

Staying informed taxes sadness
in the spirit of a gut punch delivered
minute by minute through the scroll,
fingers won't stop, eyes thirsty
for another sliver of pain
like the strain of a first full
day's climb into a violent volcano.
Do we look away
or watch as we let it take us, chins up?
We're burning either way, says
the ego in me who's tempted
to throw in a towel like a Molotov,
sit here, and witness it all light up.

The egos we're told to believe
can lead us through this
spread a rage
more infectious than any virus.
How do we not repost, retweet,
share, send, boast
the fact that we flipped the sirens
four years ago as conscious
citizens looking for a way
we'll survive the denials and lies
of a powerful man who thrives
in division—how do we not say
look at us now?

Anger, molten sadness in action,
feels like the bowl I hold
my calm in. A mystic once said
anger's the snare to the kick

of contemplation in an endless
loop on some RTJ beat;
that's paraphrase, but it gives
me peace thinking this napalm
in my head finds its center
in the same hope that gave rise
to abolition and suffrage; that one day
elevates reparation and criminal justice.

If we can see sanctity
in ubuntu, our anger is Christ
igniting nonviolence the way Yahweh
roasted that bush: that's not science,
but humanity in motion; it's
a message to the ego to meditate,
introspect, contemplate all
our sulfur and fire into its place
at the core of that extra eye
and sit on it a while. Then,
when release is imminent,
noisy, dangerous to the corrupted
order, we unleash like a colony of bees
pollinating a wildflower forest.
That time is nigh, but not here. Now
is when we stay inside, care
for our sick and our medics, be easy
on ourselves so that when sadness hits
we replace it with hope
in the goodness of those of us
taking this shit seriously. Hold fast.