Of Urgency and Unity

My aged Earth
If one day
My head nearly
Reached the peaceful sky,
And I breathed air whispering
Forgotten values
Earth, tell me
How will we reform rooted racism
And
Bring forth a fruitful kindness
When we,
Your blind children .
Have nearly been
Swallowed
By one another's
Hearts
Beliefs and
Despondent anger?

My brothers and sisters
How could we let
Each other
Bow before
Words and
Actions
Of hate,
Growing from the
Loathful cactus.
It is our job
To bear the colors that once divided us
For arguments love their growing weeds.
It is our job
To turned barbed wire
Into the muscular roofs
That will protect
Weakened minds and
Drained bodies,
For a body with no home is just a city's grass.
It is our job
To bury hatchets colored with anger, dripping to the soil.
To love each other as
The sun loves the moon.
For my brothers and sisters
Without her we are
Nothing
At all.