We Will Grow

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2009/iss1/23
What are we to do when our poetry
won’t stop bleeding our dreams,
echoed by the stars --
So many, so brilliant, so distant?
We run to a place with no lights on our face
To distract us from the stars beaming to us from space
With our dreams in the skies we seem to sever the
tether that holds us together
To this place, to this place, to this place
We sing a song sharing our mutual depressions
Of a life unlived, and a battle not fought
Of a world unexplored and our dreams unsought
And we sit, and we sit, and we sit
Sharing together our mutual depressions
As we learn how to breathe and how to live in succession
What are we to harvest when the soil won’t stop
drying, as barren as a grandmother’s womb --
So lonely, unyielding, and empty?
We run to a place to splash water on our face
And forget the hunger that’s destroying this place
With our dreams in the seeds we’ll water the ground
They will grow, we will grow, we will grow
We hold hands and sing our mutual depressions
Of a live unlived and of stars not glowing
Of a world unattended and of seeds not growing
And we sew, and we sew, and we sew
Sharing together our mutual depressions
As we learn how to cope and how to live in succession
As we water our seeds and look to our homes
We fasten the stars within our souls
We’re arriving late but we’re arriving clean
As we gaze upon this beautiful scene
The stars from space before our face
Our seeds provide us our bounty