

## SA4

### Start of a revolution...

I  
Can't  
Breathe.

The air is thick  
With a hatred  
Stored deep within  
That has spread like  
A wild fire and corrupted,  
Consumed  
Everything in its path.

This hatred never wavers,  
With time being an accomplice to its spread.

Peace?  
The reality  
Is far from it.  
It would seem that  
Your Age, Race and Gender  
Determines whether society  
Accepts, Rejects or  
Protects you.  
As if society has the power to decide

How human you are,  
How human you can be.  
It's ironic how  
Innocent human beings are hunted and trapped  
Within a system that's supposed to "protect and serve"  
By those who have sworn to "protect and serve".

It's ironic that the very society,  
That refuses to acknowledge  
Women, children and people of colour-  
Is built on the foundation of racism and male superiority.

When that very foundation  
Was constructed on the backs  
Of their ancestors that it sought to  
Exclude.

Two cancers lie at the heart  
Of a system that has the power to shape young individuals.

Should this have raised red flags  
Throughout the years?

It appears not.

No human is born racist  
Racism is taught and festers in homes  
To create a destruction that  
Children's parents couldn't make in  
Their lifetime...

As if they haven't done enough already.

The first step in making change  
Is identifying that there is a problem.  
Because yes, there are people  
Who don't see anything wrong  
Because they aren't experiencing it  
First hand.

But how do you  
Bring about change when  
Many can't see beyond  
Their own privilege.

Seeing people all over the world  
Joining together to fight for change -  
To break this deadly cycle -  
To bring justice to the lives lost -  
To the suffering of the lives that still remain -  
This gives me hope.  
Hope that progress - in some way –  
Can be made.

Wishing for peace might be naïve  
But change can only come if  
We are willing to be it –

To lead the change  
We wish to see in the world.