

## “The God-Given Right to Sweet Lemonade”

I struggled I fought  
I whittled, I've rot  
I've seen and met a lot  
I've traveled and thought

I'm only 21 but I've lived and learned  
As much as a dying old man  
And the lemons of life  
That god seems to give  
Has failed to reach the palm of my hand

Now It's been a long lonely road  
To the Abbey, I'm told  
Ain't got no souls selling or sold  
But all I'm looking for is the seeds of old  
The seeds, I've been told  
Will have grown, grown, and grown  
The lemons I may crush and may hone  
The making of god's own lemonade

But I can never find my way  
And as I say, I may  
Never have gotten to that wretched old place  
So I sit here and farm  
What will be a warm  
Batch of god's lemonade  
But I try and I fight  
With all of my might  
To farm this sweet lemonade  
I've gotten I've gained  
Less than my trade  
Nothing even close to a ghost of some lemonade

I sit here, I wonder  
Who else does try harder  
And why do I still try  
When all I've gotten

From the seeds now grown into trees  
That I've traveled and failed to pick reasonably  
Is a single glass of poison apple cider

That I cannot drink  
I may only sink  
Lower than hell's greed "even" deeds  
Worked down to the bone with only a seed  
I sit here and sigh  
For the lemonade I should have as mine  
Is only given to those upper class diners

While I could dress  
In my sunday best  
I still can't afford  
Stability, the lemonade itself, or some rest  
So I hang my head  
Alas the cider may be sour  
I am strong, not a coward  
And so the souls of the dead,  
Those who watch us go on in earnest  
We'll carry with us the burden of purpose

In due time we may gain  
My strategies slowly less and less inane  
The lemonade is possible to attain  
And my will is to survive harvest  
Someday we will lay  
On the lemon hills and say  
Apologize and come here  
For the nation's best lemonade  
Or face the difficult cider  
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