New World Cacophony

I'd like to think that Wisdom still walks
Somewhere,
Playfully,
Where the light bends,
Where the edges are soft;
That in her eyes,
A distant star flickers,
Too wild to be tamed,
Leading the way
To some little dawn
Of Hope.

More fool me perhaps A fool on the hill with innocent dreams Believing that good will win,
That we shall overcome,
While - all around the World Scorn shouts down the hopeful,
Dismantles trust,
And arm-wrestles its wearying way with
The bluster of the bullies,
The survival of the richest,
Juggling brute power,
Amusing themselves,
Turning Truth into their
Plaything.

The Wisdom I once loved would speak in whispers in the still of the night, of roads untaken, of rivers not yet charted, and of a tomorrow that trembled on the edge of today. The dream she carried was a seed sown in quiet places. In her hands, the world span differently, unravelling from the edges, fraying the edges of certainty. She did not follow the ways of men, but watched with a gentle smile as they built their towers on fragile ground.

But then came the schemers
Who scoffed at the dreamers;
And then came the season of mocking and scorn,
Of petulant tantrums 'gainst voices of reason
Of trampling the stardust
The glimmer of dawn.
Hearing only the echo of voices
That dare not,
They toy with the instincts
of those who can't see
Past the wall they have built
at the end of their yard
In the home of the brave
And the land of the free.

Dare to believe
That Wisdom
Sleeps just for a moment,
Is biding her time;
That soon she'll awaken from restless dreams,
And kindle a flame,
Seeking justice, loving mercy, walking humbly;
Knowing that true change - which will come - doesn't shout,
But whispers,
and that the whisper is louder
than any voice raised in anger.

Sweet Wisdom,
In your heart
a thousand possibilities unfold,
like wildflowers growing
where they are not meant to.
And though they may call you lost,
you are not.
You wait only for the day
when the world
will catch up.

Mike French, Spring 2025