

Cardamom laced cords taut from mast to mast
Opened westward - expanding territory
Constricting our story
Organized to confine our glory
Abridging the narrative while
Burning the bridges that brought us all
Ruins.
Oh! But what miraculous
Wonderful works we've welded with
Nothing more than memories of a
Worth strategically erased and
Inventiveness intricately kept under wraps
Too much intelligence increased the likeliness of traps
Hymnal lyrics in hyphenated English
Ascended glass ceilings, dusted celestial feet
God graced these people
Our people
Light from within pours from our pores
Damage doesn't diminish the display
Every lick from life's lash availed a lesson
Never should shame abide in a vessel so resilient
History has conveyed just how
Unique a journey color can create
Every dip into the divine palette composing portraits