Unbirth Me, America
Jacque Clinton

It’s possible to be unborn
To erase the brief flicker
Of individual life
Only existing as part of the void
Self subtraction
As is taught in school
In society
Is called blending in
Blending, not bending
The rules
As laid out by history
Repeated to convince
Insist validity
But practice makes norms,
Doesn’t sanctify actions…
Yet many are swallowed by the force
Because the labor of unbirthing
Is like unmaking
Quick and easy
A snap, a break
And being is gone

So unbirth me
Erase me
Into the color scheme
Absorb my mistakes into your own bloody history
Together we will chant about patriotism,
Screaming louder and faster
Against the echo of ignorance
Our own voice
Filling in the retort
If only we could stop before the pendulum turns
Because threats are a whisper
Next to deafening actions
Explosions mingled with screams of mothers
As our grasping hands claw the earth
Covered in crimson
Painting abstract flowers
In rivulets that flow
Sustaining gulping tanks with blood and oil
Our American dream polluted
Little do we learn, the dream was tainted long before
In foreign invasions of familiar shores

So rebirth history
And *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*
Because this body has long ceased to be my own
Scatter its ashes around the world
Then cry tears to heal
The land
The people
A sacrifice to earth
For life’s regeneration

Or better yet,
Become reborn
As an integral part of the world’s soul
Part of the change
Millions have yearned, fought, died for
Sowing the fields
For a future where birth will be defended
And unbirthing will no longer be a goal
And then I’ll understand when people say
God Bless America