IMMIGRATION POETRY

Eyes of An Immigrant

The musty, foul smelling Boat rocks
The room is dim
And silent Everyone is waiting
For the shores of Ellis Island
They hope to have a new life
Start over in America
The room awakens
When the captain yells
"Land ahead"
Everyone cheers
I see the gleaming copper Statue of Liberty
I can smell the fresh salty air
My heart is filled with optimism
My dreams are so close to coming true
But the same cannot be said for others
Some are sent back for illness
Or not enough money
Or no ride
They send you back
To that hopeless land
Back on the dim boat
Where dreams once lived but now are lost
Yet others are let through
To the country of America
Where a better life awaits
Filled with hope
In the land of opportunity
I smile a happy smile
I am almost there

http://www.poetrysoup.com/poems/best/immigration

NEW COUNTRY

My new home is in a new country.
I know very little of the language and culture.
Memories of my old country will be in my heart forever
The love of my old country will always remain.
I leave for a better life and new opportunities
Hoping to make a bright future for me and my family.
Welcome To My Country

Welcome, To My Country

Welcome,
To my country.
Come, I have shade to share
I have water to refresh you
Sit with me at my table
And let us learn each others ways
Tell me of your customs so I can relate to you
Speak to me of your beliefs so I do not offend you
Share with me your dreams that I may know your goals
Relate to me your history so I may know the courage you bring with you

Welcome,
To my country.
She waits with open arms
To embrace those who will embrace her
To nurture those who would protect her
She has room and resource to spare for those who add to her greatness
Tolerance she has to her very core and opportunity as well
Above all this she has freedom from tyranny and oppression
My country wants to add your greatness to our own and in turn ours to you

Caution,
This is my country.
Not because I was born here
Though I was and take pride in that bond
Beware for my country has the emotions of a mother
Her citizens are her precious children and she will protect them
And I will protect my country from all harm no matter the cost
Do not come to my country expecting to live in your own.
Steal not her land and resources by lack of your allegiance to her ways
Be not a separate island from us for we tolerate no separate nation within our borders.

Together,
This is our country.
United by our spilled blood
United by our oppressed past so diverse
United by our individuality and our cultural diversity we stand
Our ancestors and our kin became citizens and they safeguarded
That precious honor of belonging to the most tolerant, prosperous, and diverse nation
On the whole of the earth. There is no limit to our potential for greatness if we do now
What we have done in our past and draw on the strength of the unity of our diversity

Welcome to The United States of America
Welcome to My Country
Welcome Home
The New Colossus
By Emma Lazarus

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Gloows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
"Keep ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"