

## **DREAMSEEDS**

**A desert land, desolate place,  
Mankind moves at primal pace.  
Ancient homes of mud and straw,  
Give abode to Evil's rise and fall.**

**This barren land serves battleground,  
For our tale of Good's resound,  
Of eternal call for vigilance,  
Infinite struggle for righteousness.**

**In epic war of Good and Evil,  
Romantics write of Good's retrieval  
Of Honor, and of Heroine,  
Vanquished foe, and conquered sin.**

**But on fateful day of 9-1-1,  
All Good's intens were undone,  
By Evil's wicked, sharpened scythe,  
Good's innocence suffered, died.**

**And Evil won 'gainst antagonist,  
Breeding terror with ignorance.  
Adding potion of poverty,  
Mixed with aberrant religiosity.**

**And in the depths of defeat,  
Scarlet blood and carnage meet,  
In a jagged field of sacrifice,  
Good plants Dreamseeds of device.**

**Dreamseeds root, begin to grow,  
As nations grieve in sorrow.  
Dark days loom, doubts abound.  
Good is dead? Freedom unsound?**

**All the while, Dreamseeds thrive.  
Heartland heroes give their lives,  
To a cause just and pure.  
Fight for freedom gives allure.**

**A pulse is found, begins to quicken.  
Dreamseed roots begin to thicken.  
Nurtured, fed by Good's life force,  
The human spirit on due course.**

**To fight again another day?  
Accept defeat some would say.  
But human spirit, soul, and mind,  
Resurrect Good in healing bind.**

**Strength of millions 'round the the world,  
Witness Freedom's colors unfurled,  
Good gains footing, stands erect,  
Evil shudders, feels affect.**

**And ignorance, once Evil's whore,  
Withers as Good opens door,  
Letting knowledge, wisdom in,  
The mortal enemy of Evil, Sin.**

**A coalition of Good and Willing,  
Cast Freedom's blanket o'er the chilling.  
Victims of the darkest days,  
When Good was lost in a haze.**

**Of smoke, doubt, and harmful press,  
In Evil's struggle for redress.  
Of empty grievance, empty core,  
Evil won battle, lost the war.**

**What's this Dreamseed, one would ask?  
Your child's mind, a conjured task,  
Hope, desire, and fantasy,  
Enduring Freedom and Security?**

**Dreamseeds grow where'er planted,  
Stunted growth whene'er canted,  
But grow unsurpassed and ably  
Only when planted in land o' the free.**

*— Major Todd Schmidt*

In addition to being a full-time Army officer and part-time poet, Major Todd Schmidt is the founder and president of Operation Dreamseed, a charitable organization dedicated to providing school supplies to Afghan schoolchildren. For additional information, see <http://www.operationdreamseed.org/about.cfm>.