

Craig Santos Perez

## Christmas in the Capitalocene

*recycling Irving Berlin*

I'm dreaming of a fake Christmas,  
just like the plastic trees made in China,  
where factories glisten and workers miss  
their distant children and villages.  
May your labor protests be organized,  
and may all your Christmases be paid.

I'm dreaming of a rich Christmas,  
unlike the temp jobs we all know,  
where forklifts hiss and scanner guns click  
the aisles and shelves of online orders.  
May your picking volume targets be met,  
and may all your Christmases be peak.

I'm dreaming of a black Christmas,  
just like the boys we used to know,  
where cops fire munitions and citizens petition  
in the malls and streets of White America.  
May your murderers be indicted,  
and may all your Christmases be just.

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I'm dreaming of a warm Christmas,  
just like the ones we'll all soon know,  
where floods have risen and cities riven  
by extreme storms and tornadoes.  
May our Arctic ice sheets be frozen,  
and may all our Christmases be safe.

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