

Forces

Volume 2019

Article 111

5-1-2020

Ancient Forest

Bridget Scott-Shupe

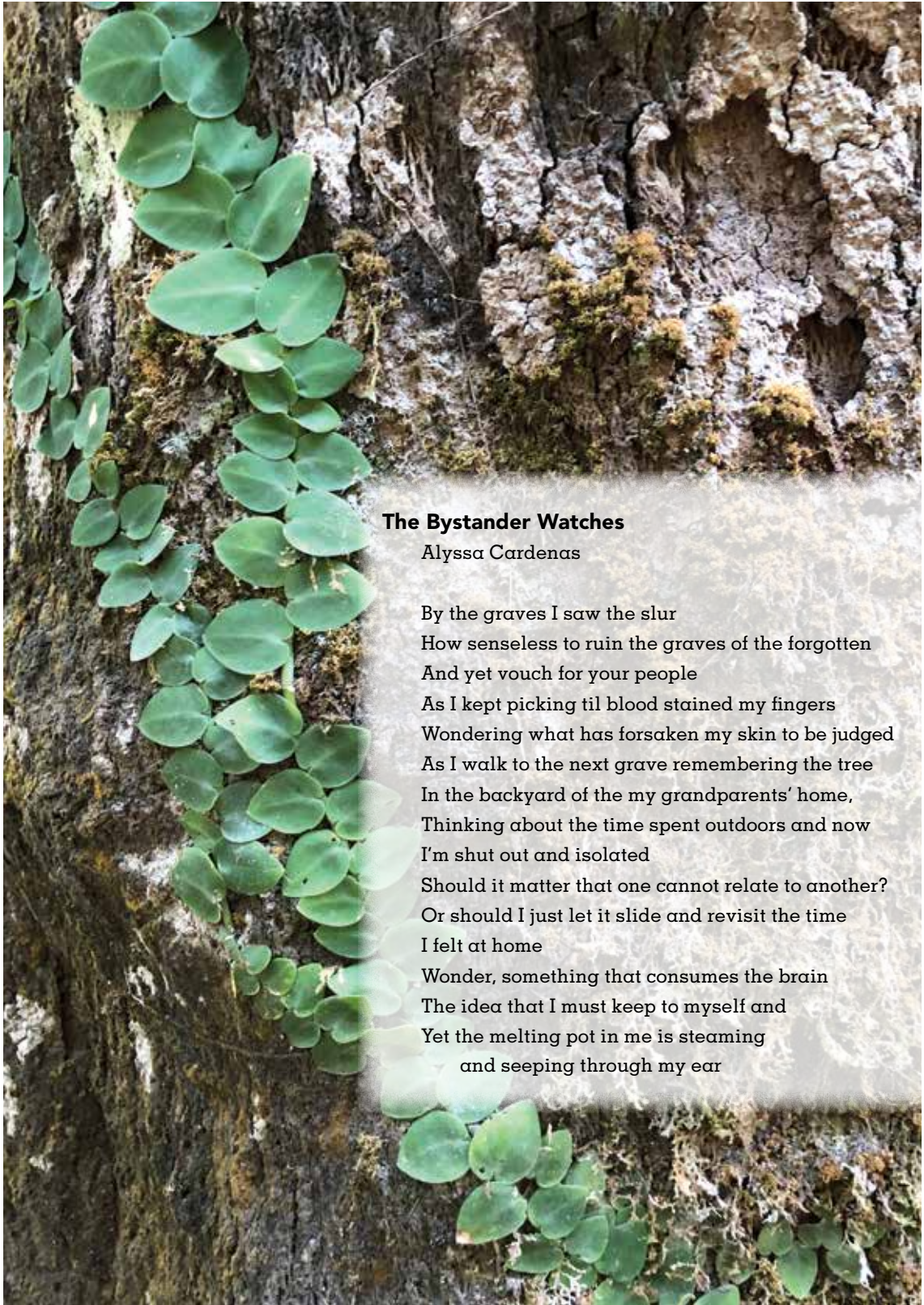
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Scott-Shupe, Bridget (2020) "Ancient Forest," *Forces*: Vol. 2019 , Article 111.

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The Bystander Watches

Alyssa Cardenas

By the graves I saw the slur
How senseless to ruin the graves of the forgotten
And yet vouch for your people
As I kept picking til blood stained my fingers
Wondering what has forsaken my skin to be judged
As I walk to the next grave remembering the tree
In the backyard of the my grandparents' home,
Thinking about the time spent outdoors and now
I'm shut out and isolated
Should it matter that one cannot relate to another?
Or should I just let it slide and revisit the time
I felt at home
Wonder, something that consumes the brain
The idea that I must keep to myself and
Yet the melting pot in me is steaming
and seeping through my ear

Ancient Forest Bridget Scott-Shupe