

She thought that the North meant wealth
After all
What else do you believe?
When told of riches and dreams
And skies full of hope
That all lie just there North

But North felt poorer than poor
North felt grey and bleak
A mistake
It had to be
To be met with hunger
And a yearning to come back home

North was beautiful
And it was full of dreams
But the more she dreamt
The more she knew
And the more she knew
The more she accepted

The South was never poor
Only her heart had been

Upon return she indulged in sweets
The sticky feeling welcoming
And she swam in the creek
She splashes in brown water
And she cared so little
About anyone
Anything
Nothing else

South meant riches and dreams
Of community and roots so deep
And that was a wealth so grand
It couldn't be written down

I'd like to think that the earth raised me up
She kissed along my face and stained it with the clay she bore
Her breath promised me hope for the land I'd walk on.
And her embrace swore that she'd always wear pride

But I am a fool dressed as a scholar
Parading and pretending my sins are few
And masking the betrayal I delivered
To the one who promised me safety and home