

Let America Be Open Minded

By Lucien Paz

"I have a dream that my four little children will one day live
in a nation where they will not be judged by the color
of their skin but by the content of their character."

--Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr.

Let America be a place where a fist in the air means power to all. Not just black or white power.

Let America be the dream that the dreamers dreamed.
Let it be that my life is no greater than the brother or sister next to me.
Let it be a place where I can close my eyes and see
hands interlocked like a complex spider web,
people side by side, equal.

O, let my land be where difference drives change and change
drives love into the hearts of all.
Let America be the place seeking change
like a chameleon

I am the voice of the weak
I am the adaptation of my kind
I am the dog eating the dog
I am the child who feels forgotten and finds
that no matter height, weight, race, and like-mindedness
We are all the same. What's the difference really?

Yet I'm the one stuck in the middle
while grandparents and parents argue
over nothing and everything.

Yet I'm the one who has no ballot, no voice and no keys.
I'm the one who dusts off my clothes and continues
the drag of trying to be grown--
to get to the ballot box, to find my voice, and secure my keys.
I am 15 years young feeling the weight of the world..
weighing me down from my young greatness.

I'm the one left to pick up the pieces
I'm the one who is living out the dream
I'm the one who has to be the change
I'm the one who is swimming in confusion

I'm the one looking for the right answers to an answerless quiz
I'm the one who is a revolving door
Not judging the book by its cover
I'm the one who is trying to be open-minded
What about you?