

100 THOUSAND POMEGRANATES FOR PEACE

Now has come September
harvest mostly in
last radishes dug
from the ground
last green tomatoes
wrapped in paper
and stored in the pantry.

On the southside
of the house
the pomegranate-tree
droops beneath
the weight of fruit.

They grow
all through
a solitary summer
small green bulbs
to large red balls.

Out of the unexpected blue
cosmic transmissions on the social web
networks of dozens
of brilliant supportive poets
spatially dispersed around the planet.

I was contacted by Paul Jolly
one of the first poets I knew
back at last in old Berkeley
after decades away from poetry,
but now returned with his great sincerity.

In pleasing synchronicity
I had been thinking of Paul
a day before his contact.

Remembering the time
he approached me at school
and held forth two halves of
a pomegranate
myriad bright red seeds
gleaming, glistening
under high ceiling lights.

“We are the pomegranate.”
He said laughing
and I laughed.
For us “we are the pomegranate”
became our catch phrase
a metaphor.

Harvest the pomegranates
before they bend the tree to breaking
two huge baskets
these will be good
until February.

Survive another perilous year!
Fingers crossed, nervous
spells and incantations
breath right
relieve stress
and whatever boosts immunity.

Dry California
waits for rains
to douse the parched land
knock down the wildfires
for a while.
In the United States
and other lands
fraudsters peddle “alternative facts”
confuse the gullible and uneducated
while war, pandemic disease
floods, fire, and famine
sicken and kill

100 thousands of people
and other creatures
around the world.
Yet dummkopfs
gather and march
from Berlin to Brazil
to way down in Texas.
Hell, no! We won't wear masks!
We will not vaccinate
Or be blinded by science!
Elections are a hoax!

But I declare
we are the pomegranate.
All of us, regardless of our vision
be it cloudy or clear
and if we are striking out
because we are so injured
so emotionally hurt
so fearful that we hit and hurt,
we can instead be forgiving
and love ourselves and others
we can reach out in love
to all the brilliant seeds
all the love radiating from souls
we can help and heal
all together now
love is all we need
and the pomegranates
growing again next year
and every year
let the seasons roll around
we are the pomegranate.

D. A. Wilson