

## **BONEYARD RISING**

—by Janet Ruth

There is a hole in America's heart,  
ragged, raw, and dark,  
this abyss where our hopes have gone to die,  
where we weep over the bones of truth.

Ragged and raw, it feeds on anger, shadows and fear,  
this chasm in our path to the world of which we dream.  
Our vision is blurred with weeping.  
It is time for clear eyes, to lift up the bones,

to stand before this obstacle in our path. Wake up!  
How did we miss the signs? Did we ignore the voices?  
We need open eyes. No time for detours.  
We must bear witness to these boneyards of the truth.

How did we miss the signs? Were we asleep?  
In these post-fact times, with tear-stained cheeks,  
we bear witness to boneyards strewn with skulls, ribs of truth.  
People consume information to confirm, not inform opinions.

In these post-fact times, with tear-stained faces and open eyes,  
when truth has come to die, its bones scattered,  
where people consume information merely to confirm opinions,  
we will speak the truth, a revolutionary act.

Where truth's bones lie scattered,  
we stand, like Ezekiel, in the valley.  
Prophecy to dry bones, speak revolutionary truth,  
unite against fear and bigotry, violence and injustice.

We stand with Ezekiel in the boneyards,  
witness rattling bones, knitting flesh, a rushing breath of wind.  
We are united in spite of, because of it all.  
The truth will rise!

There is a hole in America's heart.  
We will fill the abyss with music—  
and poetry—and love—  
we will dance with the bones.

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