

November 2

The lofty goals of this
election day,
like those arching bush
stems. Whose flaccid
purple flowers would
lure the distinctive orange
monarchs of late summer
to a parched kitchen garden,
are gone.

Crushed to blackness
by a bitter, unforgiving ^{early}
November frost.

Priceless hopes unrealized.
Thoughtful promises broken.

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