

From Under Ground

Lisa Garfield

From under ground
you can hear them stomp,
a chaotic cacophony
amplified by mud and bone,
deep-sunk despair
become a dance of fear,
anger in the air,
blood below.

From under ground
the rotten roots lie
exposed
to those brave enough
to wrap compassion 'round them
like arms.

Few are willing to dig so deep.
To die, you have to trust dirt.

From under ground
the papery winter of
lilies and daffodils
reveals its faith in patience.
Roots are right to grow down
while eager shoots burst into sunlight
all surprised.

From under ground
you can see and believe
how love could live,
how courage prevail.
Upside down
is the only way
to see the way
to right the world
of wrong.