

## **Revelatory crisis**

Covid ripped the covers off  
stark naked  
warts and all  
revealed

Precariat  
gig work  
1099 or W2

We see who's who  
who are you?  
have or have not?  
hand to mouth...

just don't touch your face.

Jesse Ribot 31 March 2020

**My poem "Strange New World"  
sent to Issa Shivji, with Shivji's reply.**

**Strange New World**

I don't think June will come this year  
Flowers will bloom  
Schools will be out  
A quiet will fill the air

In our boxes  
linked by the new luminiferous ether of the internet  
now governed in our private spaces  
new classes suddenly revealed

There are the secure in their houses  
the precarious precariat wondering what's next  
those beyond the internet  
free of the new surveillance beaten down by the old

They won  
We have been individualized and stored for when we are of use  
back to jobs we will go  
the gears will soon turn again – too soon

The precarity of life will shift to the gig and the factory floor  
the worker is ever replaceable  
one more takes home a cough  
in comes another from the next unit over

Time to wash our hands and open our eyes  
regroup  
stay clean, stay healthy, stay free  
rise up to re-form  
take back democracy

Jesse Ribot  
31 March 2020

**Shivji's reply:**

Yes, take back democracy  
that we fought to build

Poem read by Ruth Hall

The law locks up the man or woman  
Who steals the good from off the common  
But leaves the greater villain loose  
Who steals the common from the goose

Poem in protest against the English enclosures, 1700s