



# Shared

# Belief

This high-wave road they had to tread  
could fray the nerves...  
With all the mines that lay ahead...  
if memory serves.

When all our will turned into whys...  
then into blurs...  
Then we were fighting for our lives...  
along with Hers.

What living hell would now be left...  
too soon to tell...  
But certain... if She bled to death...  
we would as well.

When all the worst, set to replay  
and She... near lost...  
Surrender's not the price we'd pay...  
at any cost.

By looking forward... to the past  
our lesson's learned...  
As lead of nations... peace was cast...  
that peace was earned.

Our life in verse... so many strands  
one shared belief...  
Is now blessed from Her loving hands,  
one maple leaf.