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SONGS FROM THE SOIL

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In the arms of ferns and green wood trees, where ancestral spirits quietly breathe, live the tribes with stories unwritten-Arich heritage where he dances, heralding sky and soil alike.

Every heartbeat- a sacred pulse, remain hidden in shadowed silence- their fights are buried, voices dimmed, Beneath-Nation's embroidered pride.

For in the silence of the forest sheep, their clam ours still resound, Their tear drop does weep, a mother's sob-A child lost in the crowd's blind stampede..

Ground that has been occupied, Liberty falsely promised and extinguished, an archive of scars that are still festeringfallen from the tears of everyone, who is **left to be free?**

Deep, dream-eyed as the ages, owls gleam like lynxes in the dark-for in their veins the strength of old, resilience that cannot be marketed, O! forest-born, innocently brilliant.

As big as the night sky, dreams do exist, females of the tribe, with power so real, in every action, they are reborn, from past to present, carving strength into every footstep.





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One gets fragmented, in every darkness, yet their unity binds stronger than stone, their voices with the clear and high notes- for justice, for the vision that is due them, echo their name in power's hall.

Even in the words I speak, a strength and a pleat cease the violence; a demand their pains and aches should stop, in the hall of power, their names echo, calling for rights, for the future they produce.

I feel a resonant luminescence, drawing me beside them, for justice, for their sacred right, for in their struggle, we must see, our unseen pain pulses in their veins, in the flute's rhythm-The Tribal'sRemain.

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