

AMERICA

RUPINDER SUMAN

It is the forbidden place we all talked about,
Amused ourselves by wondering what it would feel like,
To follow the strides of our forefathers,
Through the garden and into the field,
Rife with secrets, new and old, a sacred land waiting to unfold.

The turn of the century brings with it a new vigor for life,
So we too fly like kites, freed from the hands of bondage and obedience,
We jump over the wooded boundary and attain our landings,
Running through long grains of gold,
With the red of initiation marking our legs,
We are released revolutionaries ready to unearth
The untold secrets of this newfoundland.

Soon the sun will go down
And the blue stars will reveal our triumphs,
So we bury them underneath our feet,
In the cold damp earth, sending a prayer to the sky,
In the hope that these moments shall not be forgotten
And these secrets shall not be lost.

Many years have passed and the air is now disenchanted,
Vigor turns to vice,
The white kites have drifted afar with the currents of time,
But the land of liberty awaits, silent and resigned,
For the return of the revolutionaries
That once imprinted their years on this hallowed ground;
Their laughter echoes between the blades of gilded grass.
Listen wisely,
You may even come to know their secrets,
Revealing the wounds of a shattered past.