Epistle to Obama
--Michael Carter

One audaciously hopes he will not swerve
From eloquent Shake-a-speare to
Shake-a-saber, nuke, whatever;
The world will test him hard
Along with many new missiles

Fundamental religions off all stripes
Will snipe & conjure the maximum chaos,
Yet may the world finally move beyond
The hellacious hatred of nations, creeds, to
An understanding of unity

All us bicamerally-brained bipeds,
Inherently mostly the same;
Mortal, fragile & greedy
For knowledge of the extraperceptual world

How could someone named
Barack Obama ever be elected
In the country that killed King?
Transmuting the defamiliar to a trademark;
A red-hot branding called “change”

Such an alteration of everyday politics as
Business, way beyond skin-deep
Needs trump tradition with new weapons,
New affections; no mere affectations
Of justice but the thing itself

A new epistemology is called-for,
A hopeful science against the dismal
Wherein things merely possible,
Become the real and dream for themselves

Between Barack and a very hard place
(Say, Afganistan…)
Lies the American populace &
America has chosen
Barack (overwhelmingly); this is
A country hungry for vision &
This is a world that requires no less

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