



For a guy that would like to think of himself as non-political, I'm not sure what I expected when I signed up to work on the front lines of America's political process. Yes, I became a poll manager. Fear not, this column won't be an idyllic plea like, "Can't we all just get along?" Perhaps *Paul McCartney and the Wings* said it best, "Live and Let Die." (Yes, I do feel compelled to work a 007 reference in when I can.)

Group consciousness is a thing. America is a consciousness. Overlay your own consciousness on this to see if you don't agree. Do we not hate certain parts of ourselves? Not talking about "shoulds" here. Should we beat ourselves up? Of course not. Should we lift ourselves up? Of course. I'm talking about what actually happens in our collective mind most of the time, not an ideal to work toward that I may have discussed here at some point. We come a long way in healing when we admit to the conflagration within.

Let's go further with this: Why must we crusade from our mountaintop to convert the non-believers? When we shame someone into submission, do we miss a point? Do we cross a line? Do we admit our confidence in our *unwavering* opinion isn't so strong if we feel compelled to convince others by whatever means we deem necessary? Or worse, do we assume the other is a daft dumb*** and treat that fellow human accordingly? Do we use our Twitter fingers in ways that we never would if we were face to face with that person?

Now, in the sense of getting our collective drunken rage to come to a civil sobriety from the *-ism* *s* *tha* t 2020 has artfully exposed, we must use what is at our disposal, including shame. There must truly be,
"...*justice for ALL.*"

That aside, the questions of the previous paragraph remain.

Naturally, the first few hours of working the polls were non-stop. All five of our machines at our little precinct were buzzing and we had a queue all the way into the parking lot by 6:45 am. When things slowed a bit after the initial few hours, I began to ponder what everyone must have been voting for. Did they feel they had no choice? Were they using a simple strategy like voting anti-incumbent? How many people's votes were motivated by fear and cynicism?

I know I warned against cynicism in my last column, but I must be honest with you and admit I do wonder if it really matters who sits in the Oval Office, among other lofty offices. Hear me out, please. Harken back to January 17, 1960. President Eisenhower's *Military Industrial Complex* speech that was more a prophecy than a final farewell as Commander in Chief. (YouTube this famous speech. It's chilling.) In addition to the military industrial complex our 34th

President likely underestimated, we have untold numbers of industrial complexes operating legally and in the open, including, but not limited to, the drug industry, the prison industry, insurance industry, oil industry, alcohol industry, tobacco industry. Weed will be the next industry as the machine pivots. Be mindful that this "prophecy" came from the man who in 1944 successfully led the single most expansive and extensive invasion ever undertaken **on the face of our Earth.**

Camelot had and has its price. To wonder if it's, at least, partially showbusiness seems only natural to me.

To alter perspective, I can tell you something else that was going through my mind on election day. It's about time I did something civic-minded. I'm glad I did and I ended up having a conversation with a neighbor I've known since the 80's. See, she didn't grow up in a country with options like we have on election day. Her family paid dear personal prices for said lack of options. Thank you, Evelyn. These stories of the American dream can't be lost in the mess that is the election process, for it is the foundation that America was built upon. It still remains in the hearts and minds of people such as my neighbor.

In esoteric circles we talk about the thinning veil or even seeing beyond the veil. As above, so below, and all that. This wild time is revealing things we sensitive/observant people never thought would be noticed by the masses. Entities and philosophies are being exposed in ways we never thought possible. Their industrial strength veil of choice always has a flavor of fear. Learn its language so that you may hear it while not listening. Where can we begin with this tower of Babel? Begin by noticing the specific words used. Notice a few sentences back I

typed “sensitive/observant.” What’s the difference? Nothing, in essence. But if I call someone sensitive, it brings a whole other connotation than if I were to call someone observant. On a simple level, the same is done with slurring the words liberal and conservative while “reaching across the aisle.” Earlier in the column I intentionally used certain words to invoke certain images in the reader’s minds. See if you can pick up on it.

What’s wild is that by the time this column is in print (approximately a week after I turn it in) we still may not have a President, so pace yourselves please. Heck, *ageneration* ago, in 2000, it took thirty-four days before we knew the results of Gore vs. Bush. In this time, I ask you not to sell out kindness in the name of righteousness. The axiom, “from chaos comes order,” is an axiom for a reason. In this time, I believe 2020 has highlighted the dark corners we led ourselves to believe didn’t exist. I have faith the seeds of 2020 will continue to work its miraculous rendering. Endeavor to become the peace you wish to see in others as there’s no time like the present, nor has there ever been. If not now, when?