

Chalked by Anonymous

On the pale cracked pavement,
On the brick checkerboard lane,
On the path to enlightenment,
On the path to citizenship, the path to “success”,
To the nuclear family,
The nice suburban house,
The polished car,
The bread winning job,
Chalked remarks cover it.

Chalked stereotypes,
Chalked misunderstandings,
Chalked insensitivities,
Chalked arguments,
Chalked rebuttals,
Chalked insecurities,
Chalked borders,
Chalked politics,
Chalked,
Chalked,
Chalked,
Chalked.

In the anonymity of the chalk is that of the internet,
The silence of the mouth,
The social pen,
Fingers on a keyboard,
Unfiltered,
Uncensored,
Impulses free of conscience,
Selfish human nature in the raw.

The conscious fear of association with one’s ideas,
Fear of a witch hunt,
Fear of shaming,
Fear of society,
Drives the timid scratchings on the surface of the
“socially dead” campus,
Behind the quiet myriad faces,
That hide the opinions,
Reticent voices,
Plagued by unconscionable tuition costs,
Racism,

Expectations,
With of course,
The hungering,
Soulless,
Bottomless,
Fears,
Of inadequacy,
Of debt,
Of failure,
Of heartbreak,
Behind harrowed visages,
Serious half-grimaces,
Nervous rhythmic twiddling of fingers,
Shaking and bouncing seated legs,
Nail biting,
Forceful gum chewing,
To be forgotten by the “fun” of,
Illegal alcohol consumption,
Netflix binging,
Marijuana abuse,
Videogaming,
Sexual flings,
Creation of fraternities and sororities,
To get jobs,
To survive,
To raze new members establishing a sense of social
control and power,
And to keep outsiders out eternally.

This is a microcosm for America,
a place where an asinine culture is perpetuated by the
fears of “grown up” children.