

“Journey” by Matthew Williams from HubPages.com (Modern Poetry)

1 We live across a field of shattered dreams,
Unsure of where we are, or where to be,
Since we became the victims of the curse,
Unfairly placed over humble men.

5 The wealthy mock the poor yet, the hopeful cry
Uncaring souls cannot comprehend
Why we still fight to liberate ourselves
From endless ridicule and false respect,
Created only by false sympathy,

10 As we march through the fields, untouched by steel.
We roam through eternal storms in search of home,
Despite the fact we will never succeed,
For home is just a distant memory
At least we still go forward with a dream,

15 Which many people across the globe
Have never done and may never do.
Seeking only what we read in books
Written by the masters from the past,
We watch as new companions join our rank

20 In hopes that we may one day save the dream
They had a while, until it turned to glass.
Across the fields we see a lone tree
Impregnable to time and nature’s wrath.
Surrounded by the dreams of broken men,

25 It grows unmoved to urge our single dream
To never fall into the shattered glass
We walk in search for home, sweet home.
We live upon a field of shattered dreams,
And only ours could last the slice of death.