Empire

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**Author Bio**
Brendan is a first-year English major from Middletown, Maryland. He is currently a staff writer for The Gettysburgian, writing articles for the paper's News section. Some of his favorite writers include Lord Byron, Oscar Wilde, and Joe Dunthorne.
A shipwreck, the farmhouse
Stands alone, disturbingly undisturbed.
Without a soul to regale with
Embellished tales of fruitful harvests
And good-humored gatherings.
Even after all, blind to its failure,
Busy hoping to fend off reality
With the blunted blade of deception.
Proof of its lies lie throughout
And within its forlorn fields;
Its fences rotting and unkempt,
Ragweed creeping like a cautious general
Across the blood-soaked battleground;
Family photos damaged and defiled
By carelessness, haste, and hate.
Its silos, soulless silhouettes
Sitting atop the misty, sullen hilltops.
And yet, its foundation stands,
A tribute to and reminder of
The desolation of a fallen empire:
Blessed with fortune, cursed with pride.