

The Hardest Heart

Anne Clark

Let the morning sun proclaim
the light of the world
let the golden day unfurl
on every wave - on every hill

Each angered fist uncurl
Caress the hardest heart
stir the sleeping earth
each stone - each blade of grass

The soul of the world
ignite a brand new day
let the morning sun proclaim
a brand new start
a brand new way

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