

## To Live In America

We are lost in an age where we want to be human

We speed like beat caliber marking our targets

Our targets that pull further and further out to the sea of uncertainty.

We roam these streets without definition because we have defined ourselves too much.

We categorize each thing in twos: the duality at constant arms against us

We see our futures as bright, we see our futures as new

In the future of bleakness and prophetic destruction.

We contradict ourselves with each new idea that pops into our mind

We are afraid to define ourselves, that once we do it is set in stone and no one person can harbor several beliefs throughout a lifetime let a lone at once.

We're the restless jammers, clubbers, night-timers that drink like the 20s

In those apartments and out in the stark night air that traps us in stasis

To be free and travel. To be free and roam.

We seek to be global, worldly, and knowledgeable

We seek to be plain, and grounded in the wilderness

We seek sanctuary from that bitter night that forces us onto subway trains and humiliates us in front of complete strangers, asking always for money.

We starve. We fill ourselves. Every moment capricious as the last

Every moment one insanely small moment on a graph.

We are those who can want a rural lifestyle. Those who can have an urban life.

We pretend and pretend greatly to be more and collected while our world falls apart either around us or under our worn feet.

We are surprised by those who don't live our lifestyle, when we learn about something.

It's a rejection, a fact we can't accept, a way that becomes associated with one person and one type of person.

We don't travel the country our lives have become private.

We know more than any generation, and we know so much less about our fellow citizens.

We have segregated our cities so much that no longer do we associate a person from their state, but their part of town too.

We say “you’re from that part of town” to peg them into a stereotype. But isn’t it what our parents did? What their parents did?

Our phones can show us any mirrored desire and our coffee shops supply us with that wondrous drip network with our espresso-laden whipped drink.

We doctor our lives in cream and sugar, water and top it with whipped cream and a green straw.

We want so much to be human in this age of technology

We ask what it means to be human

Our humanity is consistently challenged because we connect ourselves online.

We don’t know what it means to be human, for our parents never showed us, and we don’t stop to consider it and we shun the thinkers that do.

We hate the old who chastise us for our glutinous use of media and social sites, who can’t believe that a person’s interest isn’t aligned with their own.

We appreciate the past

We have become resentful of the past, who created us, and refuses to take responsibility

We have become masters of the past and creators of the future

We have discarded the past and spit on our elders who didn’t make the effort to connect and understand

We tolerate but never love

We love yet find it in our hearts to hate

We live in two groups of people: those who see two sides of things, and those who see a spectrum

We live in three groups of people: those who love, those who hate, those who are indifferent

We live in five groups of people: those who like art, those who like math, those who like English and linguistics, those who like science, those who like history

We live in seven groups of people: The Facebookers, the Snapchatters, the Instagram Socialites, the Tweepers, the Tumblr-posters, the laisses-faire, the YouTubers

We are the Democrats, the Republicans, the Fascists, the Independents, the Libertarians, the Communist, the Anarchists, the Dictators

We fraction ourselves into increasingly large numbers

We long for equality but can’t see past our own differences

We hate ourselves

We love ourselves

We are the ambitious who the old fear; us as a collective.

We fear the days when the old might wage a war with the young, and we fear that it has already begun.

We fear immortality, the kind that makes us live for forever, for we have learned and seen horrors and  
the hard-knock life of the streets

We long for immortality of the kind that we will be remembered in our legacy

We resist, we persist, we hope and dream when dreams are dead and goals will get you places.

We set goals we never achieve, and envy the dreamers who make the future theirs

We want nothing more than to feel human and accepted but we can't when the brother next to us does  
something without us

We fear the solitary life

We long for the life off the grid and chastise our own addictions

We hate ourselves

We love ourselves

We ask if we're human yet and can't decide because our parents' parents never taught their children  
and how can that generation teach us if they first haven't been taught?

We define ourselves, the lives we lead, the technological advancements that we've been taught to hate  
instead of embrace.

We're taught to live dangerously and express our ideas.

We censor, and are censored, by society and academia. By our peers.

We rage around the streets at night, dancing in the glory of being alive in the moment, never truly living

We can't allow ourselves to live

We allow ourselves to live and are miserable the next day

We want the good times just like the old

We want the new and successful ideas

We all claim to have the ultimate definition of our generation yet argue and argue, and realize that an  
arguable statement cannot be completely true.

We are patient

We are impatient

We want everything fast and immediate

We can become accustomed to slower paces

We fight for freedom.

We fight for help.

We fight for independence.

We are quick to the trigger and slow to learn

We gain knowledge faster than any generation.

We forget how many people there are and how many people don't live like us, who differ from our  
views

Even people with similar interests live radically-different lives: we live in poverty, from check to check;  
we live in wealth and comfort

We say forget

We say remember and never forget never forgive

We say forgive

We have privatized our lives so much and centralized our feeds to be self-centered.

We accept help

We deny help

Help is that fanged monster that we bitterly must live with; the devil that sweeps around to shame us  
all, the givers and the askers

We live infinitely-many lives, and our minds fathom not that depthless landscape

We have no speaker in the swarm of voices that claim to be the defining icon for the generation

We move this world into new heights, pioneering the ship bravely

We harken to the old days: the good parts: the old parts we disdain and blame

We blame we blame we blame

We struggle to right the wrongs of our ancestors

We create new wrongs

We revive old rivalries

We forget that every generation struggled the same as ours

We see ourselves as those who are hated upon, discriminated against.

We have no thermometer to measure the temperature of this grand country

Grand? We spit on that word.

We call our country "in shambles" "broken" "Stupid" "hate-filled"

We are right

We are wrong

We call our country "wonderful" "free" "great" "infinite"

We see the problems of our societies and try to fix it

We have no voice

We are the voice that divides itself

We fight against the hands of the old clocks

We reinvent wheels and install new gears

We overcome an inflation of struggles, as each day grows harder upon us.

We cope with new fads, eating healthy, materials

We cope with friends, drugs, and drinks

We cope with the heartbeat of our fellow Americans

We have been handed bright lights and we burn them brighter against the night

We believe we have diseases and see the shrinks

We are told we have diseases, diagnosed by our teachers and elders who once turned their heads away  
from the notion of mental illness, and now use it as an excuse to avoid confrontation and  
humanity to keep their reputation intact

We are in need of help and love

We are healthy

We mock the people who we think are faking mental illness

We hate the people who don't understand, the ignorant people who oppose our own ideas

We claim to be one hundred percent right

We claim to know little

We claim to only have opinions

We are the new generation of the new millennia

We are not a single entity but more than ever are we finding individuality.

We are capable and restless, and scared of where we'll end up, for there's no way of knowing until our  
generation is gone.