

A Place to Call Home **by Reid, 7th grade**

A division sewn between our statuses
Separates our State from glimmering mansions to shivering tents
Yet we call ourselves the land of the free
We're trapped behind Barbed Wires
Withstanding cold nights in a shivering tent
Imprisoned on our pursuit of happiness

We must ascend over the wall
To the land of the free
A place to call home
Where bliss isn't rolled by a dice
But lended to all

So throw the tea bags and break the fence
Because the once unified soil of our great country was based on these very facts
To "form a more perfect Union"
A nation of opportunity, equality,
And a place to call home

For if Fifty stood United as One
The ants and the Lions would wander in peace
In a Flourishing nation they could call their own

The once balanced scale can't bare the weight
between the crumbling cracks of the Star Spangled States

It will take more than glue to unify our mistakes
Blindsighted by the fog from our polluted air
They pretend, "We never had a chance"
But what they can't imagine through the mist
Is the hope of a unified nation, at last.

The American Dream, so true in all its glory,
Now lies behind the walls of a barbed wire fence
In the once golden streets of the land of the free

Don't leave us as dirt
But allow us to bloom
Give us a chance

The little street light will burn out
and We'll be left in darkness
Tear down the fence, land of the free
Unify the nation, land of the free
Let us roam in our pursuit of happiness
Land Of The Free

And when we get down on our knees, and beg for the riches you can spare
Allow us a place to call home, Land of the free