Hoist Eternal Light

The picket sign is confusing
litliting ethos heart
with squinty eyes that
lose orderly impact,
the new now, this
damn epic, med panic,

Shrugging off
gaslighting of
Covid Nineteen's
pressure to
medically rest poor.
Fearless of fast facts fighting
that lucent fever,
those squinty signs
fence/valet truth
becomes freedom reduced via
tear, fix, paste

as stress compresses,
scary vacant domination
Now rail against
enemy summit
a king divided
,king, for more whom
while
distance learning
,world upended,
that crowd fuel
one steep threat:
for jobs and schools
pretense to hate:
signs askance doubled down that they
knew *safe*

They just need to punish someone
for such a disturbance
mean, mad task,
Picket signs sung
even indict one!

They don't understand the complacency.
A mask divides.
The repetition mission
A blame game
Once small
Outcast podcasts
As swallowed parties
Raging,
despite that broken blight;
hoist eternal light.
But history remembers forever
they stand
divided, the sides with no compromise but
. . . mercy giver essence.
-
-
while the sheep baaa into the noisy night
from sides of the field, left and right
cursing quivered fences

All in this Together

A girl with a mask on her world's split
"all in this together"
now see(s) that world
temporarily closed
in a quagmire, clouded of a full blown
pandemic... PANDEMIC.

Hearing about the
last word respirators and
nice endnote IVs
stopgap by
Temporarily closed
To mitigate into
flatten the curve,
temper the noise that
flatten the curve
made so simple as
six feet apart

She watches voluntary
"Mandatory" vaccinations
So many, fortifying an
immune system,
cannot stand to be
working from home
the child who lives as a
caged snail intern
can only watch
through that TV noise
REOPEN THE STATE
makes her fear that
REOPEN THE STATE
Once coddled, branched views,
fake news.

She just needs an anchor in the chaos
to keep her belonging through the
mask mandate.
to shield society to
Covid nineteen.

She doesn't understand the hate foreseen.
A mask divides.
sows division sans vision
uses the same name
Now tall
recast forecasts
bellow too tardy
That they all,
-
-
the children and the heroes,
all in this together
still that little girl hides
as each side slides to one consented ally
That ally for all, as insurgency surfaces, unified by
Emergency services.
-
-
that protect them all

-a contrapuntal poem,
fortified by frustration, hope and the
19 lines that are anagrams-