

I put a bandana in my purse
on the way out the door
reflexively
Because if there is teargas
you need something
to cover your mouth and nose
Because I was going out
and I don't go anywhere anymore
where we don't worry about teargas
without my fists in balls
always ready to fight
This is my whole life now
Everything is protests or politics
or echoes of both
and even the places I escape to
are reflections of the fear and rage
I can't ever get out
Can never walk away from
it's become second nature
reflex
Because for two years
there has been a quiet war
And we fight it with cardboard
and bullhorns
and bandanas

