

The Red Letter - James Woolwine

Dear Mom, Dear Dad, I'm sorry if this letter is a mess.
My hands are shaking, there's been some gunfire; I smeared the paper red.

Now don't be mad but I joined a movement. I know you said to stay in school;
but times are bad and they had solutions, and I guess I had something to prove.

They said "Those people over there are the problem, 'cause they don't act the way they should.

They look different; talk funny; don't behave patriotic; but if we tell them how we're sure they would."

Now the movement may wear ties or flaunt hard tattoos. It speaks from pulpits and it preaches the news.

But there was consensus on the right thing to do. "Let's go and show those fuckers our point of view."

They said "Leave your questions son. Just load up on answers. That's all they'll understand. They're kind of dumb."

But those people answered back with their own explanations. I think they felt the same way about us.

We started telling each other who's right, getting real loud so they'd agree.
But nobody wanted to change their minds. Misunderstanding flowed red through the streets.

As we left some had said "Let's have a prayer to thank God for knowing that we're right."

But I think those other people may have done the same thing. Did all our prayers cross in the sky?

Now there's a fellow here from the other side. He's having trouble standing up.
Our eyes met and he went for his pocket, so I went for my gun.

But he just pulled out a faded photograph, gave it a kiss and started to pray.
I missed the words but I heard every tear. Seems we're having the same kind of day.

You see, him and I had a misunderstanding. We both tried to make a point.
I didn't see his, but man, I sure did feel it. Now I'm down beside him on the ground.

Now I'm hurt and bleeding. I'm hurt and bleeding. I'm all alone and bleeding. I'm all alone and bleeding. Mom, I'm scared and bleeding. I can't stop this bleeding. There's just so much bleeding. I can't stop this bleeding. I can't stop this bleeding. I didn't want to be here bleeding. I want to be home. I'm sorry for the red smears on this paper. Much Love, Your Son