

In God We Trust (The American Dream) by Ruth Mella

They say, "*Work hard, and you can stay,*"
But wages fall while costs outweigh;
Homes flip fast as prayers arise,
While children sleep where the freeway lies.

Veterans tremble when nightfall comes,
Families live on breezes and crumbs;
Cars become homes for those with none,
Governors smile—while renters run.

Who can we turn to in this famine's clutch?
They say, "*In God we trust.*"
But tell me, where is God to rest,
When greed has fenced off every nest?

When children plead at housing's doors,
And hope can't pay the rent no more.
If trust in God is all we've got,
Then let our hearts not be forgot

May justice rise where profits rust,
And rebuild homes *in God we trust.*