

Death knell for a Lady By Rennie St. James

The storm didn't ease over the horizon
It struck hard and fast, unexpected
Ominous clouds raced to cover the blue sky
Thunder shook the ground at her feet
Lightning was the clouds' only silver lining
As darkness sought to overwhelm the flame

There had been no warning
No time to seek aid or offer defense
She worried about others yearning for her shelter
No rest, no light, no hope for them any longer
If only there had been some sign
Eyes wide open, she feared the darkness

Once inequality had inspired bravery
But then came anger and vengeance
Words were replaced by guns
Red mixed with blue and grey as brothers bled
It was not a mortal wound
She had thought she had healed and moved on

Years passed in relative peace
Growth and prosperity returned
The path was not without triumphs and tragedies
But an iron will forged her spine of steel
Strong and silent she stood guard
Quiet, patient, kind, and welcoming

The new storm was powerful, unceasing
Red mixed with black and white as brothers bled
Anger and fear, guns and knives
Hatred and retribution, drones and laws
Again it was not a mortal wound
But apathy allowed her blood to flow

Eyes averted
No one sought to protect her
Minds closed
No one understood her pain
Hearts hardened
No one worried over her plight

Born in spirit years before stone encased her
A lost reminder of past greatness and honor
She stood firm while the brutal battle raged
Battered from the left and the right
A silent witness to the senseless slaughter
Her tears hidden by the stormy rains

Darkness fell and extinguished her flame
As the door slammed shut
One last shuddering breath left her cold and hard
Even as her death knell tolled
Lady Liberty stood waiting...waiting...
Waiting for the next flicker of light on the horizon

Rennie St. James