

Title: Do you see us?

You wear your wealth like a gilded set of brass knuckles
Slinging it around with a fervor that most enthusiasts would warrant extreme.
Money flows through your veins as you sneer at us
The tired, the poor, the huddled masses
As we yearn to be free from the shackles of a loss that defined us before we were even born.
You sing us soliloquies of gold, as you stand on your perch
Defined by our tireless efforts, ignorant of the blood, sweat and tears behind our dreams
You pay us a wage that would have made our grandfathers weep,
Yet we linger on in perpetuity, toiling our days away on wisps of hope
I work for less than a living wage, yet you laugh at my struggles
Your voice carries to my ears, yet our collective struggle is but a silent room to ears that have
been sewn shut by choice.
Your mind is logical- you were well-educated, yet your heart is cold
Are we a people to you? Do you see us as we truly are or as you imagine us to be?
Do you see our forty hours of hard labor, muscles torn from a torturous days work,
Dignity diminished as we lift yet another finger to serve you,
Do you see our potential for happiness? Our need for a microwave, and a car, and a paycheck
that lets us build, advance, and imagine?
Do you see us as ants, following your every direction for a scrap of crumb,
Working in a hive mentality and leaving our individualism amongst humanity's compost
Or do you see us as we see us: the next inventor, the next chef, the next writer, and the next
innovator. Do you see us as the future, were we given a chance
A chance to take care of our families, to pay our bills on time, to drive a car to work and avoid
the frost that chills our very soul on the long trek to work.
A chance to drift among society, working together, hand in hand
As opposed to the chains, imposed by you, that hold us shackled onto your wealth.
You wear your company on your sleeve, proud of all you've accomplished.
You hold onto your prestige like a medal of honor, certain that you achieved it all by yourself
All the while, walking all over our efforts-
The soles of your shoes echoing a scream with each step you take.
We did this together, your investment and our physical human capital
yet,
You wear your wealth like a gilded set of brass knuckles
Our conversation, our wage, and our dignity, stagnant or diminishing
As we slowly fall to the ground- Game. Set. Match.