

Let America be Human

By Nora Bosco

Goodnight America. Let us watch our glimmering star set into a calming moon.

Let us stare while radiant passion soars through our veins, and rest as dusk turns to dawn.

Our thoughts roam free in a land of playful colors, fearful terrors, bittersweet endings, and relaxing murmurs; once daylight rears its head, we'll forget.

Dreams. They can free us from problems in a made-up reality or pollute our minds with the smog of insecurities and anxieties. .

In dreams we let go of grudges, feuds, fights.
When we open our hearts to love, we see clearly in an unclouded way.

We live in a homeland that's not ours and we treat others like gum on a sidewalk, a nuisance , as if some were gods and those different from them are less than human.

For what?

What makes me less than you? Is it whom I love? Is it my Gender? Is it how I live? Is it me?

What makes me not human?

What makes her not human? Or him? Or them? Or all of us, What makes us different from you?

Inside we are the same. Blood cells run through my body the same way they run through yours. What makes us "unnatural"?

Truth is, nothing does. I'm as human as those around me, as human as any other. We are valid, we are worth it, and yes! We are different! But we are perfect anyway.