

## If I Was a Country

By Lola

If I was a country, I'd be called Lolandia.  
I would have life-filled forests and jungles of wild,  
With mountains of freedom that stretch far and wide.  
My sea beats songs of emotion with crashing, foamy waves.  
There's space to sleep, swim, climb, run, and play,  
And time to swing from the trees every day.  
With landscapes of dreams, you could paint the sky,  
Or anything, really, that catches your eye.  
Solitude cliffs, rivers of life,  
Lakes of dreams, waterfalls of great heights.  
My anthem is music, nature, any sound,  
The things my people sing, all year round.  
But I am not a country.  
Merely an object that can make a sound.  
But my sounds can be words, things that merge into thought.  
I can stay in my place, let myself fade away.  
Following others, being the same.  
But there is a fire within me that cannot be tamed,  
Trying to grow stronger every single day.

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I could stand up, use my voice, and try to make a change,  
Turn that fire into a blazing rage.  
Use my words like a storm in the sea.  
My actions could be earthquakes,  
Snapping people back to the real thing.  
Turning heads to a fantastic dream,  
And with the help of others, make that blissful fantasy, reality.  
I want to stand for hope, freedom, and equality,  
To stand for a good type of change.  
To stand for kindness, goodness, bravery, and shame,  
Being the mistakes in our past, the present, and the greatness that could be our future.  
Helping others reach an enchanted but slow-coming time,  
I don't want to let the fire be contained.  
I want to help make the world be a better place.  
I want to make a change.

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