

I HEAR AMERICA

I hear America whining, ill-natured complaints I hear,
Those of techniks, each one whining excuses for his
functions,
The housewife whining as she surveys her appliances,
The doctor whining his refusal to make an urgent
housecall,
The banker whining over shaky city bonds in his bank,
the programmer whining as she feeds financial
statistics to the computer,
The physicist whining his experiments must not be
fettered by ethics, the biologist whining as she
also disclaims responsibility,
The autoworker whining on the assembly line, or in
the company cafeteria, or in the bowling alley
after work,
The keen whining of the young mother as she beholds
the purloined future of her children,
The surly fallen President whining as he accepts Pardon
for his larcenies and treasons,
The busy wrecker whining about incomprehensible
uncountable regulations on his dump truck,
Each whining what ails him or her or all else in the
electric whine of the world
Day and night through blank corridors and shopping
centers and mortgaged farms and crumbling ghettos
and subway trains and Macdonalds and television
screens,
Whining continuous through clenched teeth their vicious
cornered whines.