

Roots Of Liberty

An American Poem, abridged, the Final Canto



An Ode to
The Constitution
of
The United States of America

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Prologue: The Sad Tree

The saddest tree once said to me,
What use are stories if none can read?
When voices fade and pages burn,
the past repeats, yet none discern.

Final Canto: Upon This Parchment

Two hundred rings, four decades more,
the tree stood tall in years of yore.
Its roots held fast through flood and flame,
each scar a mark, each ring a name.

Like those who fell on fields of red,
my body, too, was torn and bled.
Yet though my form may turn to dust,
the words I bear were forged in trust.

Beneath my boughs, with steady hand,
they signed the dream to guard this land.
Upon my flesh, the ink ran deep,
a promise made for us to keep.

Born to this soil with hope unspoiled,
Not lives once broken, bound, or toiled.
No heel shall press, no tyrant's shoe,
For freedom's breath belongs to you.

Franklin spoke with knowing grace:
"A Republic—if you can keep its place."
*"Those who yield their liberty's light,
For fleeting safety lose their right."*

Then Madison's creed, both clear and true:
"Through knowledge shall men's hope renew."

And so we turn these pages still,
through war and peace, through hope and will.
The rings remain, though bark may fade—
a testament to what was made.



For liberty is not bestowed,
but fought, defended, earned, and sown.
This parchment stands, yet not alone—
it breathes through us; it is our own.

Let none who perished die in vain,
Let freedom's spark through storms remain.
A land where voices shall be free,
A government of, by, and for thee,
Let courage rise and prove its worth,
We shall not perish from the earth .