

Higher Call from Higher Ground

No glory, nor pride in fires of violence ever exists;
Transformed into myriads of granule dust,
Innocent lives to eternal slumber sent
With brave last words they went--
Not to their Earthly abode, but to the celestial
Spheres to twinkle and shine and guide
The world to a higher call from a higher ground.
Once that stood tall was forever destined to fall,
Unnoticed, autumnal traces become visible,
Harbingers of the changing fall, remember ye all
The blaze metamorphosed to flowers?
Darkness white, casting a gloomy pal,
But the crashing of the wall
Was a higher call from a higher ground
To the heavens bound,
Where there are glorious towers.
There will be, there are unforgettable flowers.
Myself in race, color, creed, and freedom fetters--
Could I have served God better?