

I walked thru a construction site
to get to Mass on Sunday.
There were planks to walk on,
With plenty of surrounding mud.

Of course, that led to a locked gate,
So, I proceeded to backtrack,
Flecks of wet mud on my shoes and khakis.
Well, they're brown, mud's brown.

If this is the worse that happens on this
late fall Sunday, November 23,
Last Sunday in ordinary time,
I be mightily blessed.

Mud washes clean,
ERA, pre-soaking, if necessary,
All is clean again.

Not so with blood,
Spilled in the street.
It too, can be power-washed away,
But a stain remains, on all of us

who watch the endless replays,
Angles, cutaways,
All to serve that blindfolded
white marbled lady.

Stone cold,
Like all of those bodies
that lie in the street
Turning stiff and cold, all over America.

While the dry leaves swirl and dance
with seemingly their own rhythm, borne on the wind.