She called...

Blacks, Whites...wait

African Americans and Caucasians, Asians, excuse me.

Vietnamese, Philipenes, Koreans and Jamaicans or

Haitans, waitin' Hispanics y'all.

Please be paitent

Mexican, Puerto Ricans, Venezualean, Cuban, Dominican, Panamanian Democrats

I beg your pardon, you partied with the late, great Reagan?

Republican, Independent, Christian, Catholic,

Methodist, Baptist, 7th Day Adventist, 5 Percenters,

Hindu, Sunii Muslim, Brothers and Sisters who never seen the New York city

skyline when the twin towers still existed.

But still She called.

From the bowels of Ground Zero she sent this 911 distress signal.

Because She was in desperate need of a hero,

and didn't have time to decipher what to call 'em,

so she called 'em all Her children.

The children of the stars and bars who needed to know nothing more than the fact that she called.

The fact that someone attempted to harm us

this daughter who covered us all with her loving arms.

And now these arms are sprawled across New York City streets.

A smoke filled lung, a silt covered faced,

and a solitary tear poured out of her cheek.

Her singed garments carpets Pennsylvania Avenue and the Pentagon was under her feet.

As she began to talk, she began to cough up small particles of debris

and said, "I am America, and I'm calling on the land of the free."

So they answered.

All personal differences set to the side

because right now there was no time to decide which state building the Confederate flag should fly over,

and which trimester the embryo is considered alive,

or on our monetary units, and which God we should confide.

You see, someone attempted to choke the voice

of the one who gave us the right for choice,

and now she was callin.

And somebody had to answer.

Who was going to answer?

So they did.

Stern faces and chisled chins.

Devoted women and disciplined men,

who rose from the ashes like a pheonix

and said "don't worry, we'll stand in your defense."

They tightened up their bootlaces

and said goodbye to loved ones, family and friends.

They tried to bombard them with the "hold on", "wait-a-minute's", and "what-if's".

And "Daddy, where you goin?".

And, "Mommy, why you leavin?".

And they merely kissed them on their foreheads and said "Don't worry, I have my reasons.

You see, to this country I pledged my allegience

to defend it against all enemies foreign and domestic.

So as long as I'm breathin, I'll run though hell-fire,

meet the enemy on the front lines, look him directly in his face, stare directly in his eyes and scream, "I AM AMERICA! WE WILL NOT BE TERRORIZED! WE WILL NOT BE TERRORIZED! I REFUSE TO BE AFRAID! I'LL FIGHT YOU ANY COUNTRY, ANY CONTINENT, ANY TERRAIN. I'LL FIGHT TO MY LAST BREATH!"

And if by chance death is my fate, pin my medals upon my chest, and throw Old Glory on my grave.
But, don't y'all cry for me.
You see, my Father's prepared a place.
I'll be a part of his Holy army standing a watch at the Pearly Gates.
Because freedom was never free.
POW's, and fallen soldiers
all paid the ultimate sacrafice
along side veterans who put themselves in harms way.
Risking their lives and limbs just to hold up democracy's weight, but still standing on them broken appendages anytime the National Anthem was played.
You see, these were the brave warriors that gave me the right to say that I'm Black. Or white.

Or

African American or Caucasian, I'm Asian, excuse me. I'm Vietnamese, Philipene, Korean, or Jamaican. I'm Haitan, Hispanic

Y'all, Please be paitent.
I'm Mexican, Puerto Rican, Venezualean, Cuban,
Dominican, Panamanian, Democrat
I beg your pardon, you see I partied with the late, great Reagan.
I'm Republican, Independent, Christian, Catholic,
Methodist, Baptist, 7th Day Adventist, 5 Percenters,
Hindu, Sunii Muslim,

Brothers and Sisters We're just Americans. So with that I say "Thank You" to the Army, Navy, Air Force, and Marines, for preserving my rights to live and die for this life and paying the ultimate price for me to be...FREE!