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Hopes Drenched Red

Miriam Bedrin
NSU University School

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Hopes Drenched Red
by: Miriam Bedrin

On this fruitless earth I tend to the land,
While the clouds hide the moon, so no light's shed.
With discontent heart and hammer in hand,
I cursed the people whom my harsh toils fed.
But a tall, proud man claimed to hold the key—
We'd fight until from hiding the moon fled.
He said this power lived even in me.
Hopes of equality were draped in red.
So I fought, trying to shoot down the moon,
Hacking away with my blood stained hammer.
With our efforts, it was all over soon,
But we were just fooled by the hyped clamor.
The tall man seized power during our storm.
The moon did not fall; it merely changed form.

Artwork:
Symbiosis
by Chiara Waingarten