

2016

We Are Horses

Aijuana Bifri
Dominican University of California

Survey: Let us know how this paper benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Bifri, Aijuana (2016) "We Are Horses," *The Tuxedo Archives*: Vol. 2009 , Article 3.
Available at: <https://scholar.dominican.edu/tuxedolit/vol2009/iss1/3>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the School of Liberal Arts and Education at Dominican Scholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Tuxedo Archives by an authorized editor of Dominican Scholar. For more information, please contact michael.pujals@dominican.edu.

WE ARE HORSES

Aijuana Bifri

To read and to write is to breathe and to live and to eat and to drink
to sustain my life

when the pen and the pad and the life you had are put on stage
and on the mic

I need to read I need to write and over and over

I need to die

so I can find the reason why I live besides

the crib the wife

the child the mic the page I recite the dollar's might

the dollar's blight

what point to get with out the light? with out the truth

it won't be bright

a presence real when worlds are shared the books prepared

the pain they bear

is missing from our favorite shelves

we read to entertain ourselves...

With purpose lost in reading causes dimming lights

no seeing

where we're going where we came from what we have

as human beings

we have thrown our maps increased the gaps between ourselves
and our paths
and put on masks to alienate each other
it's the aftermath
of poisons in the media sugar coating what
they feed ya
add the thrill add suspense add whatever
would appeal ya
give a discount give a promo give rewards
give us choices
choose the poison you can choke in hope you don't die
cuz their purpose
is your high when you're happy look for dreams
fuck reality
got you fiendin make you bend the rules and testin
your mortality
they say our generation least informed
least educated
mostly used and entertained and playing games
and played like games
because it aint illegal doesn't mean it
aint lethal
playing gadgets and devices and whatever

be your vice is
the same if not worse way to get you
in a hearse
as a gun or a bomb but don't run
or call your mom
all you need to do is see who your enemy
could be
in this society of profit over people
ideologies
majority of our actions pay the rent
or satisfaction
to these standards we abide by we just work
and not try
to strive for more than the interest of the cash
or the business
we're like horses in a stable running races
we aint able
to see beyond what these blinkers cover vision
we aint thinkers
we run straight and stop for grass and do the work
and never ask
just because you're eating food doesn't mean
your life is good

you deserve to run through the valleys with your heard
with your family
galloping and free... and not within the grasp
of a cowboy, who basically thinks he owns your ass
but how will you be free? what do you do?
start by taking off you blinkers, and see what is around you
it's not just about the grass... stand
feel your heart and your soul. become human again
look the cowboy eye-to-eye and tell him he can't tame you
step out of the stable, and walk with me