

Our Work is Never Done

By Maggie Cogburn

April 18, 1775

Splinters lodge into calloused skin
As the woodworkers sharpen their blades
The shipbuilders hammer great nails into place
Assuring a future of trade

Soldiers march out on a field a death
Their families miles away
War cries billow across the bloodied glade
For the country we have today

November 20, 2025

Influencers post their lives online
Gamers, streamers, and youtubers too
To entertain those sitting at home
Who may have watched them as they grew

Factories boom and cough out smog
Filling the air with black
Yet the people inside continue their duties
So materials are not what we lack

July 31, 3045

Despite technology and innovation
The future is unforeseen
But the things we know now could easily transform
To be relied on by a screen

Throughout the centuries, we've worked together
To sew the threads of life
And we'll keep going on and fulfilling our roles
As long as we survive.