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Category: Poetry

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## **Presidential Sunset**

As night approaches, we await the determination of the fates of many lives.  
Blue and red shines in the sky.  
A representation of our democracy.  
The colors used to blend together so well.  
It was like a perfect spectrum of beliefs.  
An ombre.  
But now all the red represents  
Is blood.  
The blood of mothers, whom pregnancy has been forced upon them,  
The blood of children, who took their own lives because they knew they wouldn't be accepted,  
The blood of immigrants, ripped from their families, who are currently in cages.  
It represents the blood of lives lost from brutality.  
That red in the sky reminds me of the hatred in people's hearts that we hoped we had lost by the blood shed in the Civil War.  
It drips everywhere ... on the pavement and in our hands.  
The delicateness of our hands has morphed to match the callousness of the pavement.

Here we are,  
Hands shaking  
Tears falling  
Knees jittering  
From the anxiety that is blocking up around our hearts.  
The anxiety is building a mighty fortress.  
I am terrified on this day for those I love.  
Will this fear drag on for weeks?  
Oh, how I wish it would end tonight.  
No more blood, I plead.  
Red streaks in the sky.  
Red streaks in the ground.  
It seeps into the dirt planting seeds for more hate.

I wish I could change things, but I am confronted with the fact that all I can do is wait.  
So, I sit.  
I check my phone every couple of seconds.  
Pennsylvania shines hope into my retina.  
I've never been so in love with the color blue.  
Blue is the clear open sky and the water that nourishes us.  
Blue gives me hope.  
My disdain for red has never been so strong.  
Now, it represents the blood on my lips because my anxiety driven fingers have picked them to their demise.  
Now, there is only blue and red.  
It tastes bitter and salty.  
But nothing is as salty as my tears.

Please, blue,  
Shine through.