

The Journey

BY LISA SOUTH

They began
And rejoiced—
Buried tiny bodies in shallow graves,
Wept, and began again.

They entered the valley,
With joy—
Beat crickets off their vanishing crops,
Starved, wept, and began again.

They built their homes
With gladness—
Prepared them for burning against
an approaching army,
Wept, and began again.

They endured to the end.
They set the example.
Fighting our own crickets and armies,
We weep, remember, begin again—

And rejoice.

