

Humanity's Song

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Unsuspecting citizens sleep soundly
as scooters descend upon the city
like a scourge of locusts

Tired, tender hands uproot
what would be tree – now naught but soot –
had wildfires not torn through tiny timber

Baleful gaze born of baggage binds us,
brought upon by callous disregard of brutish nature,
by and upon both brother and stranger

Concrete forests, facades built to frighten off sun
“Free,” they say, market, speech, leisure, fun
forever working, frigid, years – gone

Monoliths of madness, cell, tower
man invokes his rights, to take yours – power
deaf, glum, slaughtered, mum

Graves in the ground, grim reminder
of what once was, we hardly remember
hope, stifled by silence, resounding

History passed down, not heard, nor in heart
but through tiny pixels, as we, far apart
stare into our screens, and into the dark

The world is as stone
we are cold and alone
the trees shake and shiver and large mountains groan

But we are not built in the least in this way
more come to see this, every day
we hunt for the pathways from which we have strayed

Where then is the light we so desperately seek?
to care for the outcasts, the broken, the meek
and find joy in all that make people unique

We live in a time that no one could have gleaned
filled with potential, bursting with dreams
a world at our fingertips on which to lean

Standing together we are our most strong,
so think you of love and connection ere long
open your heart to humanity's song