

The Bruised Flag

By Zoe Maynard

The gusts of wind blow the flag back and forth,
rippling mirages of stars and stripes,
Identity lessens as the face of the flag frowns
in a state of doubt.

Do we trust the face of a friend?

Does the face of foe lead our generation?

Vulnerable like sheepish lambs that follow
the dirt, the mud, and the grime
that smears the clean surface.

Verbal lies are fed through intravenous
drips, every drop entering the unsuspecting eyes.

Are we to believe this illusion of public sincerity?

Our voices get louder before being
washed over with the bruised flag.