

“I am from a broken room ...”

I am with shattered dreams as white paint skims across the flaw. The sun rises in the east and sets in the west. Scarf down twenty-five cent milk with the echoes of bicycles zooming through the street.

I am a hostage.

I am from blame. Never asking for forgiveness from the people I have hurt. The cemetery turned more into celebration as more land was conquered. MANIFEST DESTINY. Slapped on to make our conscience feel all right.

I am spiteful.

I am white, one in two hundred fifty million, a number that fades in the distance. I am raised white collared, never blue. That I have never struggled in my life.

I am a number.

I am without peace. Without a sign of comfort. Without “*I am proud of you*”

I am glued to a soul sucker that makes us a mindless robot.

I am broken.