

“Stars and Stripes” by Michael Giannattasio

Red,

A cardinal spreading its feathers

A copper forge bursting with sparks

Only providing the people defense and a feeling of security

A fiery explosion cascading through the sky

Bursting with color and life, swirling, and rhythmic.

It's harsh heat beating down, filling skin with blanketed chaos

Devouring everything in its path, with teeth sharpened

By the screams and cries of devastation

It burns a bright crimson or a dull mahogany

The color of hardiness and valor,

A sentinel to safeguard and protect

White,

Perceived by some as the absence of color

In actuality, it is a mélange of colors in opalescent form

Colors dancing around to make one beautiful and pure color

Wreaking havoc in the shape of hail

Or bringing life to a rolling plain as a belladonna lily.

Graceful and glamorous, yet also reckless and dangerous

The chilly, crisp snow crackling beneath your feet

The color of purity and innocence

Blue,

Soaring across the sky

Dying in the night but being given rebirth by the Sun every morning.

Blue as the crystal clear waters in the Caribbean.

The foamy bubbles at the top of the waves as they crest

Crashing down, revealing the wrinkled plain

Waves filled with the sorrow of a thousand sailors

The cold, icy blueness draws you into a lake of sentiment

The color of vigilance and justice,

Freely donating freedom to all

The morals,

Purity,

Innocence,

Vigilance,

Valor,

Hardiness,

And justice coalesce into a great country

The Land of the Free, or the Home of the Brave,

The American Flag, filled with stars and stripes,

A symbol of this great country,

A symbol of our undaunted patriots

The great U.S.A,

A firework that keeps on flying towards greatness

Given proof through the night that our flag was there,

Just as it will be

With strength

With integrity

With Pride.