

Broken Wings in Silence

Countless days before I vanish from sight,
Wings of hope shattered into faintest light.
Scorned forest gift, robbed of remaining shine,
Echoes of greed, scalding down the spine.

Shimmered bluish eyes and broad free wings,
Fainted crest feathers, shrouded fate it brings.
Lush forest freedom, once held in embrace.
Grip of strong talons, stumbling in grace.

Broken wings became the death of lush green
Wildlife despair, cruel hands intervene.
Dreamed fertile roots—blurring in the picture
Shattered grown seeds etched chaotic future.

Is there still hope for new sown seeds?
Golden heart persists or flashes gold for greed?
Are seeds ruled by power and gold?
When will they cease once green turns into mold?

Mankind's hope shapes the root to thrive,
Action call keeps forest floor alive.
Wild flames flicker beyond muddy sand,
Echoes of native roots reclaim the land.

Carving new seed is growing like a grain
Collective voices stood in victory lane
Jars of wisdom kill the poison dart
Lifted broken wings beyond shadowed heart

Broken wings grappled to the rusted chain,
Piled up aches, a thoughtful hope's gain.
Shall I accept the fate of painful existence?
Thirst for freedom—shattered in deafening silence

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