

Let America Be the Cracks in the Concrete of Creation

By Lucia Sundt

Let America be the cracks in the concrete of creation
Let it make room for life in the midst of devastation
Let it be the glimpse of hope for future generations
Like a little spark becoming a conflagration
Seeking a battle for the heart of the nation

Let America be the dream the dreamers dreamed
Let it be that land of effervescent smiles and vehemence
Where our dreams come true and our wishes are granted

(Why are our morals just so slanted?)

O, let my land be land where freedom of expression
Is crowned to all
Where our intercession doesn't turn into oppression

(We will never have a chance for redemption.)

I am the charming ladybug whispering your name
I am the butterfly that once was a caterpillar
I am the sedulous beaver crafting a dam to obstruct the flow of inequality
I am the phoenix arising from the ashes
Finding desire through the dying embers

Yes, we're the ones who kindled this ever-growing bonfire of misery

And now we must extinguish this raging flame

And allow the greenery to emerge with roots stronger than ever before.