

Lady Liberty

Are the lines that stretch down the
Patina skin of lady liberty emblems
Of a hallowed history? Once her
Thick brows and stiff lips curled
Above the sturdy bridge of a
Muscular nose exuded the sternness
Of a stoic, something absolute and
Tangible like the peel of an orange
Resting in my palm. Shooting from
Spikes atop her gallant crown were
Cream stars painted on a cloth of
Red and blue. Draped across her
Body in silken folds, a robe rusted
With stains of a shaken past, but
Still her tarnished blue shimmered.
Trailing down from her clouded
Eyes, I think now those streaks
Are crusted with bitter salt. Oily
Tears plastered on frozen cheeks,
Our mighty Mother of Exiles weeps.