

On a cool afternoon as I sat at a sidewalk café, a "pan-handler" with a cup walked up and down and repeated this chant in a loud and dramatic voice:

"I love my master!
I know my place in America,
I'm homeless and I'm hungry,
Spare some change, perhaps some leftovers.
1st Rule in America, be obedient."



He repeated this or a variation and each time ended with:

"God bless yourself and your family all times, watch your...."

Then from time to time:

"I don't want to eat out of the trash can,
I already know what it looks like,
I'm not here legally.
The rules in American no matter how you got here,
Be obedient!
That's rule number one in America,
Be obedient on getting here!"



Witnessed by Walter Teague

This copy provided for Trauma Workshop Attendees by Walter Teague, LCSW-C
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