

Who Will Free the Ivory Dove?

“How can my voice help our Democracy?”

The ivory dove
With azure eyes of peace
Rested with no complaint
Slumbered against the blurry windows of the world

But with the fall of shattering glass
A fog filled of nothing and everything
Entered the paradise
Which is a paradise no more
Simply a room filled of everything and nothing

The dove no longer rested nor slumbered
Instead captured
Behind bars of a cage, dusty and gray
Reposed to captivity
By the world that it had gave peace

The dove grieved for its freedom
But only screeches came from its beak
Pitched or monotone complaints
The world ignored either way

So the dove rested uneasily
No peaceful glint left in the birds eyes
It missed its old freedom
The rolling hills that met blue skies

The hills turn to metal
The blue turned to gray
And no matter the fear that cawed from it's beak
The World ignored either way

But others heard
That's all we need
Brave souls,
With stronger voices than any bird.

They will wake the Ivory dove
With azure eyes of broken peace
Captured with indescribable complaint
Backstabbed by the shards of the window of the world

The dove will be saved
Will be woken,
Will be Freed.

By you.