

# From Under Ground

*Lisa Garfield*

From under ground  
you can hear them stomp,  
a chaotic cacophony  
amplified by mud and bone,  
deep-sunk despair  
become a dance of fear,  
anger in the air,  
blood below.

From under ground  
the rotten roots lie  
exposed  
to those brave enough  
to wrap compassion 'round them  
like arms.

Few are willing to dig so deep.  
To die, you have to trust dirt.

From under ground  
the papery winter of  
lilies and daffodils  
reveals its faith in patience.  
Roots are right to grow down  
while eager shoots burst into sunlight  
all surprised.

From under ground  
you can see and believe  
how love could live,  
how courage prevail.  
Upside down  
is the only way  
to see the way  
to right the world  
of wrong.