

# The Angry American



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As a kid I was introverted. I did not want to talk to people. I liked observing. I also liked to make up worlds in my head. I read a great deal. Books were the fodder of my eco system.

I never thought to make fun of anyone. There is truth that bigotry is taught. At least I can comprehend the fact there was a time in my past I

felt no ill will for anyone.

Now my body is full of days of rage. My anger puts me in a coma. I see red. Many of us see it. It is in a familiar shape we wear on our heads. Red has become a color of deception and corruption and lies. It is a color I find hard to remember as one of love and roses and patriotic pride.

I wonder how we can heal. We did this to ourselves. We let this happen. We stopped caring long enough and let our culture get warped by marketing sound bites. We let a weasel slip in. A vile Russian wolverine who like the animal will never be domesticated so his behavior is wild and insane.

We were blinded by dogma and fear. People who want to make sure all in the country have basic needs were suddenly labelled a socialist. While people who loved Russia, the birth place of socialistic thought, carved their way in. Now that Alanis Morissette is ironic. The same men who screamed socialism is evil, backed a man who could let our worst enemy climb into bed.

Now lives are in the balance. Hurricanes have drowned, cities laid to waste. And the bearer of red in anger strikes back with a snide comment on a debt that must be paid.

Where is the love of country when the voice that leads belittles citizens suffering and in despair? Where is the hero to make things safe? The King sits on his throne and we are disgraced.

When will this nightmare end?

Where is the love of country family friend?

We need people to respect boundaries and who know how to feel.

Anger is overwhelming.

We need a solution.

We need this nightmare to end.



