

I am American by Barrie Naji

Small town girl

Born into a wet cleansing of white American righteousness, by black frocked men

Faith, worn on my neck, little gold talisman, as if to protect from vampires

Always searching for truth on the surface of the scum covered waters

But truth is found within

Like a stranger in the night of my deepest darkness, doors swung open, the truth, wrapped in light, enveloped me

Warm, comforting, with a clarity so pure it could not be denied

The call to prayer reminds me that I am a small part of the whole, the universe, the hallowed unknown

Blessed to be where I can worship freely... for now

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