

Escaping Complicity

Wait, help!
The essence of humanity
What becomes of dignity
In the face of
Covid-19
Wait, help
What's happening here now
Can we go out yet?
I need to touch you again
Stranded in a virus's no man's land

Even with all your money
In the underground bunker
Is that where you really even
Ever want to be
Grounded, bounded, way underground
The fruit of the poisoned tree

Help, wait
Turns out humility
Is in order these days
Turn inward to see the Other
Inside
Inside your self
To set this right
Daunting, it's always right there in sight
Genetic drift and adaptation
Consciousness shift
We become creation
AI won't save us
Post-human is frightful
Humiliation
Is still on the table
Escaping complicity
Means keep asking about
Dignity

Institutions
Habituated actions
By habituated actors
In the drama of our
Life
In the given habitat
In our constructed minds
In the minds of our collective lives
They help us know what to expect
Starting out each day, except
Here's the disconnect
In rigidity they take on
An undetected life of their own
Working against us
Trampling discretion
Sustained by control
And Humiliation
And Subjugation
Till all that remains
Is such brittle decay

Institutions
What they allow
What they constrain
What they offer
What they take away
Protection
Provision
Expansion
Collision
With individuation
Where *are* we in this play

Educate or trust
There is no other way
To open the minds
Under passions' sway
Haunting decline
Halting the spread
Of knowledge and reason
Leaving panic instead

What did you do today
Did you stand up
Did you take a stand
Did you speak out
Did you question why
What are they doing and why
Did you ask them how
They came to this place
Thinking this is the right way
Or were they maybe not thinking

Stop, wait
Did you take a risk
Did you slow it down
Did you pool your thoughts
And try a little harder,
And then try again

Rejecting complicity
Safeguarding dignity
Who *are* we and how can this be
What dignity is there
In evolution
In happenstance
And natural selection
And random mutation
We find ourselves
Conceived
How did humiliation
Evolve
And how is complicity
Absolved
Maybe it simply *can't* be

Wait, we need to re-create
What it possibly means to coordinate
The windows are closing
The silence is drowning
Voices in exit
Voices recoiling
Needless despair
Are you sure you won't meet us in the public square?

Humiliation
Avoidable still
What about the weakest people's will?

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