Racism and Capitalism

by Matt Sedillo

If you find

The confederate flag offensive

So too should you find

The nickel

If you find

The confederate flag offensive

So too should you find

The name of this nation's capital

If you find the confederate flag offensive

So too should you find the American flag

They all stand for the same fucking things...

Racism

And

Capitalism

When rich kids pass through cities

Such as Watts, South Central, East Los Angeles, Compton

They are told to watch their wallets

When Mayers Governors, city councilmen

Discuss allocated funds for cities

Such as Watts, South Central, East Los Angeles, Compton

We are all told to remember the budget

Yet they still find ways to fund

The building of more prisons

And the ramping up of police departments

Staffed by lawless men

Who run wild through the streets

Making the law as they go

They call this service and protection

But then again they have always had

A funny way of looking at things

Like history books that teach children

To hallow hollow preambles

That include phrases such as

"We the people"

As drafted by slave drivers and land barrons

Invaders and treaty breakers

Backstabbers and bastards

Enshrined as our founding fathers

But I am told times are changing

That we are making slow but steady progress

In a uniquely American process

But to be honest

I don't feel any change

And I don't see much difference

Between gentrification

And the Trail of Tears

The Chavez Ravine

Or post Katrina New Orleans

Cause when the hurricane struck

When the levees broke

With a few pen strokes

They set in motion

What they had already planned

It wasn't negligence

It wasn't incompotence

It was some straight up evil shit

Oh yes they plan to rebuild New Orleans

Along the lines of an amusement park

A beautiful place to visit

With nowhere to live

They don't want them back

Who are they

And what do I mean by them

Let me be clear

Let me be clear

I am not talking

About a black, white,

Latino, middle eastern

Asian divide

I am talking about

The fortune five

Hundred

America

Incorporated

Give us your poor your tired your huddled masses

SO WE CAN WORK THEIR ASSES!!!

Send us your coffin ship Irish

We will turn their children into factory workers

Send your sickly Italians

To Ellis Island

Turn them into coal miners

Spread out throughout the country

Have them dying of the black lung

Or in Ludlow massacres

You see back then

If you wanted form a union

The color of your eyes

The complexion of your skin

Offered no protection

No

You would have to shoot it out

With Carnegie and Rockefeller's men

Jay Gould and Jim Crow

Walking hand in hand

In the Robber Baron era

Of white privelege

Poor whites had the right

To mob violence to terrorism

That is the privelege to lynch black men

To kill Indians

To beat Mexicans

And then starve

Right along with them

Because you cannot eat racism

And you cannot clothe your children in racism

And when the question

"Mom where are we going to sleep tonight"

"I don't know son but at least we are not spics"

Is not a suitable answer

Because racism can only ever be used

By a priveleged few to divide the many

To divide us

To divide the people

We are the people

So you cannot lift a finger

For the immigrants

Unless you are prepared to raise your fist

And fight for the rights of all of us

And you cannot eliminate black poverty

Or brown poverty

Without eliminating all poverty

Because striking at racism

Without attacking capitalism

Is like cutting down strange fruit

And then leaving the fucking tree