

The New Colossus¹ - Emma Lazarus, 1883

1 Not like the brazen² giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset³ gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
5 Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon⁴-hand
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities⁵ frame.
"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she
10 With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse⁶ of your teeming⁷ shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed⁸ to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!



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- 1 Colossus: huge bronze statue of the Greek god Helios in the harbour of Rhodes, built in the 3rd century BC and destroyed by an earthquake that same century
 - 2 Of or like brass (copper/zinc); without shame
 - 3 Towards the west
 - 4 Light near the shore acting as guide/warning
 - 5 NY and Brooklyn
 - 6 Waste material
 - 7 Full of
 - 8 Shaken by a violent storm

The New Colossus of 2017

(by Tobias von Bevern, Niklas Storck, Fabio Tiemann und Lennart Schmees)



He is orange and his name is Trump
And deports immigrants with a heart cold and numb.
He doesn't send illegal aliens to Area 51,
Instead he deports them, pointing at them with a gun.
To build a wall is his intention
And to deport immigrants, did I just mention ?
The mother of Exiles still stands at the shore,
Next to the door which doesn't shine golden anymore.
The mighty beacon in her hand,
Just barely shining over the land.
If you are American you will get hired,
if you are Mexican you will get fired.
Afterwards you get deported through the broken door,
from this country - not great anymore !



The New Colossus, 2017

(by Vincent Schrader, Antonia Bußmann, Julian Merkel, Luis Wonnemann, Nils Schöningh, Victoria Wardemann & Leonie Lukas)

What the F* is immigration?
America is for deportation,
It's the best for our nation.
Don't you call it segregation!
To restore the order, protect the border.
All welcome, says the statue of liberty,
but not if you bring poverty and misery.
Come on, step through the golden door,
But not if you're goddamn poor.
In America you can fly like a lark,
Unless your skin is slightly dark.

Inspired by:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LunHybOKIjU>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9OqbOI5n4oM>