

SPIRIT OF A NATION

I proudly wave across the land,
stately emblem in the breeze
Patriotic declaration
of a nation's liberty

White purity and innocence
Red hardiness and valor
Blue vigilance and justice
preserved within my colors

Over hallowed halls of knowledge,
of government, of law
I stand watch over principles
to earn my nation's awe

And like the stars so proudly worn
upon my breast of blue
I transcend the bonds of earth
to stand majestic on the moon

Dauntless onto battlefields
I lead my country's brave
And with solemn dignity
escort the fallen to their graves

I serve as dressing for the wounds
of injured men and towers
Bestowing hope and solace
in my nation's darkest hours

When my loyal, revered servants'
last heartbeats come to pass
I join my mourning nation,
flying somberly half mast

Flames of hatred and dissension
may reduce my cloth to ash
Yet with the smoke my liberty
still rises unabashed

My strength lies not in stars or stripes,
in fabric nor in thread
But in the hearts of citizens
who hold my values sacred

For those who would destroy
America's noble decoration
Will come to find they cannot destroy
the spirit of a nation

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A SOLITARY CANDLE

A solitary candle
A humble, quiet token
The merest spark of hopefulness
That left the dark unbroken

It whispered to the empty night
Of innocence too brief
Of bravery midst adversity
Of anguished souls in grief

Through tear-dimmed eyes it shimmered
A solemn, lonely flame
Its whisper caught the evening breeze
And soon more candles came

A thousand burning candles
A golden, shining sea
Lit a nation's darkened heart
Revealing Unity

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FREEDOM'S COST

When engines roared and hatred flew
and innocence was lost
In twisted steel and broken lives --
there lay Freedom's cost

When heroes crawled amongst the ruins
in desperate search of life
Their burning eyes bore witness to
Freedom's awful price

When travelers stood to wrest the course
of hatred from its goal
They knew full well they gave their lives
in paying Freedom's toll

When soldiers proud donned uniforms
for battles all too near
Was known that all would not return
for Freedom's dues are dear

When from sorrow a nation rose
in determined unity
With heads held high, prepared to fight
for Freedom is not free

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UNTITLED

I slip into your bedroom
to listen to you breathe
softly,
quietly,
to not disturb your sleep

I offer up a silent plea
for a world gone mad somehow
I brush away my tears,
I sigh,
then I kiss your brow

I know that I am not alone
for half a world away,
another mother kneels beside
her child's bed to pray

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