

**This is the Year
after Martín Espada, and all visionaries**

This is in fact the year that squatters evict landlords,
as we Occupy all streets, shouting over the din of silence,
singing in harmony, shutting down malls, bridges, boards of trade,

This is the year of reckless democracy and Moral Mondays,
Freedom Squares posted up outside their torture sites,
homeless sleeping on the steps of city hall,
firefighters playing bagpipes among the throngs,
millions of lights going out all at once
and guerrilla radio blasting
like Sandburg's mob waking up at last

praise you people, protectors of life,
bless you truth-speakers, bless all your tents,
come drummers, come sousaphones,
come hordes of screamers,
praise this Music of your loud rage
that is your hungry Love

This is the year the white house is decked out with graffiti,
televisions are box drums, and churches are house clubs
for the after-parties of the revolution

This is the year the bubble bursts for Koch and Goldman-Sachs
and billionaires have to wash the dishes of their servants

This is the year that prisons are filled not with boys who sold pot,
but warlords who ordered bombs to be dropped
and stole the wealth of countries for Coca Cola & Walmart
and raped the earth and its waters for Exxon Mobil & BP

This is the year a law is passed
prohibiting police officers from gathering
in groups larger than two
enforced by mobs of brown-skinned teenagers
armed with tanks and poetry

This is the year the ghosts of the murdered haunt the halls of power
till the men in suits and blue uniforms flee to the streets

This is the year Dred Scott resurrects
from the Calvary Cemetery in St. Louis
to appeal his case

This is the year Monsanto goes bankrupt in lawsuits lost to farmers in India

This is the year factory workers, bus drivers,
nurses, waitresses and busboys
write the laws

This is the year kids go to school
and teachers ask "What do you want to learn?"
and whatever they say
whether it's how to build a bike or how to make a pizza
how to play the drums or how to write a poem,
how to save the earth or the history of their people,
Chinese, farming, or what stars are made of
the teachers have to learn it with them

*Éste es el año que la educación de "English-Only" está prohibido
y el bilingüismo es un requisito de la ciudadanía*

This is the year bicycles swarm the streets
with car lanes squeezed to the margins

This is the year marijuana is legal, cheap and ubiquitous,
and fast food is banned as dangerous and addictive!

This is the year the whole system is indicted!
This is the year the presidents of Mount Rushmore
morph into the faces of Crazy Horse,
Black Elk, Fools Crow, and Chief Seattle

This is the year banners unravel,
barbed-wire fences crumble,

guards set captives free
and prisons topple

so the last will be first
and the first will be last

and we'll give what we can
& take what we need

This is the year food and water are free
and gas is too expensive for everyone

in fact, this is the year money is worthless
and land is priceless

this is the year we remember
that we cannot buy or sell the earth
because we

are
Her.

If Occupy began
as a vision
of people
having the debts that kept us slaves cleared,
then This is the year
If #BlackLivesMatter began
as a vision

of people
walking the streets without fear,
then This is the year

If every protest begins
as a vision
of people
empowered in body & spirit
Then this is the year it is so

if eyes are eyes...

so may every silent mouth,
dry as thirsty dirt,
open
with the music
of Justice.

(Adam Gottlieb)