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Proud Eagles

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Proud Eagles

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Proud Eagles

I lie in bed in a fetal curl
not willing to wake and face the world
I dream of America & how it died
Here I am, alone with my pride
while Old Glory is burning
a sign of discontent
pyros plenty with hearts ill-spent

I alone salvage the ashes
and sit by candlelight
—begin to mend their wrongs
minutes, hours, days and years
arthritic hands
oceans of tears
The result is grand
—an AMERICAN QUILT
A blanket to cover the entire land
(I wake to see the work of my hands)
A million flags flying high
Proud Eagles in the sky!

—Jeremy Kimball