

Tiny spectacles in the sand

What if the world were in the palm of my hand

Would I give it up, in search of something more ?

To find my purpose or something I adore

I walk through life searching for an answer

Asking the question like a common banter

Will I ever truly find an answer? I want to find an
answer.

Where Do I belong?

The journey starts with a footstep in the sand

The trail goes on and on. Where will I land?

I seem to forget the footsteps behind me as I go.

Not seeming to wonder if it will come back to me on the
road.

Lost, here as I stand,

Wanting to remember the foot steps behind me in order
to become found.

Drowning in a puddle of forgotten memories

Asking myself the same question, shivering from a cold
breeze

?

On my own, I am merely a speck that stains this world
Unseen by most creatures that surround me,
Everything I see seems so large and up above
I wonder *Where I belong* in this family

I walk around trying to find my colony, not knowing they
are in search for me.

I walk around with a felling of uncertainly
Will I always walk through life on my own?
Is there a place I can call home?

Suddenly, a swarm of ants rush at me
I feel safe but only because of the company
Could it be I have found the answer to my Inquiry
They speak and a wave of sadness crosses over me

I don't understand them, they don't understand me
I feel alone again, thinking about the question intensively
Their company has turned into a revolt against me,
An outsider longing for someplace I can be me.

I break out of the seed which encapsulates me
Emerging from the ground, I finally feel free
I am surrounded by my supposed family
Maybe I found *Where I belong*. Hopefully.

Our roots are intertwined beneath the ground
Our leaves blow in synchronicity
Sort of like communists, we are bound
To apprehensive unity

I don't thrive in this community
I am not an individual, but a lonely tree
What differs from me and what's behind me
Nothing. We are basically the same entity.

I don't belong here
Everything feels the same
Just a patch of green on the Earth
I want someone, something to remember my name.

I grow up in a world where I have responsibilities
“Be a Man” they say to me, even before I start walking
Three years of age, firetrucks and action figures placed in
front of me
Barely talking, I have cemented my place in society.

As I grow up, I see the path in front of me
Cut my hair, play sports, be who they want to see
The status quo is all that surrounds me
I am seen as a poster boy rather than a human being.

I don't belong in this community
Where I am seen as a vision rather than reality
I can't truly be me
Unless I will be seen as merely a glitch in their
bureaucracy

I have a long journey ahead of me
To try and find where I am supposed to be
I continue to walk in the sand
Fearing I might be lost indefinitely

Born into a society, where my body is valued over my
being

Unfortunately this is the way of living

Can it be changed or is it bound to stay the same?

If it is, then is this life really worth living.

My dress must fall below my knees, if it does not I am
considered a tease

I must have an hourglass figure, unless I am less
acceptable than those who differ

I get paid less all because I am a different gender

Do I want to live in a society where men progress and
women are left to falter?

My words are valued less than men

My thoughts considered ignorant.

In some cases I might not have the right to learn

Or even vote for my country's leaders.

I don't belong in a society where I am not valued,

Where my words and actions are equivalent to a whisper
in the back of the room.

I want to be able to express my voice whenever I want to

Because it should be my right as a person who lives in
society too.

I would be free to roam as I please
Be able to go anywhere with ease
Opportunities handed to me
Because of my complexion rather than my strength
against adversity

I would have a name like Betty
Ride my car around the neighborhood, by twenty
Most likely never come across poverty
The cards were stacked in my favor before I could even
see

Do I *want to belong* in this community
Where skin is valued over personality?
If I was lighter skinned maybe,
But only if I was blind to witness this tragedy

As I think about what life would be like for me
If I was born with lighter skin and a future ahead of me
From that perspective I would want to live in that society
But that's not who I am and therefore don't belong in
their community

Choose where I step carefully
Work twice as hard than someone next to me
“Never be what they perceive you to be” They say,
Maybe then you’ll survive in this society

I walk like there is always someone watching me
Lurking in the shadows waiting for me to fall
I’m cautious not to take a wrong step
Fearful to think they might have been right all along

I am supported by the people who look like me
Because they know what it’s like to have dark skin in this
society
Although I am blessed to have an army beside me
Do I really *want to belong* in a one sided family

As I go along on my journey
I am realizing it is not about who I am but who I want to
be
The society I belong in should reflect a piece of me
Hopefully I can find that place, where I can feel less
lonely

A vast portion of the world believes in me
Yet no one has ever really seen my face
I am God, a being, an entity
For thousands of years I have continued to be.

I watch the earth, this thing I have created
Humans and animals go around.
Some praising me as their lord and savior
While others don't even know me or what I'm about.

If I were God, would I be lonely in heaven?
Will I be grateful for the company that surrounds my by
the dozen?
That is a question that I cannot answer because I am not
God
I also don't currently reside in heaven.

I am still unsure about *where I belong*
So I continue to search for an answer
Although I think I am closer to...
Finally having my inquiry answered

I love to sing and dance around my house

Act crazy in front of siblings because they know the real me.

But on the inside i remain crippled by my insecurities

Fearing that I will not be accepted by those who don't know me.

I care about what others think of me

The things I do, the thoughts I think, are all based on someone else's perception of me

I act differently around most people I am unfamiliar with

In order to mask the true me and be who they want to see.

I try not to do these things which cause me pain

But I do it by default even though I have no gain

I am a product of the society that I grew up in

I long for validation from others in spite of my own well being.

I don't know who I truly am.

All I know is who I want to be

A girl who is unafraid and not paralyzed by insecurities.

I fear I might never become that girl because of the society in which I live in.

Where Do I belong?

I long for an answer to this question

I have walked across the sand and...

Hopefully I have discovered who I truly am.

I belong in a society where I can be myself

I belong in a society where I am not judged or thought of
as less than

I belong in a society where I am understood

Most importantly I belong in a society where I have a
voice and I'm not overlooked

I am unsure if there is a society like that out there for me

Hopefully I can find it because it's definitely not the one I
live in

The society I live in is plagued with people who don't
think before they speak

And people who are unjustly judged before they even
blink.

Maybe I do not need to search for my society

Maybe it was here all along

Through effort and hard work, not only me but an
army(figuratively) could fix what is broken

And mend this society to be one in which all people can
adore.