

Fragments of Hope

By: Faith Grant

Doves of snow fly through the crash of guns
Spotless feathers stained by ash, drifting in the sky
Flashing wings cutting through cotton spun clouds
Flying swiftly over war battle grounds with a message
Soaring over the booming of war
And lost souls lying in deep muddy trenches
Who fought for their countries, and paid with their lives

The ultimate sacrifice

Small graceful toes cling to fragments of hope
Hanging on as they bring their message forth
On the eleventh month, day, and hour
The chaos will end and the peace will fly free
They fly over lands filled with sorrow and fear
That cuts their hearts like the eagle's talons
But the doves raise their pearly heads and press on

Memories and whispered promises

No guns crash through the peaceful air
A snow white and pure white feather, drifting in the sky
The message has been sent from flashing wings
The war has finally ended after what seemed like forever
Chased away like old morning mist
Lost souls were finally laid to rest in beds of flowers
They saved us from a fate of slavery and fear

Thank you for our freedom