Never Coming Home

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Here
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Here lies the heart,
Pulsating on a thousand chests
The beating of a nation
Heard from the 3rd floor
Heavy to hold, harder to mold.

Here lies our mother,
Handing over her heart
In exchange for freedom
Tears to fall, blessing the soil
Sacrifice comes up empty handed.

Here lies the nature of good and of evil,
Where night will kiss the day
Skies cradling their stars
Will open that door, leading to all
Heavens and a heart for Venus too.

Here lies the stone,
The seedling suspended midair
Where our ancestors now rest
Upon that earth, memory will be stamped
And tomorrow’s past will be erased.

Here lies our hope,
To beat back life into that chest
And plant those seeds, and bloom once more
Not to go on foot, only to take a step back
Dust will collect, but what we settle must be infinite.