

“City Upon a Hill”

Leather seats,
And the loud radio surround me.
My dad’s new truck is nice.
“Another unarmed black shooting
Has occurred,”
The host dully describes.
I cling to my box of donuts
That cost thirty-nine dollars,
Forcing my eyes
To look out the window
In hopes my ears shut off.
Yet the homeless line the sidewalk
Encamped in tarps and dirt floors
That they call “home.”
I scroll through my
Thousand dollar phone
To distract myself
Of where we went wrong.

A land of justice,
Of equal opportunity,
Seems far from me.
Manifest destiny
Expanded our boundaries
From sea to shining sea.
But it seemed to only give more room
For racism, injustice, and poverty.
Others’ rights were stripped
So I could reside in my father’s
2020 truck.
Our history of vile bloodshed
Is disguised as American luck.
God bless America
For the land of the free,
Built upon the murders and subjugation
Of natives, blacks, and minorities.

But as Sun peaks through the window
And glistens on my skin,
I remain hopeful: justice still lives.
A country founded on the

Pursuit of our happiness
Will always be chasing
Improvement.
On the horizon, I see an America-
Helping the tired, the poor,
Embracing the wretched refuse
And anything more-
Living out the truth established
So many years before.
That we'll finally become the city on a hilltop
That cannot be ignored.