

Nicholas Tran

## Flight of the Citrus Swallowtail

Attracted to the Eden's flora

Small creatures hover over golden nectar

On petals green, orange, and crimson

I watch as they drink

Flying

Blossom to blossom

I follow with stretched strides

Clapping open palms until I catch one

And with slight motion

I tear its wings off

## While God Turned Away

As a baby he was crying  
Because this land he could not stay  
So daddy took upon the fields  
While God turned away

As a boy he was running  
From white men practiced to flay  
Brown skin became a rite of death  
While God turned away

As a man he was praying  
Heavy his heart did weigh  
Strange fruit hung outside his street  
While God turned away

As an elder he was dying  
Hair and eyes starting to grey  
Lives equal only after death  
While God turned away

## The Jungle

Ask with bullets, ask with clubs

Blood and fire

A place that reduces limbs to nubs

Blood and fire

No one is safe, children must run

Blood and fire

These jungle beasts with rope and gun

Blood and fire

Beast in uniform, beast in rag

Blood and fire

Innocent bodies these beasts do drag

Blood and fire

Broken beasts blinded by hate

Blood and fire

Blazing through both north and south state

Blood and fire

This jungle holds no law or reason

Blood and fire

Black or white, it's killing season