

Old Glory

By Darren Shell

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'Twas my fortune to cast a gaze
after a long and stormy day,
to see the stars and stripes unfold
just like in the days of old,
when our flag joyfully waved.

For when the moonlight pierced the weave...
illuminating colors seen,
I saw beyond the common hues
and rejoiced in the righteous reds and blues
with emotion I could not believe.

For amid the swirling, daunting clouds,
the moonlight cast its rays around.
It danced and played upon the wind.
Our flag, it touched my soul within
as it danced about.

Fifty stars sparkled anew,
awaiting refreshing morning dew.
It swirled and swayed as if today
was its last and precious day...
just as we all should do.