

An American Expat in Sarasota

I dissociate myself from Trump's America.

Until and unless the land of my birth survives Trump's GOP-enabled ambition for oligarchical fascism, I choose to identify as an American expat who happens to live in Sarasota, Florida.

If and when my country reverses course and resumes progress toward some semblance of a national ethos of secular humanism, I will eagerly and patriotically rejoin America.

Meanwhile, at 74 and beyond the age when I might consider relocating to a country whose national values are more aligned with my own, I will remain ensconced as a tax-paying, law-abiding, voting resident of this pleasant coastal town, awaiting (and peacefully working toward) a national rejection of demagoguery, violence-prone bigotry, right-wing populism, anti-intellectualism, and anti-science theocracy.

My fervent hope is that this corrective redirection occurs before my grandchildren reach the age when they must face their own decisions as to which country on this planet deserves their loyal citizenship.

April 28, 2019

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