

Sandy Hook
by Cierra Kenyon

From seeds they'd grown
To tender young stems
With buds ready to bloom
Thinking the hottest fire couldn't burn them

But they were smashed by a jealous stomp,
Their beauty gone before it could truly show
The clear water of their souls poisoned,
Turned Red and made Rancid

Mother weeps softly at their end,
Knowing every lesson is painfully taught,
But wondering why Her children remain stubborn,
Her Pride and Joy haunted by demons of their own creation

The singers of songs and tellers of tales
Squawked like hens and ran into walls
Confusing those to whom they'd once promised truth
And further tugging on the injured roots

But the roots held strong to rocks hidden in the soil
And one day, the stem will come again
And their flowers will sing euphonious eulogies
Their predecessors never to be forgotten