

# Let America Be Light

By Malcolm Bosco

Let America shine in the dark again  
Let it be the flickering flame in the pitch-black night  
Let it be the guiding North Star  
Seeking a dark space to fill with light

(America, once filled with a bright future)

Let America be the dream the dreamers dreamed  
Let it be that golden ray of sunshine that magnifies individual's gifts  
Where the elderly feel cared for and children have shelter

(It never allowed everyone's light to shine)

O, let my land be land where abundance and security  
Are crowned  
Regardless of differences in character  
Where competition gives way to cooperation  
Where the growl of hunger is a distant memory of the past

(There's never been a time when we needed light to shine more than ever)

I am the homeless whose job has been lost  
I am the child lost in the shackles of the system  
I am the Native whose land has been stolen  
I am the people whose history is lost  
And finding strength in protecting our land

Yet, I'm the one whose calloused hands have turned this soil  
Who knows the cries of the forest and the thirst for fresh water  
Who carries the weight of isolation  
Who aches for acceptance and celebration  
For I'm the one born from this shining land