

...november 6, 2020...

***i am the bell in rebel
and the mute in mutiny –
a paradox of twisted thought
still learning how to breathe –***

***the media plays brainwashing
in masks that suffocate
where no one champions forests
as oxygen of source –***

***i walk among the giant trees
till faith is born again –
avoiding t.v. craziness
and leaders gone insane –***

***i feel the breath of autumn
that whispers passers by
weaving joy like magic
restoring hope again.***

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