

## Trail of Tears

By Riley Holt

Making a path, making a road,  
In darkness, in warmth, especially in cold.  
Striving, not thriving; just barely surviving.  
A journey so harsh, journey so frightening.  
Trampling trees, and brush on our way,  
As minutes, then hours, turn into days.  
At night, all is still, but there's no time to rest,  
For traveling in darkness is usually best.  
Few creatures are stirring here in the gloom,  
Perhaps they all feel the terror that looms.  
Who are we? Making journeys alone,  
With dark copper skin; with no longer a home?  
Marching forever, with shaking knees,  
O'er deserts, in valleys, through forests and seas;  
Swimming 'cross lakes so deep and so wide,  
Feeling more tired with every stride.  
It seems as though every good place is taken;  
We've traveled so far, we feel so forsaken.  
The sun, it makes us feel secure and warm,  
Though we've traveled and trekked, through countless storms.  
Happiness always feels just out of reach,  
We've hoped and we've prayed for some quiet and peace.  
Searching for shelter, for warmth, for wood,  
We'd stop, and we'd rest, if only we could.  
Nobody hears us' nobody cares.  
All that they gave us are nasty stares.  
We were called worthless, we were forced and shoved,  
No choice but to flee from the home we once loved.  
Seems like we have walked for many long years,  
As we travel along this, our Trail of Tears.