

# 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