

The Fly Over State

Altitude and reluctant parity force clarity from our rarity
From the notion of undeniable devotion came our commotion
Blessed moral modality the lands of finality seeking commonality
Individual emotion create space between the ocean and motion

Our foe see us below in lands they do not know
Spirits belong with plains of cattle and grain, all seen through the pane
Where beauty they will grow and show, as they continue to sow
In their pain will grow in distain, never caressed by Oklahoma rain

With our amass and challenges pass, rest alas
Land of the spared from those who dared, never to be despaired
Only to face the crass of national sass, as they pass
Citizens bared opinions never cared or asked to be shared

Black crud, red rich with blood that soaks into the mud
This dirt has seen so much hurt, but never to skirt
Like a rose without a bud, Native eviction came like a flood
Now our lands of vert have gurt beyond all avert

Land rush created a hush, forever captured by the brush
The wind blows strong and long, but never without a song
My heart a crush for the lush, my cheeks oh so flush
So come along and join the thong, never to be wrong

Their spite creates fight, all through the flight
Never to lull into a crawl, nor never to a fall
Our might was never a right when given such light
Land shared by all, love never in a stall

Oklahoma