

New World

by Linda Greiner

Prospero's magic lives throughout all time
To teach the mortals how to live on earth.
Idyllic isle, Prospero's perfect clime
Around was evil felt, goodness's dearth.

Dark and white, the magic feeds desires.
Poor Caliban, he hopes for land returned.
Prospero shapes, controls the puppets' wire.
The man surrenders arts with lessons learned.

Imagination, source of power, ends
The grudges and restores Prospero's life.
The old and new, the hope, despair will blend.
The islands storms are calmed; love ends the strife.

Be kind, forgive, set free, spread love, be just.
Surrender to a hopeful view and trust.