

As an immigrant I have the right to immersion,  
Of a reluctant nation.

Mouths open but minds in coalition

My presence is feared as the consensus 'conviction,  
Is to arm themselves with protection.

They say:

"Our possession is the wall to your will,  
So step back and bow to our decision."

Prohibited from rebellion, I must follow their custom.

But you see, even my gaze can't dare to trespass their ambition.

They say:

"You thought you crossed our borders

But you merely crossed the line of our aversion.

We respectfully ask of you to not test the waters of our tolerance, for our peace is your prison."

Why should I be trapped in the narrowness of your prism?

I sense your eyes piercing through my peers' ancient wisdom,

For green is the colour of your poison.

But your politically correct verbalism

Fails to cast the humoresque illusion of your so-called freedom.

Now I say:

" Let me sip my hot mint tea

As I decolonise my mind from your guilty plea.

Moisturise my olive skin under the same shade you seek.

Blind your truth with the glow mother earth bestowed me,

Before you reaped all the gold and the good of her seeds."