**Indoctrination**

* a garden of roses
* careful when you swallow
* thorns are particularly sharp.
* an embassy of flags
* careful before you raise them
* ropes easily form the hangman’s noose
* much easier to drink the haze,
* breathing pledges of allegiance into
* third grade daily morning standing attentive minds

smoother yet, lozenge silk

is language’s sound, lacking definition,

human expression without appropriate gravity

incorporate the sound, the price

of holes in your façade

is pride and honor

guard self from outside

cloaked in doctrine

repeat after me

embody your nationality where

nationhood is passed

from fathers

founding fathers become part

of you when you hold their

words central to soul

the garden of roses

is beautiful and it is waiting, dewdrop eager,

for the depths of your memory to come to its aid

for it lives as long as

its reverence in the minds of the

unquestioning young, the impressionably blind.

nation

indoctrination tastes the same

religion

bleeding throats and dulled glazes

rinse.

repeat.