

Category L - Individual Poem

Amani Hafeez
“The Age of Concordia”

An unimaginable world of harmony and peace,

Before might was right,

Before Earth was cruel.

When innocence was not ignorance,

When fear ceased to exist.

A world of peace, of love, of verity, of amity.

When Terra was the mother of all, and lover of all.

When the sun would rise through Elysian fields, people would

dance and shout in joy to see their beloved Helios put on a

show.

Not yet had human blood tainted Mother Earth and changed this

paradise forever.

The needle of envy had not yet pierced the innocent thoughts.

Concordia, wandering here and there, would watch.

To see a world in ceaseless-joy which now harbors avarice and

greed,

To find hope, faith and harmony, then find greed, treason and lies.

The concept of Concordia, now locked in endless sleep,

Gone forever, disappeared and dissipated into thin air.

In roots of trees you'll find it.

Concordia lost her silent battle. . . .

It seems it evanesced into particles unknown to man.

Blood of man has blemished to perfection of Elysium,

And though this world has lost all hope,

Maybe *you* will find some.

Open the jar Pandora left and find that Elpis stayed put.

If you open the jar,

And let her out of the confined space which has been her own for
millenium.

Let the world know that Elpis is here.

And may they know that there is always hope for Elysium.

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