

* * * * A M E R I C A * * * *

We saw you cringe and weep
on 9/11 at "Ground Zero"
Your strength and power we feel
Your power displayed at the Persian Gulf

Your compassion on Haiti's earthquake
Even on Japan's tsunami and earthquake
We assumed your vulnerability in dealing with Pakistan
We watched your troops die in Afganistan

We understand your trial in Amanda Knox
Your humiliation in Iran, in the hikers' hostage
Yet you still have that inner rampage
We know your might is in Fort Knox

Witnessing your economic downspiral
Your death and outrage in Troy Davis
Like your gloominess and sadness in the Sixties
But your love still alive, and your deeds still vital

While you are young and a mysterious Lady
Your greats, and contributions, Oh Lady Liberty.
Your many licenses in liberty a little scary
What can we expect of you, Oh first Nation free

Beautiful and generous, your aliens know it
Around the world, even your enemies know it
You act like a Lady, but giggle like a suckling baby
We fear for you, we fear of your defeat

You cared for some little things
Surprisingly, let slide by bigger things
From the inside-out we try to understand you
From the outside view you are still cool

From the inside we are fed up still
About your critics and hypocrites
Your politicians talk a storm
Careless of your state, careful of their jobs

You who thought so much to the world
Yet has so much to learn from the world
Your patriotism such in "Soldier Dakota"
Your shame in the midst of Katrina

Thirteen stripes and thirteen stars
So many bribes for a maker of stars
You still give birth to heroes and braves
You received little, for much that you gave

Lovely maiden you are definitely not done
Though much of your jobs, are oversea gone
You remain the leader in technology
Get your act together, and let them see

A M E R I C A (CONTINUED)

Your military might unmatched still
Your intelligence continues to lead
Your allies display and give you much respect
Lo, giant lay dormant, a mighty leader

As much, as you make great men
Your most ardent critics are your own children
Your appreciation should come from your aliens
Yet, an ongoing struggle still remains

See I am not even one of your natural children
But, as I observe and look from the outside, as a stranger
And because of a conscious loyalty to your Love
I publish this "Open" poem for you, Oh Lady-Love!

I await the thoughts of your native sons
Yeah those who can feel these thoughts
Of you, who see your ply and wanton
Regardless how you got there, to pay your ransom

I have so much to say about you
But for the lack of better words and emotions
There are so much about you that are inexpressible
One thing about you remains, even in me, Love and Emotions

By Childeric Maxy by the end of year 2011.

To be continued by "A M E R I C A N S "