

Abigail Parrish

Old Glory Red

Poetry

“I don’t like politics.”
4 words that trigger confusion
And shock the land of liberty
As though it’s a delusion

Yet that singular word carries many
Souls lost in the fight
Of what is ‘wrong’ or what is ‘right’
The truth of loss too bright

Flying bullets scream across time
Whispering their names of tragedy
Striking the opinions shared
Conclusion of death, insanity!

Old glory red splatters the land
Freedom’s soil soaked and bled
Justice seems never enough
For the fallen, only silence instead

Accusations thrown here and there
To justify the irreversible crime
Where is the humanity
Has it rotted into grime

What happened to indivisible
People turning against one another
Stumbling on vengeance
On their blood, we smother

Violence became the conclusion
Too much spoken about
Morality on the brink
All we see is the wrong route

My screams too small, too young

To make a difference
Trapped in insulation
Drowning in impatience

Opinions and ideas, beautiful
Uniqueness present
Yet minds too clouded
To see to that extent

We become what we condemn
Rage scorching in our brains
Vocal cords tortured and torn
Speech on restrictive chains

Dirt turned to red mud
Walked over and forgot
For me, it's haunting
Peace only ever sought

Can anyone hear
The reverb of a shell falling
The plop of tears
Of those grieving, bawling

I scratch my brain
To find an answer
But I'm not loud enough
Even for a bystander

There is no end
Death is upon us
Eyes stabbed by oppression
From a brother's fuss

Channel news coming to you live
Reports flooding in all over
Shots have been fired - Run.
It's over and out. Over.

All. Over.

Can anyone hear
They chopped the eagle's head
Don't speak, lest you fall victim
To the old glory's red.