

"United in Hope"

Harvesting

By Raine Allen Pagud

I fall down like the quiet showers of spring
As Three Beasts of power crawl into my home
Sitting silently, my reflection views the long fibers of string
Spread-out, far and wide, to our thrones

Developing, undeveloped words that define nonsense
Lacks the meaning of what civilized should be
We understand the power of conscience
As we are the Pearl of the Orient Sea

Empty wallets throughout the land caught by the beasts
While children and the past are washing each other's hands
The mind and body always grows like our fields of wheats
The nails of sorrow and lack soon disbands

The aromas of sunflowers and her seeds flow throughout the air
Pushing against the faces of our sands, over and under
Each individual beauty holds the tears of swear
We fall down across the Earth like the loud claps of thunder