

POETRY & PROSE

This is the Moment

by Kate Jones, RFSPE

The human species is full of flaws;
Changing their habits needs a strong cause.

Disasters troubling on private levels
Rarely let loose a planet of devils.

Troubles must reach a pandemic size
Before enough people open their eyes.
Unhinged and unbalanced beyond quick repair,
They plunge all humanity into despair.

It's only when things are desperate enough
That folks will be willing to try different stuff.
When all is in turmoil, they will accept change
That normally would be out of their range.

They've agreed to our wars on a dozen nations,
They give up their freedoms through tricks and evasions,
They allow murder and torture that decency shatters
And think jail for victimless crimes hardly matters.

Social unrest heats up like a chowder
While the doomsday clock clicks ever louder.
This is the moment when all will consent,
When jobs are lost and they can't pay the rent,

When thousands are dying and millions succumb,
When old methods fail and everyone's numb,
At their wits' end, even the tyrants lose power
As desperation grows deeper, hour by hour,

We must not believe that all has failed,
That we must give up or be instantly jailed.
That we are powerless in dictators' grip,
Or that all is hopeless and we'll go down with the ship.

We CAN shine a light, we who love freedom and life,
We CAN overcome the worst of this strife.
We must not give up, our moment is now—
End human hatreds, no more sword, only plough.

We are the virus that sickens the soul,
Millennia of plunder and slavery our goal.
This is the moment for a new birth—
Never again human wars on the Earth.

We are the virus, let there be no doubt,
A virus of mind. Let's put those demons to rout.
This worst's for the best, a historic revival,
Without it there is no view of survival.

Pardon this lengthy versified ramble
Urging the long look at hope in this gamble.
Turn on the light of reason and peace—
Forever the human-on-human violence must cease.

This is the moment, our minds' virus must end.
It must and it can, that's the message to send.
We are the virus; the cure is at hand:
Rethink our evolution, make peace in every land.

This is the moment—at the bottom of the cave
We find a new light and start a new wave.
No tyrants, no rulers—there's the answer;
No armies, no gangs—they're the cancer.

A hundred thousand years was a long-enough school:
Each person's a sovereign, the long-sought golden rule.
We trade our smarts, a symbiosis of each skill—
At last our destiny, each of their own free will. Ω