

First Place
From Many, We are One
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In North Korea, funereal clouds engulf the sky
And no one can hear the millions of children cry
The food sent from America to sate those who are hungry
Ends up in the stomachs of the North Korean army

I, a Korean-American, weep for my sisters and brothers
The old people, those suffering in the gulags, and the others
My family and I go to Washington to plead with Congress
We pray in church, asking God's mercy, to protect and bless

As a first-generation Korean-American in the land of liberty
I never take for granted my country's history
Of promoting a sense of brotherhood and community
And ensuring that our citizens reap the rewards of unity

When my parents first arrived in the United States
They were welcomed through the sea-washed, sunset gates
Accepted into the melting pot of variety
All races and religions, valued members of our society

An American is an American regardless of background
So for our country our gratitude should be profound
All other nations envy our peace
Our love for our homeland will never cease

It is only by learning about where freedom is banned
That young people can appreciate the privilege of living in this land
I encourage all teenagers to consider this fact
And with one another to make this pact

That when our neighbors need us, Americans will be there
And that when our freedom is threatened, we will do more than just care
Our motto is our promise: E Pluribus Unum
We are prosperous and peaceful because from many, we are one