

## Tomorrow

Caitlin Scheresky

The youth have gone mad.  
Breaking windows, twisting words,  
turning their backs on what is known.  
These kids don't know  
what they're doing.  
Too loud,  
entirely selfish.  
A society crumbles  
if it lacks the means to survive.  
Everything we've worked for,  
now a pile of dust at our feet.

Listen to my cry, it is all  
I have left. I am bones  
and ache and plastic.  
I am glass and I shatter.  
I am here and yet I am not.  
I am forever here, a product  
of my upbringing. I leave footsteps  
in my wake, I climb the clouds  
and reach for the Sun.  
How did I get here?

I feel everything and yet nothing at all.  
The constant battle between feeling  
and knowing I'm alive,

and going numb, painless.  
Limbo –  
a void of warmth and safety,  
what once was can never be again.  
This is what the known  
has done to us.

Today,  
as the planet burns,  
as colors fade  
from society,  
lives lost and hearts broken,  
we few, we sorry  
empty few,  
hold the torch and the cross.  
We hold flags and fists  
above our heads.  
We scream.  
We embroider our skin, leaving  
flowers and fire.  
We take what we can get.

We are the skeletons in your closet.  
I am fire and smoke.  
I am the birds in the sky.  
I am ash. I am dust.  
When we come,  
you will hear us before  
you see us.  
The clinking of keys and  
screams of the damned,  
footsteps of soldiers in a war  
none of us wanted.

But we will show up.  
Time and time again  
we show up,  
hope brimming our eyes.  
Until time runs out  
we will show up,  
we will be present.  
You will have no choice but to  
look us in the eye  
and face the hell  
you have created.

See you soon.

**Caitlin Scheresky** is a sophomore English major at UND. When she's not reading or writing ideas in her notes app, she's petting every dog or cat she can find.