

Jeffrey Henry #357471
Poetry project

FOR THE CHILDREN
QITUNGANUN

An ocean haze with summer breeze ~~blue~~^{blew}.
A tundra shrew called as the great owl flew.
A river bends as the willow do,
The Arctic Hare finds peace within a great slew.
The September rains continue a fall,
As lightning strikes the woodland sprawl.
Black Spruce burns through all a night.
The fire matures without a fight.
The frightful finch eludes the flame,
A sickened nation hides it's shame.
Now it seems a troubling fate,
As nature flee's the tempest hate.
Now a day of hatred and fear,
Similar felt in my heart so dear.
Only time will suffering ease,
As rains that show a bright appease.
A native people so proud and free,
Driven by faith and tranquility.
We pray to forgive or try to forget,
So our children will flourish a future yet.
Our child's son must walk totally free,
Without the guiles's morality.
Time will pass we must not forget.
The moose, the wolf, an eagle in flight,
Walk in harmony as humanity might.
Nature will call as a song in the night.
Never again cause of an enormous fright.
The sickness, the pain and common disdain,
Must source our children a total refrain.
For it's them we care and we run
All for us those we call
"Our Children"

J.H. 7-7-2020

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