

# Let America Be Kind Again

By Brodi Barber

Let America show smiles for miles  
Let it be helping others with open palms.  
Let it be the stranger holding the door

(America was never kind to me)

Let America be the dream the dreamers dreamed  
Let it be that grin you hold back in a sly way  
where the glow of someone's soul is brighter than light,  
never to be dimmed by another.

(It never was open handed to me)

O, let my land be land where cheerfulness is crowned  
by handshakes with everyone and  
hellos followed by meaning and intention  
like the thought you put into a poem.

(There's never been welcome, for some)

Kindness is opening the door unlocking new possibilities.  
Kindness is sharing your pencil even though you don't have one anymore.  
Kindness is how you feel watching others open gifts on Christmas day.  
Kindness is the fist bump followed by a 'good job' at the end of a game.

Yet, I'm the one who doesn't *always* greet everyone I pass.  
The one who doesn't *always* exclaim 'how are you' with deeper meaning or desire to continue  
the conversation.

After all, we are all human.