A Televised Address to the Nation

Jim Coppoc*
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he sit so quiet
nobody squeak
slowly he speak
an empty technique

we sit so quiet
nobody move
can’t find a groove
in something so smooth

eye gave him a mike
still he ain’t loud
he don’t know how
to speak to a crowd

words and words and words
fall off his page
fall from his stage
I just can’t engage

words and words and words
fall from his lips
his fingertips
push text like they whips
but words is words is words
and he got nothing
but words
to say...

my brother is gone
he’s gone to the war
soon he’ll be followed
by ten thousand more

we sit so quiet
nobody squeak
nobody speak
we dead and we meek
we dead
and we meek

we dead
and we meek