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Break Free

The ground shakes

Hands come out of the earth

Grasp us with their iron grip and

As we gasp-

For breath-

Every breath we inhale

Fills us more and more with anger

The balloon fills more and more with air,

The red spreads through the cosmos,

Until the storm that is cooking and brewing inside,

Boils over and bursts.

The puppet masters smile with glee

They yank the strings harder than ever

Push the limits more and more of how far they can go

Until-

The resistance suddenly stops

The lines cut and are easier to move than ever

The puppet masters cackle as they pull the strings hard

Far-

And wide
Not knowing long ago the puppets ran free
Free from their masters at last.

Every human has a right,
To stand up for what they believe in and fight.

Let the anger run free,
Break free from those hands,
Burst the balloon,
And break out of the cage.

Maybe you'll march,

Maybe you'll write,

Maybe-

Even-

You'll throw tea crates

Into a harbor

At the peak of night.