

Ashes of the Olive Tree - Festus Moses Onipede

Where once the olive branches swayed,
In winds of peace and song,
Now echoes of the past have frayed,
In a land where rights go wrong.

From South Africa's sunlit skies,
To Palestine's darkened ground,
The blood of martyrs never dries,
In silence, none is found.

Genocide, a beast unleashed,
Feeding on broken dreams,
Its hunger, never to be ceased,
In a world split at the seams.

Across the lands, a crimson tide,
Washes away the cries,
Of those who fought, of those who died,
With no more strength to rise.

But in the ash of burned-down homes,
And fields where tears are sown,
The seeds of peace, in quiet loams,
Are scattered, hope re-grown.

Their roots are strong, their branches high,
They reach for skies of blue,
In every tear, a war-torn sigh,
A prayer for the new.

So write, oh world, in blood and ink,
The tale of those who fought,
For peace is closer than we think,
If justice is our thought.

In every word, a candle's light,
In every line, a plea,
To turn the darkness into bright,
To set the captive free.