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Unity

Our lives are such a beautiful gift. Just being born, and then making it through adolescence, and middle school, and highschool, and onward, no matter where you've been. It's so incredible to be alive.

However, tough time come into our life, and we forget that we're not the only ones suffering. Emotional stress, first world problems you know, and we go through our days and we buy this and that, and we never stop to think about it. We have privilege that has become normal.

And we go through our lives watching the news, and seeing how terrible things are over seas, and else where in the world.

We think about terrorists and bombings,

About crime and dangerous people,

About how all these people are hurt everyday by these horrible groups of people,

And how we feel so much weight in our hearts for their losses and their lives,

We send our prayers, and we send our well-wishes.

We can't do much else, we're across an ocean, we're not philanthropist rich, we're just a "common" person, (Although I'm not sure one of those exists at all) what can we do?

And we wonder, we ask, we pry for the truth,

And eventually a truth comes.

That our lifestyle is terrorism

And we don't like change,

And we rationalize that things are okay,

That things will get better, but we go on living in ways that have become acceptable,

For the luxury of being able to.

So what would you do if you were that child?

Who's forests were cut down,

Who's food was taken away?

Who's lives were uprooted,

And cultures changed?

Oh how easy it is to remain accustomed to the same perspective,

And never have to change.

And now you're reading this.

If the world relied on you to teach yourself and make a change..

What would you do?