

A SUMMER DAY IN 2020

the physically sick

the emotionally weak

the revolutionary fists

the caregivers

the caretakers

the meditations, exclamations, recriminations, proclamations

no work, some play, Zoom to the rescue.

Where is our right to life?

Where is our liberty and the pursuit of happiness?

Did it fall into a bottomless abyss?

It's floating..just out of our reach...

fragile wispy dandelions

overblown bubbles

rainbow fractured light

Gracefully ascending out of our reach.

Lushly leafed trees enveloping stone bridges

And the river is reassuringly ebbing and flowing.

The windows of our soul

deeply peering

questioning, smiling, narrowing,

tightly shut.

Will we find what we seek?

John and Paul read the news today, oh boy

It's a day in the life.