

The Wheel of Justice

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The wheel is rolling backward.

Listen to the voices shouting,

In anger and in rage.

The soft sobs at the end of the day

Echo through the valley of despair.

The city streets are baking,

The countryside is gray with dust.

There is a heartbeat

Somewhere.

Feel it pulsing.

A small sprout of green

rises up through the cracked pavement

A sparrow drops a seed.

If we cannot stand it

Then we have to stand.

If we cannot stand

Then we have to crawl.

Don't wipe the tears.

Let them run

Through the fields,

Water for the crops

That we must grow.

The wheel is rolling backwards

But that doesn't have to be.

First one

Then another

Yet another

And again

We will feel the good ache

Of holy muscles

Working with us,

As we place

Our shoulders to the wheel.