

Colby Hudson

“The Nature of a Country”

This melting pot of people and cultures needs to become our life as we want it to be.
A block of marble is chiseled away, drops of water run the dust along,
But inside the block is hollow with no dream of what it could become.
If a tree falls in the woods and no one hears it, does it really fall?
If the people speak, but they are not heard, do they really matter?
A country is crafted on the basis of people.
The voice, participation, liberties, and above all the representation of the individual.

The voice of the majority can crush down on a country like a tidal wave,
If the moon is not there to pull the raw materials to the heavens, what will?
Painted across the world, countries with colorful voices that shape its borders.
The voice of the people is what a country is,
Without them we are merely warm bodies no better than the animals.

Liberty stands among the people, Her voice pushing through the collective,
Encouraging all to be active and to volunteer.
As votes are counted she fills with rejoice and glows like the sun.
Even at night she glows, Even with conflict she grows,
She will always be even if she appears to be lost to oppression.

The stones that build towers,
The representation that determines if the country will stand tall or fall down.
Just like light it is, when taken away it will be found one way or another,
Through glutinous fire or the passive sun that beams on us.

A country can never just be one person.
Mountains can be move by the whispers of civic representation,
The world spins when the people allow it to.
We the people can pursue life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.