

The Battlefield

By: Amelia Gottschalk

The Battlefield
streaked with red
Were we ever safe?
Why aren't we?
Something is
wrong

The government protects us,
but do they?
Why are we fighting?
Where are they?

The battle rages on
Both sides fight desperately for their lives
But,
Their fate is both treacherous

I sit and breathe
What else is there to do?
I sit frozen
like a lamb to the slaughter
The shots fire
My heart beats
Bang
Beat
Bang
Beat
How different are they?

I'm caught unaware
I still can't move
I fall
The shot echoes
Bang
Crash
I'm on the floor
I stare back at my desk
I thought I was safe.
The classroom turns black.