

Pride

By Jerram Carr

There's been no pride to take
in being American,
watching as our institutions break
and crumble beneath the weight
of their own fear.

There's been no pride to take
in our power,
leaving millions to starve, suffer, and shake
all just to sate the manic king
and lapdog elite.

But in these recent hours
there's been honor to be found.

As the sun amidst a storm
breaks through the clouds,
A light still shines.

Though you'll not find it in the city on the hill.
It comes from the valley sides
and alleyways of the nation.
You'll find it in the fighting hearts
the aching throats
the tear gassed eyes
and the woven arms of the masses.

You'll find it in LA.

You'll find it on Lake Street.

You'll find it wherever resistance has taken hold.

And know that that pride will not fall.
And those who hold it, will not fail.