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Silvia Atra

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Silvia Atra

Joseph Fleming

Hail the land, my heart professes,
The sun's put to shame by Her flowers' tresses,
The pallid moon compares not to Her nivean skin,
Her ee, the seas, flow like blossoms in the wind.

What tree, what horrid mutiny, was forged by man's discontent?
Her leaves have grown brown and withered; to their will Her arms are bent,
See our scourge, seeding sorrow, dispersing, turning all lands fallow,
All life is spent, so thus lament the blackening of the Sylvan hallow.

O mighty oak, o woodland hoax,
O grass what grows because men spoke,
The face soon mirrors what blood once wrote,
What burden must young men now tote?