AMERICAN PSALM: PUBLIC RADIO

Wait, Wait,
No-Really,
I am serious
“Don’t tell me!”
AMERICAN PSALM: THE HOODIE BLUES

If George Zimmerman had just told the truth
Florida would’ve saved the tens of thousands of dollars

It spent to sequester a suburban jury in a nice suburban
Hotel and supply them with Cracker Barrel
Dinners and a field trip to see the newest *Lone Ranger*
movie.

And old George would have lived happily
Ever after in a prison cell for life for murdering
A teenager with a bag of candy—Kemosabe.
AMERICAN PSALM: WHAT’S ALL THIS PUSSY RIOT?

This is not the same pussy
Those guys at football
Tailgate parties
Are excited about.
AMERICAN PSALM: TEA PARTY ANYONE?

Think about this!
You’re aspiring to
Overthrow a major superpower
That has many fighter planes
Warships, bombs, and guns.
They have way more
Firepower than you have sense.
Come on, Dudes.
Really?
AMERICAN PSALM: THE WORKING CLASS

When I was seven
Years old, I remember one day
Looking out our big picture window

Seeing my grandfather pull up
In his late-1940s rusted-out
Dodge—stepping out with

His dented lunch bucket in hand.
And I wrote a poem in the margin
Of a second-grade textbook.