

“Words of Freedom and Salvation”

Currently, we only think
On life, grades, the color of the ink.
But life has too many colors,
And that’s what words are for
To preserve the lives of others
To tell what’s next and before

There was a time
When words were kept in cages
In what seemed to be for ages
The word freedom had no rhyme
Only a blue blanket covering the pages

So we freed the words
And, as if they were birds
In the morning of April 25th
Words flew forthwith

Words of freedom and salvation
Released by the red
Not from blood, but of carnation

That is the reason why
In April words fly.

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