

Senior Games and Silver Arts
Literary Arts, Poetry
Psalm of the Oppressed
[An Ode to the Trail of Tears]
By Shirley M. Frisbee, M.A.T., B.S.
May 2026



Psalm of the Oppressed

The people's tears fell upon the Earth
For the anguish of their pain
And the Earth cried to the Creator
And their tears were carried by the rain

The rocks cried out
Because the people had no voice
They could not lift their eyes unto the hills
They had lost their home and their choice

And the Spirit bore their grief
Interceding with much groaning
For the blood of their loved ones covered the Earth
Is there no one on their behalf atoning?

Man has not honored us
Oh who will hear our cry?
Not the ones who think we worship –
The sun, and moon and sky!

The angels are our witness
And some day they will speak
But they too wait with us in travail
Til the souls are exalted, who have been made meek

Our Creator will hear us
And carry us under the feathers of His wing
To a place where we'll know no sorrow
And our souls will be free to sing