

A Garden ~~Can't Be Built~~ on a Wildfire

A garden can't be built on a wildfire

And it's simply not true that

We can build a garden for all to admire

Seeds will blossom in between cracks

A garden for all to see,

Roses, trees, daisies, you and me

But listen as I say:

"The rain will fall too late, too small

No flower will bloom at all

Soil will crumble, washed by rain

Roots will twist and break apart,

Stems will shatter, the garden won't start"

You're lying when you say,

"There will be a world with no hatred or sorrow,

Let's plant the seeds and tend the clay,

A garden awaits, bright for every tomorrow"

This is simply not true. Instead, I tell you:

"The weeds will choke what little we do,

The gardeners argue, each claiming their way,

Voices collide, tearing the soil in dismay"

Nothing we plant can ever be

Don't tell me

We can build a garden from ashes and flame

The world is full of hate we cannot tame
Stop trying to convince me that
With our hands in the soil, we can do it fast
If we brave the stormy weather,
Can we build a garden together?

***(After reading the voices of today, examine the visions of tomorrow by reading this poem from the
bottom up)**