I pledge allegiance to the world of people, to their hearts and faces and skin and homes and the trees surrounding their grandmothers' shacks and the beaches and forests and flowers they pick and the dinners they go to and the naps that they take, but also the way that they live through the blood, the burning of gas and collapse of their homes where the torn flesh of children is carefully gathered. And I pledge to not sing any bombastic song or salute any garish, oversized flag and also to try, in an unfettered way, to get you to pledge with me, too.