

“Amnesia”

by Wanda Brown

we were called anarchists
I burned the flag
hung it upside down from porch rafters
international signal of distress
on the high sea of young rage

broke windows
burned draft cards
occupied buildings
called for the overthrow
of the government as it was
neither of nor for the people

taunted its police
in a time of crisis knowing
something was dangerously wrong

over twenty years
this movement acquired good manners
became middle-aged
middle class
with reputations possessions to protect
investments losing value
I am frightened still
but of different things

I cry out now
against young punks
carrying the anarchist name with pride
for not being polite
being angrier than I
having nothing to lose but life
liberty and the pursuit of themselves

for burning the flag I burned
breaking the glass I broke
reminding me of my years
being politically unsophisticated
not working within
the system which corrupts us all

angry at the wrong things this time
I am not angry enough