

The Great Plastic Race

By Nile Coy

America has sold me out
for inexpensive vinyl flooring,
for easy credit with low, low interest,
for a graphical user interface
that makes any cheap Japanese
box of circuits look like a Macintosh.
America has sold me out
for must see TV,
for Geo Metros and Suzuki Samurai,
for bad film adaptations
of my personal comic book mythology.
America has sold me out
to make it feel better about itself,
sold me out to the evangelists
and the pornographers,
sold me out to Dr. Phil,
sold me out to Judge Judy.
America has compromised my dreams,
before I even had the chance to dream them.
America has sold my soul
to finance the war on terror,
to give a tax break to Sam Walton's ghost.
America has taken away
my parents promises
that I could be whoever I wanted,
and has made me a wage slave.
America has sold me out,
and who am I to complain?
But what else can I do?