



**Guest Poet  
Lauren de Vore**

I read the news this morning. Yet another shooting, this time, police ambushed in Baton Rouge. Even as my heart wrenched, my cynical (benumbed?) mind wondered what it would be tomorrow—civilian or law enforcement? terrorist or home-grown? individual or mass? As horrid as these events are, we must bear witness to them. We must talk. We must act. Otherwise, nothing changes.

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### **Snow Globe**

A shot, a siren.  
A siren, a shot.  
Does it matter which is first?  
Either way someone's dead.  
One life ended,  
Others destroyed—  
The shot, the shooter,  
Those left behind.

The act, the image.  
The image, the outrage.  
Marches, protests,  
Funerals.  
Pulpits, airwaves  
Fill with eloquence,  
Prayers and pleas  
And vows for change.  
Yet where's the outrage  
When nothing changes?

Black skin, brown skin,  
White skin, tan,  
Blue jeans, badge,  
Crescent, cross, six-point star.  
Does it matter who bleeds first?  
Either way blood is spilt,  
Hands are stained,  
Souls are rended.  
Vengeance, justice,  
Someone tell me,  
What's the difference?

Shake a snow globe,  
Glittering flakes in fury swirl,  
Slacken, then subside.  
A shot, a siren.  
A siren, a shot.  
Yet again a life is ended.  
Yet again the globe's upended.  
Yet again nothing changes.

*(Lauren de Vore, July 17, 2016)*