

## 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 allures.

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 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.

—Maj. Todd Schmidt  
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