

I Am From...

I am from a neighborhood of well known strangers, a street of wanderers walking or biking by, a big house concealing all of the secrets within, a family constantly hiding behind their masks.

I am from three seasons in Cleveland to a summer weekend in Eau Claire, half of my identity hiding in Michigan, questions of "what are you?"

I am from white privilege guilt of not doing enough to help my brothers and sisters in Christ and self-pity of never having a dad

I am from a society that is taught to live through masks, never knowing the truth of one's personality.