

Lequinn Pettway

Age: 17, Grade: 12

School Name: W P Davidson High School, Mobile, AL

Educators: Charlotte Griffin, Tara Smith

Category: Poetry

the Return

Covered in grime, grim and grisly,
Gray faces dull with eyes sickly,
Souls shriveled, smelling of whiskey,
Onwards the soldiers marched
In gold and victory.

No sorrows shed, for eyes too dry.
The Sovereign stood and court rised,
Townfolk halted all their cries,
A moment as silent as the sky,
Onwards the soldiers marched
In glory and victory.

Armor clanged and flag remained,
Battlefield empty, echoing pain,
"No water may ever wash this stain,"
Yet onwards the soldiers marched
In gore and victory.

Still living to tell the tale,
Dwelling behind an ashen veil,
Attracted as if soul for sale,
Drifting as if passing failed,
The soldier marched on.

On the horizon, the prophecy,
Shines good and golden like a dream.
Step by step, repressed weep
To trudge through days so shadowed, bleak,
Acting, bleeding,
Stumbling, believing,
As if
Onwards the soldiers marches
Towards goodness and victory.