

Shall We Awaken From This Nightmarish Folly?

Shall we awaken from this Nightmarish Folly? What is real? The shadowy undergrowth of conspiracy? Or the light that pierces the dark of our fears and anxieties? Is our world upside down? Or inside out?

We gorge on oxytocin, heroin, and fentanyl. Yet half the nation refuses a salvific vaccine! The prophets in our midst are masked, yet gagged. Social media sets the beat, calls the tune.

The unvaccinated frolic down freedom's lane much like the unsuspecting sheep being led by the Judas goat. "Turn!: "Turn!" echoes in corridors of grief.

An election denied--the bloated Big Lie! Truth is malleable, forged, hammered into new shapes, and wicked designs. Shall we awaken from this nightmarish folly?

Rolling thunder, pelting rain, flashing lightning! A vibrant change from dust and drouth, unbidden, unexpected, never too late to awaken from our nightmarish follies.

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(This poem inspired by a day of delightful, delicious rain which is pouring down on our parched and dusty deserts.).