

Winter Came in the Spring

The World was turning toward Easter when another winter came creeping.

Our family tree was budding out the fruit of new generations,
but a dark infection wandered into the roots—
invisible, impersonal, irresistible, like a
pure political movement.

The sentinels cried out from their towers,
"Get ready—night is coming
when no one can work."

But ignorance and avarice welcomed the dark creature
and when the light falls on dark doings,
the doers turn to obfuscation,
hold up mirrors as a shield,
fire up smoke machines,
hope for the best.

Winter came that Spring and brought the black death among us,
and the white death, the brown death, the destitute death
and the one percent death.

But the World still turned toward Easter,
and Easter took it as consent,
wrapped us in her arms,
wept with us through
the long Friday.