

## America's Tea Party

Grace Z.

America came on ships,  
Yearning and crowded,  
Cutting through the rough like a knife,  
And planted their feet on those sandy shores.

For America wasn't a land,  
But a people.  
And those wary wanderers,  
Set their resolve to rebuild their lives,  
On a foreign fateful land.

America began on ships,  
With the cold wind howling and churning the seas,  
When brave, stubborn men decided,  
That possible death was better than oppression.

For America wasn't a price tag,  
But a people.  
And those rugged colonists,  
Resisting exploitation,  
Crept like thieves in the night,  
Faces smothered in ashes.  
Dawn reflected dark tea leaves in the water,  
Murky water and thicker blood-to-be,  
Claiming that precious fateful land.

America, a nation, was sparked,  
With fury and an inexplicable faith,  
That frost-bitten December night,  
And for once they tasted liberty,  
America's Tea Party.