

Hairball Roots & Grassroots Movement



What ever happened to grassroots movements? Do we mow the lawn instead of growing grassroots under our own feet? I wonder sometimes how we ended up in a world where women still feel pressured to be skinny and none of us has proper health care. I scratch my head at night wondering what happened to the women's movement and the power we felt when we got the vote.

Are we growing grass, sitting on it, smoking it, using it for medicinal purposes, having the lawn look good? There is no time to play on it, lie on it. What is important about grass? Sitting on it, making it look good, or keeping the grass growing? Is learned helplessness built into us? Mow that lawn and die with a lot of cars? Is that what matters?

It takes a lot of small lives to form a strong but fertile soil from which to design our lives. We all are like blades of grass. When we get together, we form firm ground. We are not powerless Building from the ground up takes a lot of bodies, just like blades of grass, but why aren't we gathering with more might? Maybe more worms under the soil will force grassroots out. I won't say who the worms are here. I don't know. I just know that the roots on my scalp are making my hair stand on its end and my hairball is growing bigger.

Grassroots seem non-productive these days. But as for the roots on my head, Clairol still gets my money. Gimme some of that hair. Everybody's too busy looking good and keeping up while the world falls apart. In the Sixties, we believed what one person did mattered. If we could use the energies we now spend on grooming to connect like we did in the Sixties, we could insist on a different world.