

COMPETITION ASPECT : POEM

‘Peace at Noon’



That time in the past when all were happy

Mothers watched children grow in merry

Fathers worked hard for wives and children in glory

That sound heard only when the old are buried

Then comes a dark hand from darkness

With a broom crowned with sadness

Sweeps away all that happiness

Many with faces not filled with gladness

A stranger and another together on one way

Hold hands to help each other run far away

Shouting and crying in the bush each day

Wishing to be heard by the judges one day

A time comes in March soon

A shout from the open by grooms

All proclaim together under the moon

Now ... now there is peace in the land at noon

BY YOH K. BRAIN