

American Pride

Oh say, can you see?
An America that loves me—
One that we so proudly hail,
yet expects me to fail.

‘Cause here we all bleed red,
and live under the same blue,
but *white* is all that matters.
My brown skin makes me see-through.

250 years and this is where we are at.
This is the best we can do?
Yeah, I feel *so* much pride—
Don’t you?

When my right to protest
is not without fear.
‘Cause big brother watches—
Justifying the blood they smear.

When the men in blue
shoot Minnesota activists,
and kneel on the necks
of our innocent blackest.

When the unlawful deportations
result in impregnated young.
In neighboring ICE centers,
little girls, on their lonesome.

When you overturned Wade.
And made *my* body yours to decide.
Now metal hangers are back,
and with it, a female genocide.

Now, don't get me wrong,
I appreciate the chance.
To rise up in my ranks
and find my own romance.

And I have hope that one day,
this West Side Story will commence.
That the system will be fixed
and erased of all ignorance.

Where my people can
earn the same pay,
work the same jobs,
and live the same way.

I have faith that I will live
in an America worth my full pride.
Where lawyers, doctors, and CEOs
are expected of mine.

Skin color will be nothing
to my pale counterparts.
Where my language won't scare them,
and instead sound like art.

That would be an America worth my pride!

250 years of our country.
The *great* United States.
Maybe *soon* we won't accept
the famous guilty of rape.

Don't get me wrong.
I am excited to see
what this *great* country
will grow up to be.

Only then will American pride find me.