

Dawn

by Phyllis Chesler



Here is my very own “rosy-fingered dawn,” ever radiant in her pink and orange robes, as she escorts the great and burning sun. How I once loved Homer, the Greek playwrights, philosophers, and myths—which I read as if they were fairytales that held eternal psychological significance.



Nature is a great consolation for those who have food and all the amenities. How far from the “madding crowd” I am—and yet our cities are burning, the economy is dying, the Wuhan Virus continues its medieval rampage, and the parents of young children are at a loss. Will schools open, will they be safe? Will people have to fight each other in the streets for food and water? How many elderly people might die of the heat this summer? When will the time be ripe for beating our swords into plough-shares?

Oh, magnificent and consoling Nature: Soften the blow of these questions, at least for one more day.