

IN THE END

To all who've been fed
with the bread -- of these tears.
Who dine with the wine
of regretted lost years.

In yonder resurrection
we'll meet by-and-by.
With that esoteric twinkle
in my and your eye.

But just those who walked our road
would comprehend:
This crown -- unmatched LIBERTY!
Had **always** been ours...in the end.

Poem: By PF Lazor. Copyright 2008 ©
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