
Black Cat, White Butterfly



Black cat on the terrace foreshadows
The emerging nuclear threat,
Dark clouds closing in,
No place to hide when
The Hurricane begins

Ultra illiberal theocracy in support
Of religious extremism, oppression and
Medieval orthodox war violence,
Never felt so frightened before,
Proverbs knocking on our door

God in the time of cholera
Seems more powerful than ever
Deciding who will live
And who will die
Destruction by creative design

I long to hide at an ancient tribe
And dance with the medicine man
To beg our ancestors
To reanimate Homo Sapiens
With some basic rationality again

I long to cook a magic soup
And serve it to all politicians
To fight religious fanaticism,
Horrendous nationalism and
The neo fascist movements

I'll stay in the wilderness for a while
Wonder if I will ever come back
To witness mankind move ahead,
Instead of regressing into
The darkest of times and hours

White butterfly gives hope for the flowers at
The grave and photo all around, to pollinate
And spread the words being silenced

In the streets people are demonstrating
Against the cultural normalization of
X-enophobia and the call for deportation

In the eighties people demonstrated against
The growing threat of nuclear weapons, now
More real than ever, on our continent

Let us pray the white butterflies will find
Their Kosmic Way to support the fight
Against these new depressing realities

We desperately need straws to hold onto,
Little points of light and the hope
For some kind of Butterfly Effect

Since what's left for you and me
Is feeling helpless, longing for
Some sweet honey from the flowers