

How To Understand

I don't understand

Je ne comprend pas

我不明白

ich verstehe nicht

Non intelligetis

이해가 안 돼요

я не понимаю

No entiendo

أنا لا أفهم

All these words to express that we don't understand

But how can anyone ever know *that*

If they don't try to understand the words I'm saying?

We can speak words to those that are just like us,

That we are disappointed in our president,

That we despise this country or that.

But if all we do is share with those who already think the same as me,

How can we expect the world to change?

It is not *me* that needs to understand my country.

I know my country.

I have to seek to understand *yours*.

Because when you and I understand, we can talk.

And when you and I talk, we can change the world.

A Sheet of Summer

I am fortunate to sleep under a
Warm blanket
In the midst of these cold
Winter nights.

Across the world it is summer
And they don't need
Any blanket.
The hot wool would suffocate
The rest of life
Not killed by the blanket
Of smoke.

Why did no one listen?
Why did the people that did everything right
To help the planet
Become smothered in her sorrow?
If we had listened to her,
Would Australia still be covered in an unbearable
quilt of smog?
Or would she have had a soft sheet of summer
Instead?

Black and White

The daguerreotype, made in 1839,
Will hold so much more that we will ever know.
A photograph captures moments,
Feelings,
Fails and successes.
A photograph is effortless,
Timeless,
Priceless.
Because the photograph captures moments in life that help us remember and learn,
But is it possible,
We've missed the lesson all along?
Black and white.
Without the other, there would be no photo,
No memory, no happiness, no relationship conveyed.
So how come 181 years later we still haven't learned?
That a photograph can't work without black and white working together,
Supporting each other,
Complementing and blending with each other.
So if a photograph can't do it,
How can the world?

Isn't It Terrible

Isn't it terrible

To think about the future

And not be able to see it?

To want to see the world,

But by the time I will be able to,

Half of it will be gone?

Isn't it terrible

To be fearful of my leader,

To have more faith in my classmates

Than the adults of my states

Isn't it terrible for families

To be torn apart by war and borders,

Destruction and political horrors.

Isn't it terrible

That a woman's dress is

Seen as obscene

And is more regulated than a

Child killing machine?

Isn't it terrible

I have to write about this at all?

Rather than diaries and love notes

To soul mates and of bad dates,

And instead only see writing of a

World that was so wrong?

Who Put You In Charge

Who are you
To determine who my best friend is allowed to love
Who said you
Could pass a law
That would prevent a life for soulmates
To ever have their wedding date
And never allow a family to become
A safe haven for some child
Who are you
To make your opinions rules
Who said you
Could tell my friend that he is a she,
Who should get haircuts with blowouts
And get nails done and throughout
His entire life he should pretend to be
someone who he doesn't see will fit