

The Lone Ranger

by Steven R. Cope

Once the world
was less apt to.
Newscasters did not
and teachers did not and
students did not and
neither my mother
nor my father did
and all the men I knew
got up in the morning
and went to work
without doing it
and all the women I knew
stayed home and
worked without doing it
and raised their children
without doing it
and taught them
to respect their fathers.
If I came home and
mother was not there
I went to look
for her doing it.
I was the only
one who did it.
Nobody else did it.
And my brother said
to quit it and my sister
said to quit it
and when father came home
he said to quit it.
But I said you
don't understand.
I'm free to do it if I want to.
I'm the lone ranger.
I got certain rights and privileges.
I got a silver bullet.
I got a white hat
and a white horse.
I deserve to be treated better.
And besides, in 2012
those doing it will rule
and beget a country
of those doing it,
and what will become
of you then? —

and those in the know
will say I don't
know about you
but who does
he think he is?—
that fellow there
not doing it,
that insanely dull fellow.