

To the Leaders of a Broken World

*Laura Hepner*

Who will listen to the wounded?  
Broken worlds cast out to empty shores.  
Who would admit to the wreckage left behind us  
when you could just as simply take the world as yours?  
We are at the mercy of your power,  
of your choices,  
You who rule.

Ignorance is a privilege given to few but claimed by many.  
Paths laid in a grave of forgotten promises,  
we wander from place to place,  
wondering if this one will not be laid barren by an artificial hand.

You chose a life that was short and grand.  
But now it's breaking into grains of sand.  
What started as ignorants turned to rage.  
A world of no age.  
Made now,  
Mad now,  
changing never—  
never stronger.

But let me tell you,  
your children live longer.

What is an abstract issue to you is a death sentence to us.  
A vacant ocean,  
a barren land.  
Here  
we can no longer stand.

Weighed down by your pounding music,  
and your vacation home in Florida,  
we know that the people you are betraying  
are us.

And am I angry? You ask.

Yes.

I am sorry.

And you are too.