

Not My America

This is not my America
America
That land of the free
The best country on earth
Haven't you heard?
Red white and blue
Red strewn through the land
Red since Columbus sailed the ocean blue and propagated the hierarchy that tells us what we are
What we can be
From sea to shining sea
We are told
Oh living in the land of the free

Soil is red
Red from the lynchings
The lynchings and the rapes
The injustice
The red painting is complete
Completed by our wonderful authoritarian king
Is America now great?

America
That land of the free
The free whose tears have fallen wetting the earth as they march
Following the long trail of hate because they are not part of the America we want
Are they still free
Forced from their lands
The free
The free who spent their days in camps waiting, waiting until they could be Americans again
Rounded up in raids
Cries from a family torn apart

So how can it be mine?
Mine if not theirs
How if the good is pounded down
Pounded by those tiny hands that rip and wrangle, wrangle and grab at anything it can

This isn't new
This America
This is America
Lucky enough to grab power
Rape and wrangle the land of the free

Oh from sea to shining sea
Apparently still the land of liberty

Beatrice March, "Not My America", *AmeriQuests* 13.2 (2017)

As we tell people who can and can't be part of this exclusive club
American

A true American
What a funny concept
If your religion isn't mine
If your politics aren't mine
If your skin isn't mine
Then are you an American?
America

I can say I am an American
A proud patriot daughter
Dressed in the flag
But not this America
For we are not yet free
Not my America