

**Asaiah Yankey**

**My Vision for My Caribbean Home**

I envision a home where we lift our flags proudly  
and sing our songs loudly  
with our head held high.

I envision a home where we hold fast to tradition  
and grow weary of facades on television.  
Where we dance to our beats and make harmonies with our tongue  
in celebration of the things that our people have overcome.

I envision a home where we stop to say hello  
Where manners are not just a thing of the old  
Where we smile with our hearts and not just our teeth  
Where we can truly understand our dear neighbor's grief

I envision a home where dollar signs are an afterthought  
And we value those things that cannot be bought  
Where we silence the noise and numb our pace  
To enjoy those things that money cannot replace

I envision a home where our drums resound  
and our voices echo in a way that shakes the ground.  
Where the aroma of our food captures our excitement  
In a way that can't be mimicked by fast food's enticement

I envision a home where we cleave to our culture, our people, our land  
where we embrace ourselves, our skin, and our brand,  
where we delight in our seas, and in our skies, and in our dear neighbors' smiles.

That's my vision for my Caribbean home.