

The Last Page

The Vineyard

American flags line South Water Street.
Their stars and stripes waft in the summer breeze.
The rich have put out new made-in-China flags
To hang from the porticoes of their Greek Revival
Homes of long passed merchant sea captains.
The country hails the poor it sends to war
While the ghosts of slave ships bob in the harbor.

On the tarmac in our plane from DC,
Blacks and whites packed the *Jet Blue* seats.
The pilot called us to clap for those who serve
And then for firefighters and first responders.
He did not mention the police in blue
Returned from war to patrol our streets.
He likely knew that could be complicated.

Gregory Shaffer