

Volcano

The city I call home

A simmering volcano now replaced by a tree of oak, rising

A storm now past leaving sounds of joyful youth

Without fear from the clack of rubber bullets

Fleeting from the hands of

Stone faced men.

Broken glass and rubble, corpses of buildings -

Once hell on earth turned into a peaceful paradise.

Pristine growth from prior ashes

Bridge of peace;

Joins two tribes, two sides, two siblings

Acceptance; no longer estranged

Warm hope and safe futures.

Darragh Stillman 12G

By Darragh Stillman