

**Re-fusing a Vision**

Let's see how we can bring a thing down  
like Mt. Rushmore like men's faces  
manipulated into the mountainside.  
Let's get rid of them with no promise  
of noise making.  
It seems wrong to detonate an icon  
of some of our past POTUS,  
and to be fair, I would not want to raze  
my favorite one,  
Abe, Honest Abe, too honest for words.  
I'm not good with tools, my friend.  
I'm not handy, and I couldn't even  
build you a birdhouse if I tried.  
It's humbling to know that a bird  
does a better job of making a home  
out of his mouth  
from the things he finds on the ground.  
But if I had money,  
prestige, and power,  
I'd bring the mountain back to what  
it was, which was just a mountain,  
granite glossed in daylight.  
I guess you're disappointed  
that for as visionary as I've  
been told to be,  
I crave no common citizen  
to be carved into the rocks.  
Let's build for our children only  
a safe way to get home  
and hope home is warm hands,  
home is soup and bread,  
before the snow whispers itself  
to the ground.