

Prepared To Explain
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The Governor of Georgia-
A man I do not know-
Said something that outraged me,
I wish that I could throw
A vase against a wall
To break up my frustration
But sadly, that'd do nothing
In this situation.

He said he's opening up his state
During a pandemic
As a virus takes his people-
But that's all academic.
It doesn't really matter
That humans die each day
For they were only numbers
That were standing in the way
Of riches in his pocket
As he tries to please
The powers full of greed
Who do not see disease,
Invading precious people
Invading precious lungs
As families bury hope,
And bury more loved ones.

But all he sees are profits
That are disappearing fast
As closed businesses are trying
To save lives before they pass.

But all he sees are dollar signs
Shrinking every day-
Not the grief and shrinking souls
Rising while they pray,
Like a growing mountain
While small voices down below
Cry and beg that work is not
A place they want to go.

They want to save their families
And they want to save themselves
But all he sees are revenues
From profits that just fell;
Not the bodies that were standing
Falling just as fast,
Each, one less voice to appease,
So he can open fast.

He doesn't see the hopes and dreams
Of parents and their kids,
The fun they planned together,
That they'll forever miss.

He doesn't see the siblings
Who lost their other half, today
Ripped apart because he had to
Have the final say.

I've never been to Georgia
And I'm glad I don't live there,
But people do- like me and you-
And someone has to care
But no one does and soon they'll be
Told to go to work,
While illness suffocates them
Just because they have a jerk

Flaunting all his power
While everyone is scared,
So sickness can devour
More hearts and dying hands.

He said "his" hospitals
Are "prepared" to handle more
Cases of the illness
That will be wheeled through their doors.
He said he *knows* the cases
Will grow and they will rise.
But doesn't he realize that means
Real people will die??

Is he prepared to tell
A mother that she lost
Her only son or daughter

And that they were worth the cost
Of revenue he made
When he added up the tally
Of the profits when he opened
A “much-needed” bowling alley?

Is he prepared to tell
A child that their dad
Is never coming back
To the family that he had
Just because a hair salon
Was told the time is right
To open so the economy
Could come back to life?

Is he prepared to tell
A husband that his wife
Will no longer share his bed
Because she lost her life?
Just because he thought
That fancy restaurants should be
“Open For Business”
So everyone could see
How his state is booming
And how hard he is trying
To make a dollar with the signs that read:
“Open for Dying”.

Is he prepared to lose *his* spouse
His loved ones or *his* friends?
If he *knew* they’d die alone
In a hospital bed?
Because of his decision
His and his alone,
Would he still move forward
Moving backwards, tragic-prone?

Would he still insist “his” people
Leave home right away
With fear and face masks covering
Their last healthy day?

Is he prepared to give
A good answer to God
When he is asked why he chose
To make His people sob?

Will the maker of the Earth,
Creator of all things
Ask him how much cash he made
By opening everything?

On the day that he is asked
What will be his fate,
Is he prepared to answer
Why he killed his state?

The End.