

# ALEJANDRO EROS

SOPHOMORE - 2nd Place  
Alumni Poetry Contest - 2017

SO-1 1/3

SO-1

## 100 Years of America

I call myself a modern American.  
South Americans may not think it's fair,  
and I don't mean to seem arrogant,  
but who really cares?

Let's take a look at our nation  
these past one hundred years,  
some bits of every station  
    The suffering, sorrow, and tears.

Back to 1917,  
In the midst of World War I  
Heard over the frightened screams  
Was the blast of machine guns.

Trench War covered the European scene  
The sights would make you hurl.  
Death, disease, and an empty canteen  
made home feel like a pearl.

The 20s came soon, loudly roaring.  
in front yards, crosses burned,  
racism tied firmly on its mooring  
That's a lesson still not learned.

The next decade, the following session  
Conditions were worse for the poor,  
during the nationwide depression  
to a whimper from a roar.

Crops were uprooted,  
Stocks were in shambles,  
dust in the air polluted,  
it was all too much to handle.

Once again, bullets flew.  
The world was unprepared,  
for the battle that would ensue.  
Few lives would come out spared.

420,000 casualties,  
so many sons were lost,  
their memory will last 'till the redwood trees

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SO-1 213

SO - 1

become the holocaust.

Now that enemies had been made,  
countless babies were born,  
we can begin the next decade  
with the nation politically torn.

Who would be a communist?  
With the label of blood red,  
To get on McCarthy's list,  
meant you were as good as dead.

Then came the fight for civil rights,  
And the events of the 1960s.  
A man with a dream had shown a light  
and everyone else was a hippie.

Then was the fight in Vietnam,  
Blood poured even more,  
There was work for Uncle Sam  
What were they fighting for?

More trouble came in the 70s,  
When our own were taken hostage,  
oil and sex were the most important things  
Of which the world had no real shortage.

In the 80s an epidemic grew,  
of unbelievable proportions,  
Aids had spread, and everyone knew  
about coat hanger abortions.

The 90s were a little hard to handle,  
Our country struggled with the gulf war.  
We freaked over the Lewinsky scandal,  
Which people still abhor.

When the internet was made  
The world almost came to an end.  
The excitement was about Y2K,  
The apocalypse was the trend

In the 2000s, tragedy struck  
when Twins were killed and went to heaven.

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SO-1 3/3

The day our country was awestruck,  
The attack on 9/11.

Then came a continued conflict,  
With varied groups in the Middle East,  
bombs dropped and triggers clicked,  
And the earth still longs for peace.

I didn't write this to depress you  
For this country loves me, and I love it, too.

I wrote it to beware of when,  
We Make America Great Again!