

## **The One Who is Free**

For travelers in a foreign land  
The lady in green rises above the fog  
And guides her travelers along  
Until they reach the shores  
Where freedom is said to be yours  
Under Lady Liberty's watchful eyes  
The baby came into this world  
With her tiny fist curled  
Lighting her own torch  
She screamed in baby tongue- Li-ber-ty  
Her call of destiny  
But according to the USA  
She was two hours early  
A baby that just could not wait  
To claim her namesake  
Liberty was not really hers  
She had no papers, no green card, no birth certificate  
To show her USA citizenship  
So, the only three that knew she existed  
Were mama, papa, and her green lady friend  
Doctors' visits were off limits  
School was a flurry of exits and entrances  
She could not even register for ballet  
Under her own name  
Such was the nature of waiting  
For an American dream to give her Liberty  
And Mama and Papa working, working, working  
For others to just laugh and point  
And say, undocumented immigrants had no integrity  
She realized though Lady Liberty may be her namesake  
She had Mexican blood piping through her veins  
A fiery passion that could create her own blaze  
She did not have to wait for others to tell her who to be  
She is a proud Mexican American  
La que es libre (the who is free)  
And she will fight for every dream  
On stage, she will be her own Liberty monument  
Rising out of the distance  
As glorious as an eagle spreading its wings for the first time  
As beautiful as the red and white stripes flying high  
And when they see her, many others will join her on stage  
Arms encircled in a permanent embrace  
No matter where one is born or decides to stay  
And that is the day everyone can truly say  
They knew LIBERTY