

POETRY

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BITTERSWEET**CORRESPONDING AUTHOR**

Adrian M. Schnall

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The winner has been declared.
A flood of relief!
Exultation!
Dancing in the streets!

And a gasp of horror.
How can there be tens of millions
on the other side? So many more
than a couple dozen Proud Boys,
a few towns of hillbilly farmers,
a frenzied rally crowd
chanting *Lock her up*.

It's fathers and mothers,
sisters and brothers,
face upon human face.
Is it them or us?
Who are the blind?

Fires still flare on the battlefield –
one is raging on and off in the distance.
But every blaze is dying as I watch.
Great conflagrations
are turning to ash.

The forecast is for snow
on the mountaintops, in the streets,
in the corridors of State.
Pride needs to go
into hibernation.

I think the air will be clear
in the morning. I think I will hear
music in the trees.

But no one is surrendering
his gun.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Adrian Schnall, MD, practiced Internal Medicine and Endocrinology for 41 years until his retirement several years ago. Since then he has been writing poetry and participating in multiple literary groups. His poetry has been selected for public readings by Lit Cleveland, Lit Youngstown, and Chorale Arts Cleveland.

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