

I Am America

I am a body of pride
My mouth sings songs of red, white, and blue
My eyes imagine amber fields and purple mountain majesties
My ears hear the echoing words of freedom
My nose smells what tomorrow will bring
I am a proud America

I am a body of wounds
My cuts drip the blood of our nation's defenders
My bruises are the purple of fallen soldiers
My broken bones contain the shards of a thousand bullets
My calloused hands bear the weight of life and death
I am a wounded America

I am a body of imperfections
My clothes are soaked with tears of inequality
My feet haul a thousand-mile journey and are still going uphill
My lips can no longer bear to speak words that shackle others
My lies have endured centuries but are just now doing battle with truth
I am an imperfect America

I am a body of history
My heart sees the memories our ancestors buried in their Declaration
My mind knows that the Constitution wasn't meant for her, but she's taking it anyway
My soul carries the heavy burden of guilt passed down through ages
My life aches for the lives of thousands tossed aside
I am a historic America

I am a body of unfinished work
My books are filled with blank pages and empty spaces
My ideas wait for the author to come back to the drawing board
My eagles look for guidance to help them fly through the night
My children are still waiting to be unbound
I am an unfinished America

I am proud
I am wounded
I am imperfect
I am historic
I am unfinished
I Am America