

Gettysburg Bleeds through Memories Means

Brown suede shoes brush the green hue,
with razor edges leak on the white sole.
Here in 1863, in this flush farmer's fields,
stationed a crimson bath uncontrolled.

Swords flared and bounced in blinding beams that struck,
across tattered creases in iron stained affiliated suits.
Black powder blast rang, dashed like a dying buck,
but effectively laying a field of empty boots.

Today though, she has regained her graceful cover,
tainted by human flesh, she still smiles through nature's grace.
Her name male...Gettysburg, but her form like that of a forgotten lover,
Skies bellow asking her to stay steady for memories of a historical place.

A mystical cannon sends sharp pierces to visitors, like a message of times past,
Yet they stand only in an empty field, where memories breathe and must last.

—*Brian Wilds*