

CHOOSING DAY

Election Day, November 8 2016

I go now to vote, making each mark as if I were breaking a tie, becoming the deciding ballot marker on each choice before me.

*A disturbing season, full of sound and fury, yet signifying...something.
Even the lies, the insults, the confused clouds of opinion, the abandonment of reason mean something.*

*When people resort to those, they have little else on their side. Can others see that?
Trumpists, the hateful and fearful, the white supremecists, the deplorables-- have been a part of the populace for years-- a small part, we hope.*

*What is most disturbing are those who reject Trumpism, yet attack the one who can vanquish it.
They turn against logic, operate on emotion alone. Better is not good enough for them.*

Whitman wrote:

***"This seething hemisphere's humanity, as now, I'd name—the still small voice vibrating—America's choosing day, (The heart of it not in the chosen—the act itself the main, the quadriennial choosing,)..."
Not in the chosen, but in the act of choosing.
Let us choose."***

<http://www.whitmanarchive.org:8080/published/LG/1891/poems/329>

--COSMIC RAT November 8, 2016