

SHADOW IN THE DARK: IMMOKALEE'S MIGRANT WORKERS

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There's a shadow in the darkness,
You can't see it, but it's there.
Move away from your hardness,
Let my words make you aware.

It's early in the morning,
The children are still asleep.
Their father leaves with warning,
To earn his family's keep.

At the fields he bends his back,
Fills buckets for coins in his can.
Picking relentlessly with his pack,
Yet no benefits for this working man.

Many hours and many days,
He twists his fingers through the fields.
Returning home with eyes ablaze,
And whispers of fear that never yield.

His shadow darkens as he moves,
Bearing his family up the coast.
And until his work and life improves,
He must stay quiet at his post.

He is a shadow in the darkness,
But he's not the sole one there.
There's no more room for hardness,
Immokalee needs your prayer.

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