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### **Two Americas- A Dream Unfulfilled**

There are two Americas.  
One, where the smell of poverty is ripe.  
It lingers stubbornly on many things.  
Some visible, some invisible.  
It lingers quietly on Greyhound seat covers,  
Remnants of many vagabonds gone adrift.  
On working class nobodies, surviving paycheck to paycheck,  
Always coming a little too close.  
On endless blocks of plastic homes in many skid rows tucked under bright shiny city lights,  
In drug and crime-ridden streets, sick, unconscious, uneducated.  
In broken homes, where dad's serving time,  
In ghosted neighborhoods of dead towns slowly rotting away,  
In families growing up in generational poverty, struggling to find their next meal,  
In children deprived of education, a hope, a dream, a future- non-existent.  
On an immigrant's sweat after a hard day's work,  
On the disintegrating walls of low-income public houses, ignored, abhorred.  
The smell of poverty is ripe.  
It lingers stubbornly on many things.  
With \$40 in my wallet, it smelled a little stronger this time.  
The other America,  
Smells sweet with the perfume of privilege.  
Gently hiding all the ugliness and despair, the reality of many in our society.  
Drunk on milk of prosperity, over-indulged in honey of opportunity,  
Unaware, distracted, painfully oblivious.  
Educated but often ignorant,  
Wealthy but often poor in heart,  
It has the scent of freedom, of choices,  
Of possessions and power;  
Of success and opulence.  
With \$40 in my wallet, it smelled a little sweeter this time.  
The two Americas-  
Children of the degenerating American democracy.  
One, suffering from an epidemic of persistent systematic inequality.  
Voiceless, helpless, so utterly hopeless;  
The necrotizing flesh of society;  
A fate passed on through generations with a history of segregation and neglect.  
The other, flourishing;  
Increasing the ever-growing gap between the two.  
We face the fierce urgency of now,

To not turn a blind eye,  
To stop hiding the unpleasant smell of suffering,  
To raise our voices,  
To embrace the unarmed truth,  
To bestow unconditional love on each other.  
To do something,  
Something.