

All Saints Day, 2018

If you can vote, you have the immeasurable honor of casting yr ballot for those who can't — for Black and Jewish Americans gunned down while they worship ... for students gunned down at school ... for every Native American and African American and Latinx person whose vote was stolen from them ... for children ... for refugees met at the border by the military ... for people you will never meet, living in countries affected by our policies ... for the generations of our foremothers who couldn't vote ... for the climate and the waters, the animals and insects struggling against extinction — as if we're one tribe

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Vote what you love and what has loved you ... Vote what you believe in, vote what you don't believe in anymore so it can find its way back to you ... Vote the sunrise and the sky-filled stars, cousins with feathers and aunties who graze, grasses that bend in the wind and grasses that push up through the pavement ... Vote yr broken, fierce heart ... Vote for the day after tomorrow, which will come

which will come

Make yr vote as wide as the sky, as steady as the earth ... Make yr vote a prayer

*claus utzclaue* 