

Angel Mejia

To the Struggler

An ode to the Struggler
The Forgotten
The Discarded.
To the Buried
And the Born.
To the Dead
And the Dying.
Death is a language we all speak.
Love is a warmth we all feel.
We all ride this bus,
This vessel to the end
Of a forgotten beginning.
I bow to you, Struggler.
To the wanderer
Of our nail-ridden streets.
Heed, struggler,
The beauty of your aurora,
The fluttering whispers
Of the roving butterflies.
The echoing song of the waves.
The blushing roses
And the kiss of the dawn.
For death is calling us.
Heed, Struggler.
Struggle.
Contend.
You'll make it.

