

Red Tape

By Robin B Lipinski

Westward progress, they came.
Settlers by the thousands,
Cracked the wilderness wide open,
With grit and brawn,
They freed a nation to suit their needs.

Then they came by the hundred's,
The smooth talking, fork-tongued politicians,
Charming the folks with lies,
Starting with the native folks,
Or what we call,
Red Man, or Indian's.

It was not long before lies became power,
Power became law,
Law became mire,
And mire became slippery mud.

Yes, mud,
To muddle up the progress of freedom,
Taking grit and hope away from those now hooked on a broken system of lies, laws, and control.

Little things you take for granted are suddenly gone.
No more riding in the back of a pickup truck,
Wind blowing free in your hair.
No more smoking a cigarette in certain towns,
They say you will die, even in your own home.
No more calling evil, "Evil," as that is not how it's done.
No more sunny-side-up eggs, because that will only make you ill.
No more looking for gold in a creek, fish and eco-nuts think you're a freak.
Yes, there is more 'no' than you could ever possibly know,
And add all the small things together,
You have the death of a free nation.

Of course there is a cure.
One within our grasp.
It is to revert to grit and brawn,
And kick out those politicians,
And if they won't go,
Then WE have to learn to say,

"NO!"

The End