Midterm Election

by Cathy Gilham

We seethe against each other, overcome
All space in our race to master; deny our love
For all except disaster, but proclaim our hope
To practice Love by sharing circles.
Yet we live in lines – blind to the fire
Of our ancestors and the place where we belong.

We stand in line, one ahead one behind, belong
To no one, depend on no one – our one desire – overcome
The one ahead. The vulnerable fall under fire –
Separate, disparate, isolate. What distillate Love,
Pushed away, curves back – forms a circle's
Arc? What currents in our chaotic dark raise Hope

However infinitesimal? Fractaled Hope,
However small, the hope to belong
Lights our way to where the circle
Forms, where we can choose to overcome
The power of one – where, gathering, Love
Brings us to take our place around the fire.

In the Dark, the fallen cry for fire
And light. If in this Night we cannot speak of Hope,
If we cannot act with Love,
If we forget to hope to belong
Then the power of one will overcome
And We will see our Circle
Broken, infinite fractaled arcs, a circle
In memory alone – and yet the fire
Gathers again from sparks, overcomes
Its splintering, fracturing dark with Hope,
Lighting all to the place where we Belong
Where we can speak of Love.

Now let us choose to speak of Love.

Let us choose to widen the circle –
Include the fallen – we all belong –
Let us bring the light – feed the fire –
Let us drown the night with hope's
Light – let us, with love, overcome

The dark. Let us with love
Be the fire
Be the circle
Be the hope.
We all belong.
Let us overcome.

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