

Strength

By: Naomi Samuel

Not just watching people cry
Not just being a passerby
Help all those who are in need
If you try you will succeed
Be grateful for what you have
Don't just ask for more
If you have extra give it to the poor
From the big things to the small things there's always something to do
But the big part is the difference that always comes to you

Walking down the street, I see a dirty face
It is yet another one that comes from my race
Now as I speak
My people become weak
For there is no helping hand
To help them stand

You and I we pretend not to see
The haunted future that awaits some in our land
We are too afraid to dare make a change
To acknowledge the fact that someone must help the poor
There is too much devastation that has swept upon this wonderful nation
My people have wept
Upon concrete grounds which they slept
The sun shines bright
But you cannot see the reflection on some of these muddy faces
For here in America you can see happiness in every complexion

But now the world is in jeopardy
Sometimes, we wonder
Is this what it has come to?
When the money is taken away everyone falls apart?
Yet Ethiopians tough it out every day
As some here keep their complaints

Some might tease because they are jealous of our strength
The power of our passion was enough for the Italians
And it shall be enough now.
We know god is on our side
Money isn't a worthy opponent for us
And no problem will last forever without a solution
Just around the corner of our thoughts
I have waited for someone to tell me why a poor country could be so strong
But I have become the answer to my question
All that's left is for someone to tie the laces of our country and finish up the answer.

For the battle starts now but the strength will burn
Forever