

To be brave

by Sam Sinclair

They are brave:
Words coarse with opposition
Mighty facing majority
A fervid cry to be saved.

He is brave:
He stepped past the supposed perimeter,
The first to journey onwards to
The new land.

She is brave:
Their barbaric taunts,
Jeering and leering,
Her bubble is a looking glass.
And oh how she is brave.

Not by her steel sword,
By her fierce tongue,
By her shameless elegance,
No.
So much more than that
She sleeps
And dreams of dawn,
Of doves and lilies and the sunrise
In lieu of the flames.
The ones from which her phoenix heart rises.

Samantha Sinclair (she/her) is a high school student whose passions include creative writing, music, and baking. She runs her own home bakery, Sweets by Sam, and works at Martinique Desserterie, where she crafts pastries, cakes, and confections. Musically, she pursues piano through private instruction and performs on trumpet in both concert and jazz bands. Through poetry, she expresses her views on beauty, love, and hope, and aims to capture the world as she sees it. Sam dreams of travelling the world but is even more eager to understand the people and places right at home.