

My America - Janeena Piñero-Deniz

My current America?
She's still in healing.
She's always in construction as she was forcefully given
breast implants the other day.
She got rid of those forest-like tits that she couldn't even bear to look at.
So instead, they were replaced with some perky fantasy factories.

At least she'll never have to wear a push-up again, right?

My America was a respected lady.
After dating rich guys with suitcases stuffed with red flags,
she began to grow out of herself
and into a new unrelatable image.
America was loved and was the girl that everyone wanted her to be.
Blinded...blinded by the lights and flashy names
she began to lose sight of the natural things
and why they mattered.
I'm not sure how she's feeling, but from her recent tweets she seems to be doing just fine.

Yeah, I guess you could say I worry about her.

She's just so in denial about her recently blackened lungs that breathe life into her every day
because apparently the Amazon is not close enough to show her the damage being done.
The 10-second high she gets from puffing her Juul is enough to turn her days shorter.
Counting down from days to seconds, it's a waste, an escape is what she wants.

Hey at least she isn't doing real drugs, right?

She gets really violent now too so don't piss her off.
I mean you and I are walking on eggshells from here on out, Buddy.
Even when I try to see how she's doing on her downtime
she'll roll her sleepy eyes at me that are now all of a sudden blue contacts
and proceeds to tell me that I am too brown and broke to be standing next to her,
nevertheless have a say in what she does.

"Go back home to where you came from" is what she tells me.
I'm sorry but I've never recognized this prissy little thing as one of my friends
but I know with that attitude, it'll get her nowhere.

Fine.

If she wants to be like that, cool.

Just don't expect me to be there when she wants to throw a fit saying nobody one cares about her.

Sadly enough, I know I will be there.
Us Brown and Broke people,
we've never been welcomed, but we've always been needed.

Through thick and thin I have always fallen in love with your potential.
As crazy as it sounds I still think it's possible to change you.

You know what?

I want you to look in the mirror and face exactly who you are.
You are just as brown, if not, browner than I,
and instead of squinting your eyes
accept that as pure beauty.
Know as a woman you will be told to keep things quick and quiet
down, but take up as much space as you need, baby girl
just as long as you make sure to include all of us.

America you've been through so much violence and greed --
pride is your best seed,
but know you have the choice to abort
that bigot in the White House
who thinks he's a Lord.
America, there is no fight greater than you;
all we ask is that you step into our shoes
and view us all equally.

View us all equally.

Hey, Good Ol' USA - keep healing, OK?
Here's a cough drop to help.

To build you up comes before the building itself
and this right here is foundational strength.

A note...
from a concerned friend...

looking from the outside in.

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