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Patriotically Torn and Tattered

Holly Butchyk

Trinity College, holly.butchyk@trincoll.edu

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Patriotically Torn and Tattered

Holly Butchyk

Torn and tattered they endure –
Remnants of revolution
Swathed in blues and faded reds
And 13 stars beneath
Themis, Oracle of Delphi.
Sheathed in royal oak, ever rising
West of the wing, first of the floor.

Buckingham in bronze, William A.,
Silent and imperious.
No province bore upon his face,
Consigned now to the margins
Of a glossed-over history –
A silent witness to the state of grace
Its vale of virtue its most deadly vice.

Make no attempt to shield me
From that I have by now witnessed –
Those pallid pewter eggs shat out
Of mammoth, mindless birds.
Aimless and wide
Shattered lives lay in pieces,
And death withholds the joys of a grave.

Death now dealt not on our watch,
We have no thirst for blood.
Great is the wing-span that boasts of freedom here,
Beneath the ruin of silken string, ever rising
West of the wing, first of the floor.