

The Land of The Caged

By Clover Thrasher

Let America be ringed with smiles, creasing our cheeks again

Let it be the land where we all stand at the same height
Let it be the freedom bell that rings with equity
Seeking an open mind filled with laughter bubbling from open doors

(America, filled with bullets of hatred and blood-curdling screams)

Let America be the dream the dreamers dreamed
Let it be the street upon a little girl in braids can walk alone
Where we welcome all with a shining open door of equal opportunity

(America, never meant to be the land where the rich consume the poor)

O, let my land be the land where the sun bathes us in the golden light of acceptance
Is crowned with the jewels of unity and held with strong hands
Ensuring safety for all

(America, coated in a blanket of fear)

I am the peaceful land in which the grass grows green
I am the caring hands wiping tears from the cheeks of the hurt
I am the flower that wishes to grow toward the sun
Only to find the towering clouds of hatred

Yet I am the golden sunflower whose roots are buried deep
and yields the sword of her voice.
Hoping to destroy the cages of hatred and fear
Freeing us all