

**I, America**  
By: Riley Gerard

**1791**

I, James Madison, am the father;  
Of 171 Million sons and 172 million daughters.  
You may know me by my writings, face, or name;  
But if not it's not like I'm in the Hall of Fame.

We just earned our freedom and our Independence;  
I created my nation's rights, called the 10 amendments.  
That's all I do now, I think and write;  
A pen and paper is all I brought to the fight.

Looking out the window, I was wallowing in shame;  
Watching the soldiers fight, wishing I could do the same.  
No more hiding or fighting though, just the sun;  
It's not 1776 anymore, it's 1791.

**2026**

I, Donald Trump, am a loving father;  
Of 3 handsome sons, and 2 pretty daughters.  
You definitely saw my face, heard my voice, or my name  
I'm so famous, it's crazy, it's like I'm in the hall of fame.

I share my future with my kids, they're wallowing in riches.  
I hope my sons don't end up beaters and my daughters are not.....  
Stitches, I would take em' for my country and loved ones;  
I want to keep my soldiers out of "no man's land", and war fronts.

Freedom is just a term, independence is a given;  
Because taxes are not "free", but we're independently livin'.  
The people keep on paying and the inflation is rising;  
Why would they stop paying bro, this is advertising.

**1776**

I, James Madison, am under my desk hiding;  
But not even that will keep me from writing.  
It's the only thing I can do to help stunt my worry;  
I don't know who's winning, but I just hope that they hurry.

I'm too sick to fight, and I've made it clear,  
To everyone around me and they know that I'm here.

Doing nothing for the fight, sitting by myself;  
Quill in hand, and head bowed, hiding under a shelf.

I wish I could do something, contribute to the war;  
But as soon as I stand up, 1 headache turns to more.  
Maybe it's my writings that will mean something, we'll see;  
I just hope I'm here to do it, because this sickness just might kill me.

## **2020**

I, Donald Trump, am a mega-mansion resident;  
But it's just not enough so I'm running for president.  
My family deserves more, even though I like where we're sittin',  
My chances are pretty high, it's between me and Hilary Clinton.

Prices going up, inflation isn't fair,  
I need to be the president, the president that cares.  
They need rights, freedom, and gas, that's no lie,  
Who's a better option than me? I'm their guy!

Sittin' at my desk, counting votes and hoping;  
The very next day it's Hilary that's moping.  
Falling asleep, just hoping that I can,  
Wake up and be their choice, the president, the BIG MAN.

## **1791**

I, James Madison, take a gaze at what we've made;  
We finally get a break and some time in the shade.  
It feels like just yesterday soldiers were getting sunburnt,  
In 90 degree fields and yeah our country was hurt.

I still get afraid that our nation could fall,  
Our government is built, but Washington's leaving afterall.  
I'm not too afraid though, because there's no more fights.  
Oh! And the sickness hasn't killed me, 'cause those "writings" are the Bill of Rights.

What do we do now? How will it be?  
Will the people still want war, or will they accept that we're free?  
I used to be scared, and that fear.. it really sticks,  
But 91 isn't special, it was 1776.

## **2026**

I, Donald Trump, don't give a care about the gas,  
The price will stay the same, it's one less order I'm gonna pass.  
It's my second term running, so I'm bound to get my way,

I gotta get it done now, before my own death day.

It's a bill, there are no rights, and I hate to say I mean it,  
It's the government, not the people, and my name, I must redeem it.  
Hey, I did the best for the people, now the same for the war,  
We will fight and fight and fight, there won't be less, there will just be more.

Iran, Palestine, Israel, it's all for the cause,  
We need to keep on fighting not just for them but for our laws.  
The people need to fight now, show the allies that we're in,  
Show that our country keeps on standing, and our country always wins.

## **2026**

I, America, turned 250 years old;  
Through all my years of living, many stories have been told.  
Whether you're famous or unknown, you'll learn it doesn't matter,  
Because in the end, the same blood will all be splattered.

Trust me, I've seen it all, good and bad, bad and good,  
A lot of things I couldn't learn, and a lot of things I understood.  
There's too many deaths and casualties to measure,  
But at least the outcome left us with a national treasure.

Overall, this country will get bigger,  
There'll be way less anger, and way less vigor.  
If you were here for the wars you'd be wondering how,  
They continued to fight without knowing what you know now.