

Let America Be Content

by Izabel Bajema

Let America be a sanctuary.
Sought-out by the entire world's lost, wounded, and endangered.
Let it be like a sturdy wing, sheltering from the world's wrath,
Its feathers spreading over countless trembling bodies.
The victims of mankind.

Seeking a world where the door is held until our muscles throb and fatigue.
A world where, instead of letting the door close, we kick it down.
A world where tangible stars are within everyone's reach.
A world where our linked hands are an invincible barrier for the evil being
Trying relentlessly to barge through.

(America has never welcomed me.)

Let America be the dream the dreamers dreamed.
Let it be a desert oasis.
Where the loss of a life only contributes to the creation of another.
Where resources are plentiful, and plants and animals thrive.
Where the land is lush and bursting with movement.
Where tree branches are capable arms reaching for the sun.
Where the oasis is nourished by an abundance of surging water.

(America was never a safe haven for me.)

Let my land be land where joy and contentment are cherished
Over numbers on a flimsy piece of green paper.
Let it be a chorus assembled by the thunderous voice of equality.
Let it be crowned by millions of diverse hands.
Enthroned by grasps from rough and soft, small and large, brown and white, strong
and weak:
Hands of the people whom America saved.

(America never gave a voice to me.)

I am the outcast.

I am the spicy candy, discarded carelessly out the window,
While another taste is fondled by the world's selective tongue.
I am the vintage dress, left in a box to wither and age,

While trends rapidly change, and people no longer see potential in me.

I am the kitten whose short fur and brown eyes turn her invisible,
Who blends in with the shadows of the steel box,
And watches her fluffy, bright-eyed comrades be scooped up and taken home.

I am the one whose umbrella was pried from my slippery hands during a storm.

I am the one who lives precariously on the edge of a cliff.

I am the unfortunate and struggling.

I am the feared, and the judged.

I am the "lazy" and "hopeless."

I am the one who survives.

And them? They are the ones who thrive.