

# Sheila Nicholls, Hidden Track

I bought six sunflowers at Sundays farmers market  
The one near Selma and Vine  
I took them all home put them into a big green vase  
And they were pretty  
I was proud they were mine

They brought fire into my house for six or so days  
Soon they were droopy I thought  
Hmm, time pays  
But one just kept on burning  
Like she was looking me in the eye  
Saying f\*\*k you bitch  
Am gonna live without the soil, the sun, the sky

Even tho I have no roots and I'm dismembered and on display  
I will burn  
You'll drink my like blood til consumption is pass  
I will burn for all my sisters and for my brothers too  
And all the flowers long forgotten  
Yeah I will burn for you

I just looked into her face  
Seeing her triumph her struggle and our race  
And I saw my comfort then and the numbness and self pity it brings

Like that's some kind of excuse like I can cut myself off another self  
Indulgent illusion to hide my violence to hide our violence  
Well we all cut this flower down  
Be she in yourself in a field in a sweatshop or in a small zapatista town  
Yeah we all  
When will war be over  
When will war be over  
When will war be another clich  
Just like peace is packaged today oh when will war be over