

**April 10, 2006**

(New York City)

Sometimes politics proves to be  
as strange as poetry.

Never thought that I would feel  
at home in a demonstration  
where one American flag  
follows another,  
    after another,  
        after another.

But today it's not the usual "my  
country can beat up your country" crowd.  
No, this time it's the invisible people,  
speaking out loud for a change.

"I am Haitian;  
    I am Korean;  
        I am Pakistani,"  
they tell me.

"I am Dominican;  
    I am Mexicana;  
        I am Filipino;  
I am Ethiopian;  
    I am Jamaican;  
        I am Guatemalan and  
I live here too.  
I will not be less of a human being than you.

"I fly the flag of my country.  
And I fly the flag of my other country;  
for whether I am there or here  
    your nation would collapse  
        without the work I do."

So I stand here watching, ask myself  
whether we have, perhaps, just taken  
one small step toward the day  
when every human being  
will, at last, fly every flag  
    of every nation  
        and still feel at home.

Steve Bloom  
April 2006