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**STEPHEN
MAYES**

AN OPEN APOLOGY TO ALEXANDER GRIGOROPOULES

Dear Alexander Grigoropoulos
I hope I got your name right
And I wanted you to know, how
Sorry, I am for missing your funeral
The riots

But you see
I was at the gym, working out
On this elliptical trainer thingy,
And it's really cool, because
It's like your skiing but indoors
And you can burn lots of calories
Watching tv and checking out
All the hot babes, but wait
You probably don't care about this
Do you?

They do have CNN though,
That's how I first saw your name
But I still don't know
The sound your name makes,
I always forget my headphones
But on that tv, I saw it all
Your name, the riots

I ran home to my friend's house
We watched the power
Of the youth in rebellion, on
Youtube and screamed "Hell yeah"
Then I can't remember, I think
I went to Starbucks or to work
And it's funny because
I work at a coffee shop where
We make fun of Starbucks
Even though I like their
Pumpkin Spice Latte

Anyways, the paper says
Your death was the straw
Busting the camel's back
And Greece's young people
They feel, hopeless
But I want to tell you
How your friends

Don't have to feel that way
Hopeless
There are plenty of medications
With slight varying side effects
To cure the blues and
Hoplessness
Me and my friends, well
We just pop a pill and
Watch Braveheart and
Pretend....

I also heard the old people
Were throwing pots and pans
Down, onto the police
While your mourners marched
In the streets

So Alex, I just wanted to say
How sorry I am
For not being there
On that day, when
Your funeral set Greece aflame