

“Society” by Asya Purcell

I’m expected to go into this world
with no preparation.

I’m learning $y=mx+b$,
instead of, “How do I file taxes?”.

I have to seek validation
from those I don’t know.
My grades and record determine my worth,
rather than my skills and heart.

The color of my skin, or the gender I am,
stops me in more ways than I know.
Yet, so many people tell me
I’m delusional for thinking so.

My hair is too unruly for a formal setting.
I walk too well, so I’m cocky.
I talk too less and I’m too smart,
so I must be stuck up.

My generation was expected to fix mankind’s
problems. But suddenly, we became the problem.
The world burns itself out slowly, and animals prepare
to take their place as apex predators once more.

People can’t grasp what they’ve
done to one another. I’m stuck wondering.
“When did it become hard to treat one another humanely?”
“When will this supposed change come? Why so long?”