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Emma Lazarus Poetry Contest 3rd Prize

Alyse Gardner

The College at Brockport, agard1@brockport.edu

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Third Place

Alyse M. Gardner

Missing the Shooting Gun

Across the seas, in the hot sands of war
He leaves us to wait;
Time shuffles its feet.
We are left alone to fight off the heat of
Becoming part of individuality.
We step away from the crowd that's unable to see;
The pain, the longing, the need to have—
We split the chores, as he sees innocents
Bleed, but he must continue to drive.
We learn who cares, who lies, who cheats.
Running to the steel box on the road side, always afraid
Of what we shall find: is there a letter, or are you empty?

A year goes by, and the city is able to sleep;
It is safe from our enemies.
We hear the train down the road,
No one weeps as we have learned:
Take charge, be strong, harden hearts. A new year

Will soon come, autumn's leaves will
Create a bed with the trampled sweets on the ground.
Powder builds heaven's heaps,
And our family is no longer the same,
But is once more complete.