

Polonia

Polonia, your love of fertile fields
stands alongside favorite flowers nursed to life,
with abundant bloom bright red and
button blue adorning lush green table land.

A gentle kindness rolls
across your leveled plain into hearts,
themselves strong servants, for toiling hands.
Few would question your faithful bond to mother Earth.

Fertile soils, prolific. . . from wanton waste of life?
War, and Death, blood poured out, by foreign foe.
Is it why your poppies red, bloom so fervently?

Your bells toll forth the longing,
a soulful yearning, for spacious rooms,
rooms as wide as the fields of rye you grow and win.

Polonia . . . Your arms are held aloft, to your gods.
Yet always, plunder and struggle, death.
Reach out those gods to you?

Polonia, warmth and kindness flow forth from a mannered people,
a soulful longing for the family of man to extend an arm,
grasp their hand, hugging them, quietly acknowledging "Brother".

Fragile hearts filled with earnestness,
may you not be given a lump of coal . . .
Again.