

I Am From...

I am from split rail fences and gates left open. Families take walks, greeting neighbors with smiling faces. Colored shutters and attached garages, the American Dream is a midwestern culdesac.

I am from a family white as snow. We love our casserole and laugh hard at late-night TV shows. We live near families just like us. Block after block, it's all the same.

I am from the majority. I was never told to limit myself or that I should feel some type of fear. The world is kind to people like me and I never knew any other possibility.

I was provided a safe and comfortable world to live in. The culdesac where dogs bark and children laugh was such a warm and naive bubble to be raised in. Sadly, most streets aren't culdesacs. Those streets hold no laughter. Many hold only fear.