

Trevor Peters

THE NATION MOURNS*



The nation mourns,
her parishes languish;
they wail for the land,
and a cry goes up from the villages.
Bare-feet children look for provisions;
they head for the fields
but they find no fields.
They return with their crocus bags unfilled;
dismayed and despairing,
they bow their heads.
The ground is flooded
because there is too much rain in the land;
the farmers are dismayed
and bow their heads.
Even the sheep in the field
deserts her new born lamb
because there is no grass
Donkeys stand on the heights
and pant like jackals;
their eye sight fails

for lack of pasture.
Grenada mourns,
her parishes languish;
they wail for the land,
and a cry goes up from the villages.
Calm. Why are you scarce in the land,
like a stranger who stays only a night?
You are among us, O Lord,
and we call on your name:
do not forsake us!

**The Nation Mourns* is an adaptation of Jeremiah 14 of the Holy Christian Bible.