

## We Are More

Erin McKeown

This morning I saw a glimmer of hope  
In the eyes that I met at the door  
Of separate futures and confident sutures  
To the wounds that we have endured

You hate the words of war, but baby face it!  
That's what it's been for us  
We were never good fighters or very good soldiers  
But through this we are more

It's victorian this embroidering ordering and  
Sorting of memory to museum quality  
In a box we are, we are and we're art  
For the victims and tourists to see

And this victory we're part of is part and  
Parameter of all that has come before  
We were never good fighters or very good soldiers  
But through this we are more

What's the harm in ruins, reminds us of who  
We were in darker times  
In the pieces of colonies, we'll find that we follow  
A church of our own design

By our best, we're remembered, baptized we surrender  
By air, by water, by shore  
We were never good fighters or very good soldiers  
But through this we are more