

Short Long Day

21 June 2023

- Getting tanned (*solid proof white privilege absolutely exists*)
- Making Vitamin D
- Causing clocks, thunderstorms, tree food & sunglasses...

... are among many things (*a list could be nearly endless*) which make sunlight the most capable thing we humans have going. This day “el sol” is at its stingiest or most generous self. For the poor folks stuck underprivileged down under, on that bottom half of Planet Earth where Russia and Canada unfairly hog huge chunks of topography, as Ernest Hemingway once said, the sun also rises.



Q: *Esteemed Committee, what would happen to Earth’s climate and to mankind, if the axis of rotation suddenly turned vertical?*

C: Well explored is this subject. Humans would survive and thrive after much weave, shuck and jive.

Q: *In a poetry mood today, are we?*

C: Most “days” when no daze applies. With fries.

Q: *Okay folks, The Committee is in control. (This used to be an American street activity called “the dozens.” Men would take turns insulting each other, using poetry.) Other than climate, what do the longer and shorter daylight hours do to us?*

C: More sleep, more weep, more mess on the heap. You move with light, both day and night, it’s what we are, no need for fright.

Q: *Why do humans think of north as up and south as down?*

C: The need for ground, the urge for flat, surface bound and there you sat. Because what’s up must come down, if things don’t match you learn to frown. Perception strong, humans follow, what doesn’t fit you cannot swallow.

Q: *Do many human poets get their material from their Guardian Angel Guides? Any poetry I’ve written is a rip-off. Y’all do it, I just type. Do most humans get away with plagiarizing their GAGs?*

C: Sure they do, but have no fear, infringement isn’t in our ear. We have no money, it’s useless really, it isn’t very nice and feely.

Q: *What would be the animal effect(s)?*

C: Animal and plant life would both be far more affected than humans, but we must say this is a moot point. Earth’s rotation will not become vertical, that is the equator will run exactly 90 degrees perpendicular to the surface of the sun, your central star.

Q: *Earth will experience precession, a wobble?*

C: A wobble, a twist, a shake of Earth’s wrist. The globe will oscillate, with things to undertake. Planes will go of course, losing track of flights, adjustments made too quickly, even whilst at heights.

Q: *Will Earth's rotation ever slow down, compared to now?*

C: Turn and spin she will, Earth along her orbit, but with humans later gone speed will take a hit.

Q: *This could be like Nostradamus and his quatrains? (Shock of shocks, I've now been aboard Earth six months more than Michel de Nostredame had lived by the time he died...)*

C: Rhyme the words we do, four lines we also like, but poems of that style, are not our favorite bike.

Q: *Readers here want insights, predictions, information and....not this. No?*

C: Biden is propped up, a puppet well disguised, his owners trying hard, to delay the man's demise. The onslaught is stepped up, Trump is much too hot, if not held deep underwater, the man must soon be shot. War has been declared, the people see it not, soon the dam will break loosening the knot. The energy now mounting, the force like bread now rises, holding you in place as proof metastasizes. Speech is shut down fast, misinformation resizes, fools accept this nonsense just like winning prizes. Few of you possess, the rocks and stones so needed, to resist the heavy pressure, to hear what's been impeded. Too nice you treat each other, and worry what they think, as if some honesty might spoil what they drink. You control no one's reaction, much less the food they eat, but you alter your behavior and kiss too many feet. The powerful among you, are laughing up their drawers, watching all you meek, fight their social wars. Rights which are not used, rights that are not met, soon shall lose their luster, but you do not need to fret. At any moment's time, you can polish them off, and return their nice, deep shine. You know what is the right, you know what is the better, you need no voice from elsewhere, to ensure you get the letter. Deep inside you know what's up, your truth can fill most any cup. Times they are changing, shifts can make one worry, we know you hate when things, always seem too blurry. We explain what happens, we speak a certain view, insights dark we open, the insides we often spew. Light makes right, bright is good, can you see of course, you should. Be well you all, even just one, come back and soon, after you are done.

Q: *Can you answer reader questions in rhyme?*

C: Yes, we can, if they want, but we shall choose the type we font.

Q: *Y'all mean the font you type?*

C: Correct you say, what we reversed, the poem's fixed, a baby nursed.

Q: *Thank you, Esteemed Committee.*

C: Welcome you are, grateful are we, for coming here to share some tea.



[Okay folks, let's hit 'em up with the questions...]