

Theme: Freedom is Never Free

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The Cost of Freedom

This poem is about a girl who is a little girl when her grandfather; a war veteran passes away and once she grows up she finds her grandfather's leather diary filled with experiences of life in/at war. The girl finally realizes that freedom is never free. I dedicate this poem to all of armed forces who pay the price to keep us safe and free.

"Freedom is never free," he told her.
"That's an oxymoron," she teased.
He chuckled in wonder,
Looking at her, how innocent,
How untouched by the horrors of life.

The old man was lost not long after this conversation.
Still haunted by the costs of freedom,
Takin with him the memories of life painted with red
And sketched with the steel of bullets

Life at War.

The girl grew up, oxymoron she remembered.
Life was an oxymoron.
Her hands found leather and paper etched with the deep memories
The title;
Costs of Freedom.

She opened the treasure chest, expecting stories of adventure and heroism.
The old man's handwriting, however took away the innocent gleam of curiosity in her eyes.
It replaced it with the heavy knowledge of the world's ways.

The treasure chest gave her knowledge, but snatched away her childish giddiness.
It planted in her an unbearable uncertainty
Did freedom really come in free?

The old man's traumas were now passed down.