

June 2018

The Rockets' Red Glare, Bombs Bursting in Air

Seth Shamatta

John Carroll University, snaumanshamatta18@jcu.edu

Follow this and additional works at: <https://collected.jcu.edu/jcr>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Shamatta, Seth (2018) "The Rockets' Red Glare, Bombs Bursting in Air," *The John Carroll Review*: Vol. 71 : Iss. 3 , Article 29.

Available at: <https://collected.jcu.edu/jcr/vol71/iss3/29>

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by the Student at Carroll Collected. It has been accepted for inclusion in The John Carroll Review by an authorized editor of Carroll Collected. For more information, please contact connell@jcu.edu.

The Rockets' Red Glare, Bombs Bursting In Air

By: Seth Shamatta

Tonight is July fourth, *my best friend hides*
My brother waves a flag, *with covered ears*
Impatient for fireworks, *he can't decide*
He lights his sparklers bright, *through pain and tears*
Ate hotdogs drank soda, *if time abroad*
Ready for the light show, *was worth the shock*
Climbing on dad's shoulders, *his leaders' fraud*
He dreams a brave soldier, *care for their stock*
Throws pop-its at the ground, *each crash bombs drop*
The show begins crowds look, *is he here? There?*
The booms and crash are fun, *flashbacks won't stop*
The sounds compliment light, *why's life this fair?*
He claps amazed toward sky, *now pain can cease*
He lives his country's pride, *with death comes peace*