The grass wasn’t so green

The birds weren't chirping and everything wasn't what it seemed

It was bleaker and grayer

Which seemed like a dream.

The reality was this

So we gathered in prayer.

I felt like the leaves breaking apart from the trees

Being kicked, stepped on, and lost in the seams.

What are we to do when this town was all we knew?

Whom do we ask when everyone felt so blue?

I ponder and gather all that I can

In hopes to rebuild our once promise land.

All that I asked had been shrugged away

No one wants to hear what a foreign man has to say.

A war between two worlds

Breaking our bonds

For they are the superiors

And I don't belong.

I stayed in this town to rebuild my dream

But this summer’s eve I had to leave.