

## This Solstice

This solstice might be special  
special light, special day, special time  
the rare conjunction of our mightiest planets on the very day of it  
the end of four years of political insanity  
the most public assemblage of the most truly misguided  
to make themselves and the cracks in our collective psyche so blatantly obvious  
the Pentagon's rethinking its support of the CIA  
the beginnings of the end of the age of the strongman

A return to decency  
a Deb Haaland, Rochelle Walensky and Pete Buttigieg  
perhaps more than the hope of something better  
perhaps some reemerging buds of the true magnificence  
we have the potential to be  
though he so should have picked Gore instead of Kerry

But beyond that  
it feels like the immanence of something momentous  
something brewing, something birthing  
something bubbling up through the roots of Earth  
to break through the dirt into the light of day  
perhaps the turning point at the depths of our spastic dysfunction

So what form might it take?  
Perhaps a simple settling in, a falling into place  
along innumerable grooves of variegated reality  
which doesn't sound so momentous  
but which most certainly would be  
or perhaps a noticeable waxing of respect and goodwill  
in a great variety of the most unlikely places  
If it even happens remains to be seen  
Who knows what form it might take?  
Hopefully in this poem there is more to come  
Perhaps we'll revisit it  
Perhaps not