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.





This broadside was created in celebration of Seattle Arts & Lectures' 2023-24 Writers in the Schools Year End Reading. Corinne Manning was the supporting WITS writer in residence.