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Stars and Stripes

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Title Stars and Stripes

Explores America's heavy reliance on hard and soft power. While reflecting on the fact that the material conditions that western powers enjoy is built on the exploitation of other peoples and cultures around the world.

Staring at a blind sign of patriotism on a poll

But i'd Rather tread where light hit the coil as a mole

Put my head underground hope the parades pass by my town

Now I'm the clown bound to a roundabout way of thinking

I'm a dead ship sinking

A limp bear bleeding i'll stop feeding

My need for impressions with an aperture depression

it shakes me to the core LEDS beaming images of beings whored for the benefits of Foreign wars

Red white and blue face paint tainted by the realization its bloods haste

That is constantly pleading quenched regurgitating everything we shove down in its chest

The troglodytes quest is the grim reapers request

He is a mess

a hollow heads flashbacks conjures adrenaline to the nest

What rises with daisies can often be hazy

black and white phases into multicolored walls raising

corroding oxygen pushers ozones decaying

Lexicon filter the nations through a bane screen

we Tame the primordial side with an illusion of order in a fight or flight mine

Glide over oil spills distress chains us to the money bag shrines

The fad is a drab that lingers in the spines

See that's the story of man were navigating a checkmate game on a checkerboard slab it's a checkmate game
on a checkerboard slab using foreign soil as crucibles of bellowing combat labs gluttony is the void that
forever charges the death tab

Tribes flexing their armories like a pristine muscle

Put a muzzle on the puzzle for the endless geographic tussle

The last piece is an illusion to keep the trolls in an endless hustle to rat out their idea of a nuisance

Supply chains feed the justification

uncle sam with a cardboard sign pleading emancipation

Anguish the first stop on your road map to vanquish

Its grenades on the pavement IEDs on a dirt road

Enemy combatants invasive screeching buzzards echo Geronimo

See that's the story of man were navigating a checkmate game on a checkerboard slab it's a checkmate game
on a checkerboard slab using foreign soil as crucibles of bellowing combat labs gluttony is the void that
forever charges the death tab

Towing legions of soldiers on old Sam's back like a nap sack

Fresh over 17s scented out by recruiters at the sham shack

Litigation in your head shifts into a deceptive crown where the strings of your defensive mounds crumble to
the fate of invasive sound's

Second his head hits the pillow it's back to the war born hoard

With the dissipating feeling that their was always something more

But hell when were not torn were bored

This is quickly disregarded as ammunition for entitled shit heads too disregard the blip of light as a dwelling
pig pen

it's a penalty box decision where every pattern descends to recidivism

reload and recycle the lead use it in a clip to remind us were torn to scorn then break bread

you gotta be careful where the stars and stripes tread they disguise death as a med to hide the darker trends.

