

One of a Kind

I am from a place with buzzing bees, wind blowing through the oak trees
Kids playing in the streets, mothers calling for their family to eat
Streaming rays of sunlight only to be covered up by a cascade of snow.

I am from an isle of green and a city of love that needs to be seen
Middle class, a kickball game in the grass, and a small prayer in mass
The land of the mitten, o to not be so frostbitten.

I am from a culture of prayer, music and laughter swinging in the air
Attending mass at the beginning of the week, keeping up with schoolwork so to speak
I am one of a kind, following God with a piece of mind.

I am from a land of the free, home of the brave, people who hide their true identities in a cave
A place of customs and traditions, people filled with ambitions
Waiting for a time we can all come as one, loving each other like each of our sons.