

Let America Be Beautiful

By Rio Lott

Let America be beautiful again

Let us feel proud of the environment

Let us not cringe at the dark smoke sticking our lungs and filling the air

Where we care about all the animals inching towards extinction

(America used to be beautiful.)

Let America be the dream the dreamers dreamed

Let us show our beauty from our actions, not what we say.

Let it be a place where neighbors check in on one another

Where we are not greedy but caring and loving towards each other like a pod of whales swimming through the ocean as one.

(America could be beautiful again.)

O, let my land be a land where we don't create a toxic wasteland

Where we live in an emerald fairytale that everyone wants to be a part of,

Where our people aren't afraid to let their children play outside

Where the air we breathe is translucent and free of chemicals

Where our precious lives are not shortened by plastic and pollution

(America was once beautiful.)

I am the waste-wise worker who has to see the constant trash of the American people day after day

I am the school janitor picking up every little kids food bits and garbage dropped

I am the homeless person who lives in the dumpsters of our country

I am the beautiful teenage girl told what to wear:
Crop tops, booty shorts, skinny jeans, push-up bras
When all I want to wear are sweatpants and a sweatshirt

I'm told to wear more makeup, so I do, wear less makeup, and so I do.
I'm told, pluck your eyebrows, shave your legs, straighten
Your hair, smile more, stand up straight.

And so I do

(What do you want from me?)

I can't be too short or too tall, I'm supposed to have a certain color
Of hair and eyes, bigger boobs, bigger ass, smaller waist.

I'm trying, spending hundreds of dollars on my beauty.

You don't understand. Because this is not me, the girl
I'm told to look like and act like, that's not me.

(Why can't I just be beautiful as I am?)

Let America be beautiful again
And let me.