If I Was a Country

By Deborah

If I was a country, I would be called Nakupenda

I would be built up from the red soil of Kenya and firm rooted trees of Boise

My spirit would crush the Forest of Frustration and Fear Ghettos

And life would strive in the soil of my land

In my country, there would be space to run, play, and strive

On the Peak of Creativity, minds would flourish and children would change the world

And I would admire the vast Island of Solitude

My borders would protect and welcome all in fear and trial

If I was a country, my people would dance and sing

They would be comfortable to be themselves

My flag would wave as a sign of freedom, and equality would be my anthem

As a nation, I would never oppress my people

But I am not a country

I am not the color of my skin

Nor am I the clothes I wear, or the persona I decide to show

I am not the makeup I put on, or the shoes on my feet

I am not my religion, nor am I my emotions

I am me

I am joyful and empathetic

I stand with love

I stand with equality and freedom

And ache for the lonely

I stand for Nakupenda, I stand for love