

Let America Be Peaceful Again

by Kaden Borowski

Let America be that place where birds know no cages.

Let it be an equal place where children of all hues grow together like wildflowers.
Seeking a safe place for all dreamers to be watered with the garden hose of justice.

Let America be the dream the dreamers dreamed.

Let it be that joyous land where the valiant acts of liberty shine
Through harsh acts of darkness like beams of sunshine vibrating in a clouded sky,
Where the streets and hills thrive with black and white alike
Free from the mortar shells of war plunging into a dry, barren battlefield.

(It never was that peaceful land for me.)

O, let my land be land where viruses wash away
Like trees in a flood with no place to root themselves,
Where every brown and white man, woman, and child live
In houses and neighborhoods alike
Thriving together

(There's never been that kind of peace for me.)

I am the questioner of authority
I am the seeker of liberty
I am the identifier of identity
And finding serenity.

Yet, I'm the one who still sees no true peace for all
The justice drifting further all the time like a driftwood log on a salty sea
Preventing itself from falling into the grasp of humanity

We will come close one day
And make America again!