

“Let America Be United Again”

by Baker Smith

Let America be united again.

Let it be the place where everyone strives to uplift, everyone helping each other to climb the same mountain.

Let it be the rest for the weary, the light in the dark, two hands entwined.

Seeking a solution together, pulling on the same rope, running towards the same finish line.

(America is divided -- I don't know why).

Let it be that place of sanctuary for those who need it, the warm fireplace for the freezing.

Where everyone is on the same team, helping each other score the same goal.

(It never has been the amalgamated place for everyone).

O let my land be the land where everyone supports everyone, leaving racism and sexism in the dust. Dropping dumb, deadly ideas delegating with death.

Is crowned with no more wreckers tearing down, but builders supporting, framing.

Constructing the same sanctuary for everyone to dwell in.

I am the lone wolf, left alone, the solitary creature in a vast animal kingdom full of life.

I am the one in need of a friend, on the run, nowhere to run.

I am the confused one, the follower, in need of an example, stuck plodding along in an endless maze.

I am the odd one out, the last picked in the elementary school dodgeball lineup.

And finding unity scarce.

Yet I'm the one who tries so hard to fit in, a modified version of myself in the midst of confusion, feeling around in the dark for a light switch.

The glue, uniting the friction.