

Beauty and Dismay Unfurled

Oh, the shame, the dismay, the disgust, the horror, the horror.
I am war worn and war torn.
Too many battles, too many.
I feel the pain of all those before me and I mourn, wracked by sobs, as I feel the agony and hear the cries from souls of days gone by and the millions to come.
And those now.

Dark and heavy-laden weight on my shoulders,
invisible, angry, clenched fists twisting my gut,
stabbing my heart and grabbing my derriere,
grabbing and bragging, bragging and grabbing.
Please, can I awake from this frightening nightmare??
Please.

My dear, I am here for you
Now and always
I love you so

Oh, how I grieve.
My heart has developed a billion dollar wall around it;
beguiled and beheaded by our emperor in new clothes.
Neighborhood shootings are the new lynchings.
Aryan Nation continues to hunt, using yellow stars for target practice.
Pistol whipped, left to die on a fence, now a gay man's tar and feathers?
Doctors force vaginal probes,
no choice and no, I am not free in the land of the free.
Even the military proclaims rape is rape.
Will back alleys again be littered with wire hangers?
Perhaps my pink pussy hat can help me claw back to freedom....
Perhaps.
Oh, how I mourn.

Lean on me, my dear
I am your rock, not your weight
Believe in love
I do

It heals in miraculous ways
And it prevails
Yes, it prevails

Lady Liberty beckons the world with arms wide open.
Yet, babies cry out for mothers and fathers no longer welcome.
Airport uniforms grab and grope,
and border guards clamp cold shackles on wrists of color.
Oh, the shame.
I am tired and I am wretched, and I am choking, choking in my trail of tears, tears
that still rain down hard over that dusty path to Oklahoma, and past the
plantations, across the Edmund Pettus Bridge, past Seneca Falls to the Japanese
Internment camps. Past McCarthy's red scare and blacklists.
These tears, too, are blackened by pipelines desecrating sacred lands and holy
water already bloodied by the slaughtering of red man, woman and child
and the blessed buffalo.
Oh how I mourn.

You have inherent worth
Your dignity is undeniable
You are loved
Loved by all
Especially by me
I am here
Despite past occurrences,
my belief in you is as strong and dependable as the ocean tides.

I am dismayed, outraged.
The same issues over and over and over again.
Voting rights, women's rights, marriage rights, educational rights, religious rights,
socialism, communism, Russia.
White robes, pointed hoods and nooses now tainted orange, shameless and
delusional.
Burning crosses have morphed into mandates, executive orders, and
gerrymandering.
Balance unchecked by a court with an empty chair, dusty with lapsed time.
How can I cry out and give warning to all?
One if by land, two if by sea, three if by spying microwave??
I am sad. So sad.
Fat cats stuffing more and more into offshore bank accounts

While my child's school tosses out teachers into the trash with breakfast, lunches and Meals on Wheels.
I am deflated and angry.

I know, my love
It is so much
So much
Please have faith in the brilliance of our interdependent web, for our world community breeds and nurtures a search for truth, meaning, justice and liberty for all. And peace, peace within and peace for all. This intricate and complex puzzle of life urges us forward, it brilliantly provides for progression.

Yes, I do know.
But it is so hard, so painful.
The light is not as self evident through the darkness.
I feel overwhelmed, confused.
Yet, despite all, I still do have a dream:
That all those stomped on, squashed, silenced, grabbed, detained will rise up powered by inherent worth and dignity that we know, we see, we feel.
We shall be emboldened by Love and Light
Created by all those who have sacrificed,
by all those who believed,
by those who withstood agony and torture on so many different levels;
we shall be heartened by their courage, their vision,
Seeking truth and seeking freedom.

They are our treasures, always
As are you
Please know that
We shall overcome
We shall
We have
We will
Together, we shall overcome

Kristin Kany
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