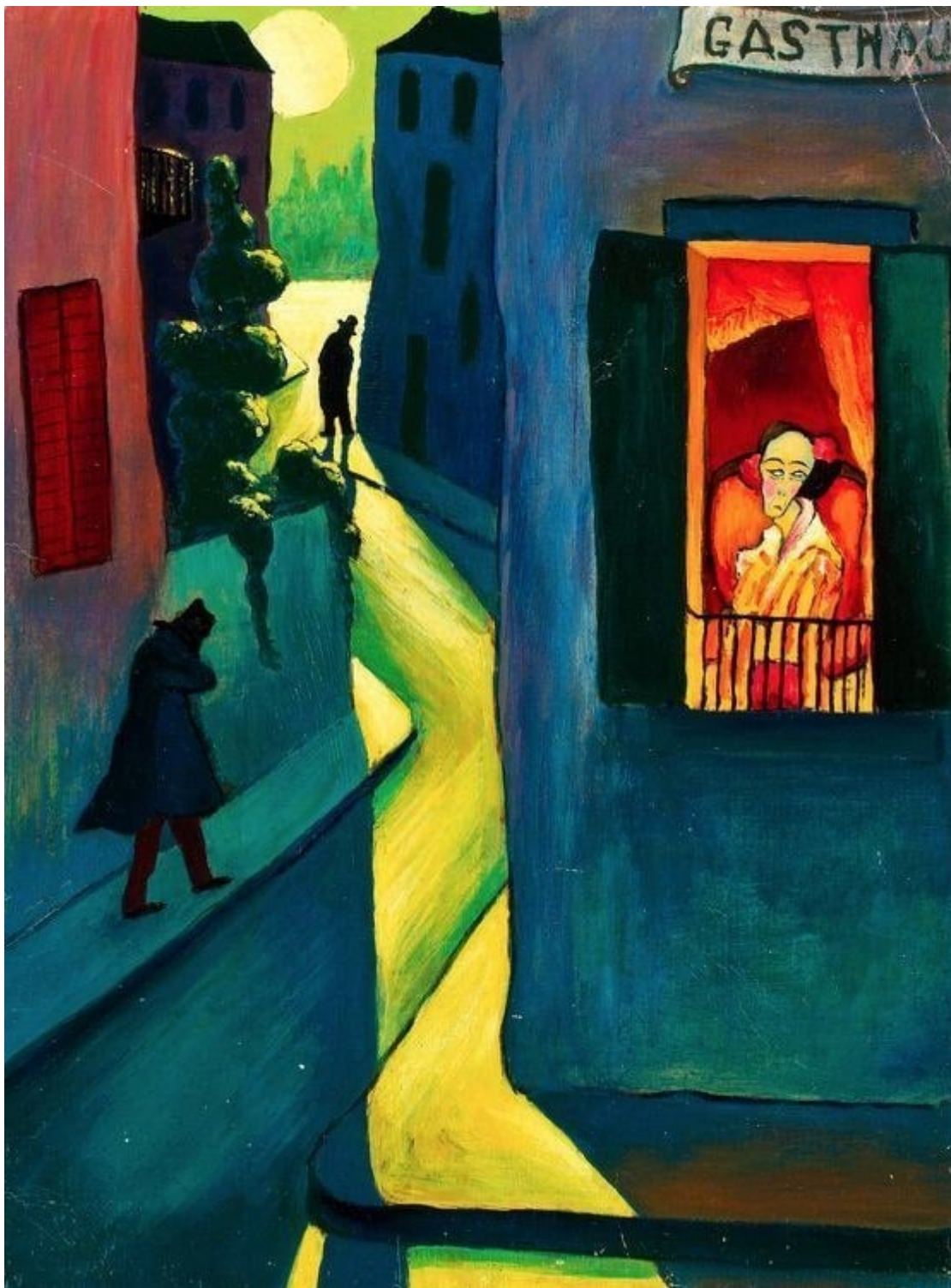


# Comes the Dawn

by [James Como](#) (February 2021)



*Night City, Tavern*, Marianne von Werefkin

We are striving  
for the fruits of diving  
into a treasured passion.  
And though religion is out of fashion,  
its credal clarity and zeal for teaching  
actualizes our preaching  
of all truth allowable:  
none disavowable.

But, the Mass  
Economicus uninterested in class,  
we adapted and saw  
to shuck their will to straw:

    though catechetically fallow,  
    more superficial than shallow,  
    our jive is beckoning,  
    there would be a reckoning . . .

And there was, almost. Unbidden,  
in plain sight we lay hidden.

    No longer canonic,  
    yet chill and ironic,  
    our epoch only *seeming* past—  
    a pose that would not last—

Now look! The People see our thought bespoke,  
And they, and you, and all shall soon be woke!

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