

DAWN PROJECT COMPETITION 2025

Entry Category: Writing and Adult

Title of Poem: FROM SCARS TO SEEDS

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FROM SCARS TO SEEDS

My Generation

Once drowned in ancestral pools
Taught the use of Freon and needles
As earth decorating tools

No questioning, we bowed and obeyed
Painting, crafting; and without notice cracks and scars
Striped on earth from chin to full skin
Which now whisper echoes of many threats

We saw streams dressed in blood
We saw soils soiled with salt
We saw smiling sky sulked and soled
Puffing decay breathe on dreams unborn

But who would help, them or us?
Recall we cried “father!” but heard their voices dumb
While our teeth gnash in constant edge
A sign that nobody would, except us

Today, we pride this pleasant noise
A noise to make one daily choice
To dig, plant, rear greener voice
Which mends, earth’s skin rejoice

For we are eyes that see the veiled
We mend wounds where fathers failed
We produce, use, reuse, but choose
Earth’s healing, and not abuse