

## *Dear Democracy in Chains, Fix this:*

Dear Democracy in chains,

Fix this.

You're so screwed up you need a padded room. So let me help you. Not the nicest beginning, I know, but from here we can grow, to become what everyone wants you to be: A great tree that provides space for all, shade in the summer, a home in the winter.

But Democracy, you're a shrub, a barely blooming bush, and you just need a push. So let me help you.

You let middle-aged white men mansplain their way to monarchy all while saying: "It's a democracy."

You kick us kids to the curb, you strangle our voices and tell us to not worry our pretty little heads. *We're* not the thinkers of the family.

Then the adults tell us to clean up their messes, to wipe their butts, but when we do, they say, "you don't know anything, go back to school."

Did it ever occur to you that it's *you* who need the chat with the principal and a strict detention. Maybe you should be suspended, so the actual thinkers can get on with their week.

Dear Democracy in chains, fix this.

So we fight back, and you say, "son," or, "young lady," and tell us off. We're not your kids, stop acting like our parents.

When you try to fight back, they just beat it out of you with bludgeoning, bullying jabs at your soul. The words come, wave after wave to break down the whole. You're fractions, trying to speak, but you have no more words than a mouse's squeak.

You're perfectly content to ignore us and stick us in programs until eighteen, when we're initiated into the cult of wackos--every adult.

The world should be green, not run by green, but nobody cares—why is this?

But let me ask you this, why shouldn't we vote, why shouldn't we speak? There's no good reason for you to bat us back behind bars.

The democracy we'll inherit is a crazy one, why shouldn't we change it while there's still time, so omnibus isn't just a bit of gibberish spoken by scholars and schoolchildren.

So everyone can be free to sit under the tree, and democracy can walk the streets again instead of being shackled by old white men.

Dear Democracy in chains,

Fix this.