

POETRY BY THE PAGE

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WHEEL ALONG UNBROKEN GROUND SCOTT HUNTER

Ahora, brothers and sisters, i feel. . .

Ahora, the rustle of bushes along the trail.

Ahora, voices of the people whispering along the trail.

Ahora, the strength of the offense to bring the junta down.

Ahora, the moonlight, light the trail.

Ahora, hope inside the people; one voice along the trail.

Ahora, the strength of the offense to lead the people on.

Ahora, the pleasure of shared bread along the trail,

Ahora, the love of the people growing along the trail.

Ahora, the strength of the offense that will bring the junta down.

Ahora, the tears of sadness along the trail.

Ahora, the love of fallen people coming through along the trail.

Ahora, the strength of the offense; the love to lead the people on.

