Reminding myself that you're meant  
To be a hero for all, weeks, days, hours, seconds spent  
Frozen that I cannot be a hero to all  
Especially when I have all this unlimited access, why stall?  
Because I'm not that Hero.  
I think of all the strides  
My grandmother left with us in pride  
She knew the non-equanimity  
Of every member of femininity

And not once for a second backed down

Why be so formal?

After all she was my mom mom.

And here I am bitching

All my intentions itching

And yet still depressed

My pursuits have all but obsessed

My perfection

I'm not smart enough

I'm not apt enough

I'm not keen enough

I'm not empathetic enough

Enough is enough

Tough is tough

Love is love

You cannot be a hero to all

Your hope will eventually fall

But that does not mean you fail

Accept that there is more to come

Accept the day will, be won

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