Lies

When I was nine years old
My parents told me that
Santa Claus
Wasn't
Real.
But I was okay with that news.
I felt privileged, old enough to hold
A secret.
I promised
To protect my younger sister
And brother.
I kept the secret.
I kept my promise.
And then I got older
We all did.
And we were okay.
And we grew up with the promise—
The real promise—
Of liberty,
Of equality,
Of freedom,
That is now
Hanging
In
The
Balance.
And I'm pissed off this time
At the
Lies.

By Lisa Anne Reiss, student, Suffolk County Community College