

To Run Screaming into that Fierce New Wind

By Nikki Moen

There is a quite palpable electricity
in all the newscasters eyes-
the at once respected and shunned rogues
we blamed in the light
of old diluted warhorses
and toppling towers

I see colors
where the suits of the chucklers and the
barks of the chest thumpers drowned them down
and a skeleton and a screaming juggernaut held sway-
until laughter overwhelmed their voices

There were rising tides of blood
and rolling consumption of nothing
the greed of few
laid waste to the whole of the striving many
and we began to grumble until the grumble
became a roar

I know
We must be so careful,
and tread with so light a step for hope
but something within me longs
to run screaming into that fierce new wind.