TIMELINE in SEVEN PANELS

Time's lines laid,
Evade,
Parade,
Arrayed
In splendor,
Spiky, tender.
Time's lines align.

JUSTICE (BODIL as RBG)



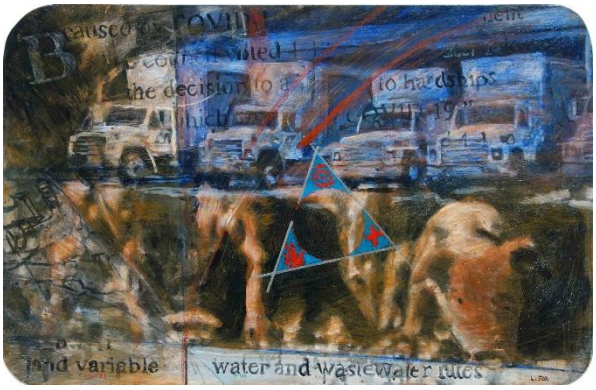
Justice Ginsburg died
And with her passing
Came the fear
That justice itself would falter.
Now Bodil's beloved, familiar, face
Slips inside the portrait
Wearing the lacy collar of dissent,
Wisdom at her shoulder,
Scales of justice seeking balance,
Poised knife-edge of truth,
Clear brave eyes on the future.
Heeding the rousting cry
To honor the departed, shore up justice,
Taking up the call
As must we all.

CONFEDERATE BATTLESNAKE



Post election,
No concession,
Instead obsession
With hanging on to power.
Wrenched, wrenching, monkey wrenches
Hurled with purpose
Into the mechanics of voting
While justice's angle of vision carried through,
Seeing the slithering battle snake,
Banded bandit band
Wrapped in red, white, and blue,
For the treason it was.

PIGS and TRUCKS



The watchful eye appears inside a stable triangle
Enclosing
A circle of pig's hide.
Meat-processing plants incubated COVID
Among those who worked side-by-side,
elbow-to elbow,
Mostly recent immigrants,
Then brought the virus
Home to their extended extensive families.
Concerns of pesky health departments
Vaporized in the heat of passionate declarations
That ***this*** critical infrastructure must roll on.
Respect for the lives of these essential workers
Gave way
And an administration that could not, would not
Supply hospitals with masks and gowns
Found a way to
Bring home the bacon.

OF THEE I SING



Sing of stars, stripes,
Dissonant notes
Imperfect time
Haunted
By the ghosts of distant comforting normal,
Horrified
At the U.S. Senate's write-off of
The terror incited by wild falsehoods that
Sent legislators of all stripes into quaking
lockdown,
Stopped the count of Electoral College votes,
Introduced pipe bombs and molotov cocktails
To the halls of government
And, marching to a morbid melody,
Bowed and backed away 10 votes shy
From an impeachment conviction.
My country, my country,
All this
'Tis of thee?

SOLANO COUNTY VACCINATION



The music of discord lingers
The wheels of justice grind slow
But, look, over there on the outer horizon,
A medicine wheel
Denoting Earth's encompassing boundary,
Encompassing moral compass honoring
All the knowledge of the universe
In service of healing.
The calla lily front and center
LIfts its chalice of rebirth and union
A visionary visual compass to help us
Get our bearings.

HOMING



Compass embedded
In a heart.
A broken heart
Heart-broken
By grief and loss,
Fear and strain,
Harrowing injustice
Malicious abuse of privilege,
Yet now the broken pieces
Realign and reconcile
Sky of electric blue
Lights up the line of sight
Through the turbulent clouds
The compass revealed by brokenness
Charts the way into a future
That grows from the heart,
Coming home.

THE WAY OUT

It comes from the heart,
An arrow, clear-shot, kinetic, across
Cerulean sky,
Directing, conducting us, *via*
Pitchpipe compass
To movement *allegro con brio,* a.k.a.
Lively with brightness.
From the haunting mournful minor key
To soaring joy in G Major.
Swirling with the color wheel,
The flowers of new life
Playing backup.



After Larnie Fox's "Timeline"
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