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Untitled

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The American Dream

Garet Feimster

Is the American Dream a myth?
Two kids, a dog, and a house,
With a white picket fence.
Two cars and whatever else you can fit.
That path your mom and dad spoke of,
Where anything and everything is possible.
Just takes hard work and dedication,
The drive to push you through it all.
Did you ever stop and think?
Maybe it all was a line of bull,
Fairy tales to sugar coat the road ahead of you.
Cushion the fall that lies in front of you.

Maybe the truth lacks hope,
Maybe it hurts.
The people you're going to step on,
The lies you will tell,
The backstabbing of it all.
Would you want to tell a child the truth?
Maybe they're better off not knowing,
And maybe I'm better off not saying.



Look Up

Pasco Rowe

Up above my worries,
hangs

A peaceful morning
sky of blue

Where the wind softly
caresses my face,
And the sun gently
warms my skin.

Gently my thoughts
turn to laughter
Towards the shackles
that filled my head
with rain

As they vanish with
borrowed victory
To a world full of
the same.

When the day prepares
to end its shift,
Renewed mood must
maintain its light.

For twinkling starlit
skies smile,
When brilliant orange
dawn turns to night.