

One Hundred Days

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THE CENTER SCHOOL | 12TH GRADE

One hundred days of Genocide, but it's nothing new. Nothing new.
I see buffalo in the olive trees like death is all there is.
And the blood on my screen is the blood on my hands is the
blood on my taxes the blood in my veins and the blood on this country
it all bleeds the same. The classroom lights are red, and too many
of my teachers are silent. The flag, black white green and red, held aloft
at the protests that start to feel pointless, the flag, blue white and red
we pledge allegiance. Like it's all we can do. And the blood is still red.

