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## August

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# August

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*Mary Dengler*

August this year looks and feels like August  
Any other, save for haze from fires out  
West. Temps still burn the days, then cool  
At night. Yards still shrivel brown in blight  
Of draught, then stretch green fingers after  
Rain, and lightening throbs against the sky  
At night. Most people stare ahead in passing  
By as if afraid of contact. Virus threatens  
Variants, keeping masks in fashion just  
In case the law dictates, as science puts out  
Contradictory news, depending on the source.  
And politics is theater, of course, as conflict  
Draws the crowds and power-hunger fosters  
Revolution talk, from secular Marxist chants  
To quasi-religious Social Justice rants. We've heard  
It all before, just wonder where it's taking us  
This time, what old-new dream of progress if  
We just erase or rearrange the past and present  
Forms. We're used to changing norms, to threats  
Of life-eliminating climate change and violent acts  
Ironically called "peaceful." Now all talk of God  
And his eternal laws is panned or even banned  
As harmful myths and weapons of resistance  
To whatever Utopian plan our leaders propagate  
Today. Consider words of Solomon when navigating  
Through the dark and wondering why your bark  
Still flounders in its human efforts toward Shalom:  
"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom...."