Harvest Song

The grey men are grey today,
dressed in grey greatcoats against the greyness
of a grey sky.

Soon a grey spring will break
through the layers of grey winter.
We will see a bright summer.

The sky will lighten,
turn blue, destroy the darkness
of this harsh season.

We will walk out of the gloom,
clear the polluted pasture,
polish our ploughshares

until they shine like silver,
singing through the blood-red soil.
Then we will sow our fields undisturbed,

cultivate them as they grow green, liberated,
rest unafraid as they ripen in golden freedom.
We will rejoice in salvation,

harvest our own sunshine,
harvest our own shadows.

Martin Porter