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Poem For America

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Poem For America

Richard Oberbrumer

America has taken her share of hits
Which makes her less than perfect
Her beauty buried
Her makeup awkward
A dusting of snow cannot cover
A mountain range of bumps

The wealth she doesn't come close to
Subverts the simple help she needs
Ohh ... if digits had lips we'd all
Be smooching at the ATM

Those with the most have the least to worry about
The least don't know what they're missing
So the most enjoy even more
This is what makes America
So far-fetched: Quiet abuse on a grand scale
You could see it from the moon
If you could afford to get there

America needs protection from mistakes she made
America needs direction for her needy heart
America needs to be invited into the land of the free
She loves her dying mother
Her father is her boyfriend is her son she's trying
To break the cycle of abuse

Develop the land as much as you can
Speed past the markers that mean something to some one else
America will keep knocking on pane glass windows
With a smile on her face and hope in her eyes