

Valley Forge

The new nation hung in the ice of
Starvation and hunger
Makeshift shacks barely standing against
the wind
Shoes without sole
Breeches shredded without promise
of mending.

A handful of men
Conceived in liberty
Refusing to die
Or surrender a dream
Dedicated to the proposition
Those self-evident, inalienable rights.

Theirs was the courage
The fire lit, in a bleak
Frozen world
Never to be extinguished
The blood of generations
Flowing from their wounds
Forever indebted
To the very rags
That held them
Together.

In Times of Trouble

I saw my sister Beatled
In 1964
Gum-cracking to the toe-tap of
Ed Sullivan's really big shoe
Teeny-bopping girl, she needed
To believe in something other
Than a bullet through a handsome
President's head.

A new generation carried
Emotions violently unleashed
Barricades of cops
Unsuspecting mop-tops
Giggle-eyed lads who couldn't
Believe their luck
Waving from the doors of planes
All smiles
Tragedy waiting out-of-view behind the wing.

In a flash of years
The screams still echo
Boys and girls alive
The music continues
In and out of the shadows of
The way we live
A bittersweet yearning for someone
In hard day's night
To hold our hand.