

My generation is tired of your political circles
We've heard your whispers behind closed doors
We've cracked the locks you've tried kept shut
We know our world is sand
And the grains fall through your hands.

This summer I had to stare into red sun
The sky was tainted a beautiful scarlet hue
Yet I couldn't enjoy it
Because with the rose sky came heavy smog.
To those whose lungs clenched when they hit air
And to those who evacuated and lost their homes,
I'm sorry.

Last year the city erupted in protests
Asking for just equal rights
For the scale to finally be level.
The law paints a dream of equality
The law doesn't equal truth,
Because Ye Chan knows Sarah's underqualified
And Sarah will come out with health insurance
To those who were victim of the country's unconscious bias,
I'm sorry.

A quarter for the cups that rests in hands and on sidewalks
In the midst of this hurricane of infection and poverty.
Personal cups litter bacteria on linoleum and lungs.
Fifteen cents a paper bag but a dollar to save the world
Added onto taxed costs of warmth in winter and nourishment
Breaking budgets in the name of the environment.
To those who pour for hours over budgets and bills,
To those who live paycheck to paycheck,
I'm sorry.

Our finances, news, family captivate us from our hands
Blue light, our attention yet they tread in darkness
The top scream what they'd fall for
But they don't realize we wouldn't catch them
Their cries spill in and out of our ears
They still wonder where our votes are.
To those who have no one they agree with running,
To those who prioritize other events over voting,
I'm sorry.

I am part of generation z
The world's future rests on our shoulders
This endless cycle of men in suits
Furthering the circle that confines us from greatness
We are angry.
We each have a brick
A thousand bricks become a wall
We will be the change you never were
We're the future
Whether you like it
Or not.