

Away On

Oppression at every corner
Meets my struggle to be free
I cannot sleep for fear
That I will be taken away
From the land I owned
After conquering so many obstacles
To bare fruits to my hard labor
A tear trickles down my cheek
As I think of my odds
They can destroy my body
But never my will to be free
Let the bells toll
Never will my spirit die
Away spread my words
Bury me first
Before you take away our freedom

Renata Dawidowicz

