

Let America Be the Dream Again

by Heidi DeVlieg

Let America find the lost cultures of other lands
Of people new to our land
Let it be the proud flag frozen in time
Let it be the rushing waterfall of hope slipping on jagged rocks
Seeking a calm ocean no matter how far it must fall

(America had always been my dream)

Let America be the dream the dreamers dreamed
Let it be that no free birds are caged without a key
Where the sun shines through clouds to nurse the broken earth back to health

(It never seemed my cage would ever be unlocked)

O, let my land be where justice grows like spring flowers
Is crowned with 50 glowing stars that shine from the blue blanket
Keeping everyone underneath warm
(There has never been a blanket to keep me warm)

I am the broken and forgotten
I am the idea that wants to be heard
I am the strong woman told to be weak
I am the stool on which people step
And finding myself trapped in the storm only makes my thunder harder to restrain

Let me raise the purple mountains from their fallen state
Let my booming voice echo across every rocky canyon
Let us, the broken, lost, the hidden build new bridges
Bridges to the lands with lost cultures

And with the people the new path rescues
We will make America again!