

PROTESTERS

The snow is falling soft and white;
They scorn its cold and curse its flight.
The breeze is blowing brisk and clean;
Their minds react with thoughts obscene.
Their angry glare through window panes
Stares thanklessly at vibrant rains.
Their ears reject as wretched noise
The songs a nightingale employs.
A weed has flowered in their grass:
Profanity and wrath amass.
A small child gives his toy away:
His parents now restrict his play.
A light and dark-skinned couple walk:
The air is stained with hateful talk.
While beauty, life and love abound,
Protesters voice their ugly sound.

— *David L. Hatton, 1966 (revised 2015)*