

A Place of Hope
By Ezzaddin A.

I am from the land of the Arabia Felix
I am from the land of the first skyscrapers
I am from the farms of the red caffeinated cherries where morning is the
only smell I am from Heaven on earth

Hiking on the high mountain I come to a stop
I stop to admire the green carpets which cover the ground
I stop to hear the singing birds as if they were the Mousai
I wonder if Gaea had anything to do with this place

I am from a place of history and civilizations
I am from the land of Mocha
I am from the land where a child's favorite toy is a tire and a stick
I am from Heaven on earth

As I hike down the mountains I fall,
And when I get up I see a change in tone
The land is now covered with human ash
The birds are now bullets singing through the innocent souls
The red coffee beans are now blood drops from a child's eye
I now wonder if Hades has taken over

I am from a place where hope was once a thing
I am from a reality that does not exist
My home was once heaven but now it's a hell

But now it's all just a Memory
A Memory that tries to reinforce its existence in the brain of a boy
A boy that has been afraid of remembering his home
The home where he grew up in
The home where he learned that hope is Endless