

war flower

For centuries I defined myself by my enemies. Without them, who are we?
On what else stands my history?
On what else stands our story?

Reaching for my saber,
Rubbing salt into my wounds to deepen my scars.
i will be the greater warrior.

Today the sun burns red.
A young girl stands on the road.
The red sun burns through her transparency.

She is my daughter.
Today, she offers me a flower she has plucked from her grave.