

Brittany Stenfors

The Way

Confidence, slowly pacing ambition
Conspire, blazing through the fire.
American way, love to hate, yet hate to lose
A ruse, so amusing.
Manors at bay, smile to face
A race, ism, surely you lose.
Love to laugh, laugh at love
Promises fail, words become trivial.
Honor in men, no, honor in thieves
Deceive, please, no hierarchy.
Anarchy become becomes the way,
Today we play, no work we're paid.
Forgave

The Meaning

She sat in the mid-winter cold, frozen and confused,
yet blood boiled, while she squirmed to understand the meaning...

Why me? How can I?

She cried inside, but not a tear dropped,
she yearned to be free, and dreamed,
which sometimes helped her to understand the meaning.

The breeze dwindled down and silence,
so much silence, encompassed her being,
while the smoke and flames, blazed, she felt dismay,
finally...a vision to the meaning.

Being and seeing, a figment so fleeting,
she squinted and pondered a reason for being,
and still she could not find the meaning.

She just kept on believing.