

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