

POETRY

Uprising

By James Clarke

I wonder who I would be without you,
A life separate from your tyrant reign.
No inner turmoil, devoid of that pain.
Someone who could see their ambitions through.

All smiles as I conquer goals, old and new.
No longer pitied or seen in disdain,
Nor burdened by this foul façade I feign.
I bask in fantasies I wish were true.

I won't deny you the role you have played.
I have long suffered under your regime.
But you made me brave, wise, and defiant.

A pain fraught existence that I wouldn't trade.
I don't need that fantasy, that pipe dream.
Your reign ends now, I won't be compliant.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Major Arcana #1

By Rebecca Wheeler