

# Third Populist Manifesto

By Mark Lipman

The sons of another  
Whitman awake  
Retake the word  
Retake the song  
There is no time now  
for sleeping till noon  
in your shuttered rooms  
There is no time now  
as New York crumbles  
beneath our feet  
under the trampling  
of a nation of sheep  
as Kabul is wiped  
off the map  
as the Palestinian  
follows in the footsteps  
of the Native American  
gone with the echoes  
of a thousand mother's cries  
everyone asking "Why?"

Not for freedom  
Not for democracy  
But for a new kingdom  
ruled by philanthropy

Yes, blood is thicker  
than water  
but not as thick  
as oil

How many must still  
be killed  
to keep the drills  
alive?

Where are the new Ginsbergs  
the new Dylans  
the voices of a new generation

with their cut-up jeans  
and back packs?  
Where are all the great  
minds of today  
Still roaming their  
dark alleyways?

Yes, Ferlinghetti is still alive  
but so too is Berlusconi

The usurper is still  
in the House  
And all the voices  
remain silent

How many Kyotos  
must be rejected?  
How many Johannesburgs  
over-ruled by a party of one?  
How many rulers selected  
and promises broken  
before we stand up  
and speak out  
and take back  
what should be ours  
guaranteed by birth?

Whitman's wild children  
are all alive and well  
So put down your glasses  
and pick up your pens  
Get on your buses  
all going "Further"  
And let your voices  
be heard.