I must include
myself in this.
It could've been me
standing at the cash register
with starched shirt
eyeing warily the woman
in the oversized coat
who looks and smells of
hunger, poverty
touching new copies
of Marx, Lenin, Mao
with calloused fingers.
I could have been the
one to wince at
smudges made on the
linoleum by her worn shoes
or the one to have
shifted from foot
to foot unable to cross class-
lines even discursively
when she asks for books
on revolution.
We live with our contradictions,
first-world "revolutionaries"
middle-class activists