

Complete bombardments of information
New violence, new riots.
Discrimination everywhere,
even where we're supposed to feel safe.
A year of horror.
People stuck in isolation.
Angry people begging for change
Change that's been needed for so long.

Our mothers and fathers taught us
To be kind
to be tolerant
that the color of the skin does not speak of the character.
That everyone is wonderful as they are.
They gave us the power of love and education —
so why people aren't using it?

They call me sensitive.
Aware of everything around me.
On edge because all the bad things.
Feeling all the emotions around me—
Of the anger
of the confusion
of the dread
of the rebellion
of those in solidarity
of those treated horribly.
Those begging to be understood.
Scared of something I can never understand
that should have never existed
because it is such an ugly world
when another human
is cast aside.

I'm sensitive to all the news
wanting change
begging to see the brighter side to humanity
Seeing people coming together
reaching out
talking to their friends
choosing to love not to hate.

The world has been warped so many times
but some of the brightest times come out in people's emotions
when true love comes out.
Humanity bleeding love,
splattering words across protests
talking to people who matter
checking in on those who need it.

We're all struggling in some way or another.

Everyone is freaked out.

Everyone has something bad they keep hidden outside.

Everyone is confused

And everyone wants to be loved for who they are

That's something us humans have as a rarity—-the ability to love.

To show it.

The beauty in sensitivity

is that power

to attune to emotions

and fight to love

to accept

to show that people's voices matters

that their feelings are not going ignored.

That's something.

Life's always going to have something to try and crack us down

but we must keep our humanity.

Show that sensitivity.

I'm proud of my sensitivity

And I hope others feel proud to share theirs too.