

Two Poems, Two Photos



Vickie Ranz

is a Humanities & Social Sciences major at Cumberland University. She spent her formative years living in multiple states and England. Vickie is rediscovering her roots and redesigning her life through education, writing, photography, and painting. She is working to expand her presence on the internet as WickedBlueInk, and welcomes contact with other creative people. One of her favorite quotes, by Don Helder Camara, “When we are dreaming alone it is only a dream. When we are dreaming with others, it is the beginning of reality.”

Battlegrounds

Here I died.
I fought with pride
For friends and family.

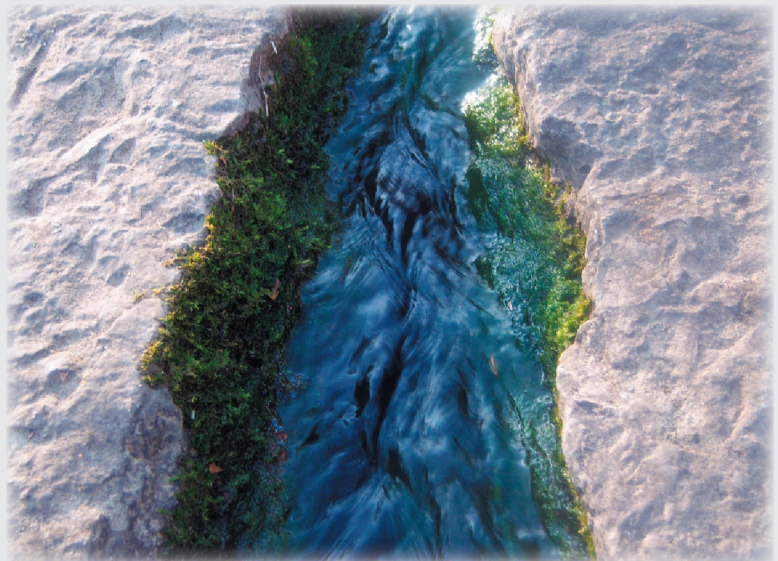
My blood is here
Upon this stone.
I fought for my home,
For all that I believed in,
And even some that I did not.

Can you feel my presence upon this hallowed ground?
Do you hear my last breath?
I died without a sound.

I did not shed a tear.
Death, I knew, might come, but
I was brave and fearless.

Do you see the memory of me?
Do you hear my song?
I am the fighting soldier.
The one who defended your home.

As you walk in freedom
Contemplating my grave,
Cry for me as I could not.
Me, the strong. The brave.





Loss

In a sea of clouds crashing,
We were ocean air voyagers,
Traveling in the mist.

Liquid crystal rainbows hung around her neck.
Her fingertips were golden.
She was an angel without wings.

All about her flowered.
She was nature in all things.

When the spell was broken,
I was sad to see her go.

Now I am without her.
Lonely err I go.