

A Policy is Not a Poem

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A policy is not a poem

A policy is not a people

A policy is not a planet

A policy is not a movement

A policy is not a legacy

A policy is not a pill

A policy is not a promise

A policy is not a paycheck

A policy is not a rebellion

A policy is a poor storyteller

A policy is a tool of oppression

A policy is a narrow scope of vision

A policy is not a panacea

A policy cannot bring back the dead

A policy cannot restore our rainforest

A policy cannot end apartheid

A policy will not end war

A policy will not end pollution

A policy is fragile

A policy can be weaponized

It is the planet who wishes to be forgiving of our disgraces

It is the planet that must adjust to the many malicious nuances and demands of a new world order which is disordered every damn day to maintain the machinations of white supremacy

It is the planet whose bloodstreams run red and black and blue with oil and acid and the sanctity of indigenous cultures down mountain passes through caverns and out into our oceans which swell, recede with the tides of destruction

It is the planet which can no longer produce the foods that we cultivate and forage which our foremothers held sacred because it's very DNA has been decimated and reengineered to create false wealth for a false marketplace

Digital numbers and financial indexes

Taxes placed as a bounty on our people for access to the most basic needs to survive

Abundance commodified

Every cell monetized

Extractive and exploitative and grotesque

And no cries

No tears

No earthquakes

No droughts
No mudslides
No forest fires
No tornadoes
No diseases
No extinctions
No famines

No hurricanes can plead loudly enough to reach the ears of those who consume and hoard in fervor and fear

Each member of this universal ecosystem can be eliminated without warning or consideration

It is the repetition of a well-rooted and violent history, codified through generations

Defied, glorified, exalted above all else

In an instant, our voices can be lost into the void, a footnote of history

The earth stomps its feet and demands audience

Our humble faces look upward in earnest as the clouds dissipate across the horizon after a centuries worth of a winter storm

We must sit still to listen, hear the vibrations and march to the throb of our hearts, from the planet itself

We carry the hopes, dreams, and demands of the people who still believe in democracy

The people who believe that our government is ours

The people who are willing to do what it takes to return our planet

It is the people who suffer from the policies

It is the people who make the policies

It is the people who, today, with our hands, will change this world by renaming policies into the language and lessons of our ancestors

It is the people who, today, will turn policies into dream-filled pathways as tools of exponential reclamation

Restoration

Repopulation

Reinvestment

Revolution

And renewal.

All power to the people.