

Revolutions – Jade Doumani

I see indistinguishable faces in the crowds of Beijing's Wangfujing Street,
All are equal,
All are the same,
All are nothing,
Under the foot of Mao Zedong.

I see worker ants scurrying about the colony roads,
Poor, dirty, and full,
Carrying tea leaves, bamboo shoot trunks, and hickory nuts to be processed for the glory of the
State.
While praying hopefully to the passing Buddha, for their chance at Nirvana.

I see everything and nothing in particular,
As the foreigners, with money, are transported on the country's cycle rickshaws,
Dragged along by insects to their destinations.
Who come and go on the bus trollies,
That will soon replace them all.

I see at last,
In the center, trouble brewing among the peasants: rice farmers and factory workers,
Paid well below their earnings in Renminbi,
Their bitterness boiling, their rage rising,
And passion.
The sparks of a revolution.