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*Future Tense: Iowa Looks Ahead*

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# National Ignorance

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# National Ignorance

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This is a national emergency.  
We have a land covered in speakers,  
Those who talk in free tongue,  
Freer of words,  
But listeners are a scarcity.

Who hears the cries of the single mother?  
She works a menial job  
For a minimum wage  
Degrading her pride  
And struggles for her child  
We hear of her everyday  
But her true life story does not matter  
It matters not that her husband was killed in Iraq  
Or died of a disease he couldn't afford to get  
We just see that she drains our systems  
And reaches her hand in our pocket  
To put food on their table.

Have you seen the hands of that illegal migrant worker?  
Cuts, burns, and blisters  
One doing the work of a million men  
Living under the radar  
In order to make a better life  
Coming to a nation where they seem unwanted  
The carriers of brooms, the mowers of lawns, carpenters  
The harvesters of our nation's fruit  
Yet we are so eager to send them back to a step above hell  
Or to an address next to third world,  
Because they threaten the very jobs we didn't want to begin with.

How can he without a womb make choices for she who does?  
The givers of life having less and less say  
And the fate of her opportunity of choice  
Made ill by a man with a pen  
Writing laws to control the womanly being  
Enslaving the female soul  
No man can speak for the lips that do not have a voice

It is all about control,  
Control of money,  
Control of bodies,  
Control of power

But who is thinking about the people  
They are the threads that are woven together to make our flag meaningful  
The very thing to which we pledge allegiance  
If we make the wrong decision this November,  
2012 just might be the end of the world.