

DAWN PROJECT COMPETITION 2025

Entry Category: Writing and Adult

Title of Poem: RESTORERS

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RESTORERS

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

Now we see streams dressed in blood
We see soils soiled with salt
We see smiling sky sulked and sored
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 raise this pleasant noise
A noise that makes one daily choice
A choice that digs and plants greener voice
That voice mends, and earth’s skin rejoice

So be the eyes that see the veiled
Let’s mend wounds where fathers failed
Let’s produce, use, reuse, but choose
Earth’s healing, and not abuse