

## **Flowers Stand Strong**

*Wynter Steinweg*

How do we move forward  
if these gunshots still echo.  
How do we move forward  
through all that is disheveled.

My skin is still cold.  
I close my wet eyes.  
I'm drowning in this fury  
I hold deep inside.

Our hearts are all shattered  
All those lives that still mattered.  
Flower petals lay,  
small, dry, and dismayed.

Pictures flash up on  
the screen.  
Smiling kids that had big dreams.  
School clothes laid  
out, shiny and pristine.  
A crack etched into my heart,  
I just want to scream.

Why those poor innocent faces?  
All those tears that have been cried.  
All those tears that have never had  
a chance to be dried.

Screaming sirens.  
Hearts are fighting.  
We stand on the outside and  
watch as it's dying.

We hide in the corner,  
one with the shadows.  
Our hearts are all racing,  
our minds are all chasing this  
invisible hope against what  
we are facing.

We are in this classroom once  
again sitting,  
but how do we do it  
when everyone's missing?

These walls hold terror.  
These floors hold despair.  
We scream out to the silence  
that greets us in this thin air.

What do we do now?  
What do we do now when all's  
dead and gone.  
I guess we just try to move on.

These flowers stand strong,  
strong in remembrance,  
strong through the winds that  
send them all trembling.

These flowers lay there,  
their petals through the air,  
reminding us how this is just so unfair.

When the day comes to end,  
soon to be restarted again,  
same news? I refuse.  
Please,  
don't let this happen again.

