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Democracy's Bones

A poem for our country. "No longer a union with a uniform vision, we're divided, divisive, on a course for collision. Only the lawyers can guide us to shore."

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Op-Ed

By Marc Garfinkle | July 29, 2022 at 09:00 AM



Listen my colleagues and you shall hear

a story of horror far too near;

of destruction and ruin and the rise of the Devil,

great works decomposed on every level;

as leaders and populace seemed unaware.

No one can say when it all began.

For years there were signs across the land:

The tailspin of the greatest cultures;

eagles yielding sky to vultures.

A new Dark Age in the descent of Man.

Those in power were unable

to reach across a conference table

and shake a hand or change a mind

and work things out. Instead, as blind,

their votes all followed party label.

Political viewpoints determined one's friends,

and the national flag served partisan ends.

There was no room for voters who felt independent,

and malevolent stars alone were ascendant

in government, which encouraged those trends.

Farmers and teachers and health care assistants

Often earned below subsistence.

But actors and athletes and owners of stock
Gained mythical fortunes and were paid 'round the clock.
And the leaders provided too little assistance.
Women's and gay rights were crashing and burning.
Dark-skinned males got tired of learning
the price of having a dusky hue
when bigots were still allowed to wear blue.
Whites earned more than others were earning.
The burning of books and the banning of thought.
Christian values being taught
for science; and the progress of a century
sent to penitentiary.
O', the people forgot why their forefathers fought.
This was not the land I knew
where hope and possibility grew
into beautiful fruit that would nourish the world
wherever beloved Old Glory unfurled.
The heirs to our Freedom just don't have a clue.

So, I started searching for friends I feared dead,
I went to Valhalla, a shroud on my head.
And read all the names that were written on stones.
There I discovered Democracy's bones,
fragile and broken right there where she bled.
Near her were Honor and Courage and more.
Reason was left uninterred on the floor
next to Science, whose body was scattered about,
as maggots of ignorance crawled in and out,
and Freedom's last life blood seeped under the door.
Truth was disfigured electromagnetically,
and Justice was driven back unsympathetically
by invaders who entered by force and by stealth -
driven by power and fueled by great wealth -
festooned with our flag and saluting emphatically.
Clean air and water would never return
And Earth's fragile skin would continue to burn.
Their plights were not sudden; nor was it news,

But concern had been squelched by political views.

There was no one to teach and no one to learn.

This country is fractured like never before,

and many expect we will see civil war.

No longer a union with a uniform vision,

we're divided, divisive, on a course for collision.

Only the lawyers can guide us to shore.

Truth isn't dead, 'though she took quite a hit.

There is no indication she is ready to quit.

But she'll need lots of lawyers with plenty of fight,

unwilling to give up what's left to the Right,

to restore this land to the morally fit.

My story's over. I hope you can see

The reason for this poetry.

Democracy is dying; the danger is real.

I really don't care how you feel.

Just save our precious Liberty.

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