

coming, I say, more of The People, loads & loads, they just keep coming in busloads, tractor-loads, red pickup loads, boatloads all The People with their flags and guns and their amendments and their histories and their carefully tended fully-grown grievances and blood-lusts and bone-deep longings and their confident hate and their sob-stories and their women and their lost children and their lovers and their open wounds and their horrors of war and famine and drones and their mountains of debt. But she my daughter has seen the pictures of Easter Egg Hunts and Science Fairs and World Peace Days and Pumpkin Patches and Tomato Gardens of the President's house and seen Beyonce and Jay-Z and Justin and Zaynn and Mark Zuckerberg and that TV lady and that Enron oilman dancing under the chandeliers laughing in the rotunda among the sleek flowers and heard the talk that the President's House is the People's house and she says, *It's not fair, we came all this way.* What can I say? Somewhere down the line she'll learn the President is a fill in the blank. Until then she'll have to stand here with the rest of us. We who did not bring pitchforks, we who did not bring torches, we who did not bring megaphones but just stand here pressed up against the fence in silence and raise our eyes to the windows and wait.