

My America

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I do not have pale skin with blonde silky hair
My skin is dirty and my hair evil, the color of soot
I do not have beautiful captivating blue eyes
My eyes are filled with dirt and drowned in mud

Though I am hideous and grisly
We all have skin, hair, and eyes
I grew up with you, you're all I know America!
I love you my America!

Wait what?
Does my repulsive and grotesque exterior disgust you that much?

Why do you hate me my America?
When all I do is show you respect and restraint
Why must you label me my America?
When I cannot even label myself

Is it always going to be like this?
I love you my America!
Even if you will never love me.