

What has transpired is transpiring.

A virus sweeps like the loose winds dance on these candles. Like the breeze that bends the oak, moves the grasses, sheds the seed. Like the water that runs flames from fracking. Like the hands that deftly kill. Like the tears of mother's torn from children. Like the arc of bomb to target, a geometry of power. Like the friction between rope and limb as a noose slides on bark and neck. Like the saliva that trickles dry as the chorus of calling out all the names needing to be heard gets hoarse.

How these eyes absorb and tire, integrate, avert and squeeze shut information emitted by liquid crystal displays of ions and headlines calling for action, pleading for change, selling sensationalism.

(the wedge that drives us apart is on sale and one click away).

And still, and surely, a prayer. Does it lessen the shock? Prayer. That the great divide rocks the shores of privileged feet so that they feel the laps of waters edge. That the chill of those waters shock internal temperatures into recognition. Prayer. That the great space, yes the void not the vacuum, is like the humidity of the East- that dense oppressive blanket heat, the blockade that slows time, the barrier that makes swift motion into slow motion, dripping molasses from a spoon. Forced to the gentle face of Eternal Essence. Feel that and remember true history. Remember white role, black and brown toll, power structures gifted from the queen. Dig the earth to find the roots and plant again. Regenerative. A prayer to shift the inner compass of Those Who Keep All That Power. The pendulum has to find center.

It starts within.

A prayer for empathy and safety.

A prayer for love and goodness.

A prayer for our neighbors' health.

A prayer for our plants.

A prayer for the 1,000 ways magical moments still rise.

A prayer for resistance and a prayer for peace.