

My Hopes for America
US V.S. HATE

America has a rigid history.
This place of freedom that is America.
This melting pot,
Boiling with George Floyd.
Bubbling with every burned mosque.
Burning with every school shooter.
Exploding with every lost cause.
#USvsHate
Here in America,
The taste of my mother's sambusas,
my Nani's kebabs,
Blend perfectly with my best friend's wontons
At lunch on the field.
#LetUsLearn

Yes, we, the whitewashed,
dream of a day when we may walk with our hijabs, admired for our intelligence,
our wittiness,
rather than our bodies.
#USvsHate
We, the targeted, hope that one day, factors we cannot control will not control our perceptions.
That I may have a say in my own perception.
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I am not defined by the actions of people
who are not my people.
Islamaphobia is darkness,
and I choose to stand in the light.
My beauty is not defined based on one's standards.
But rather, my own.
I am not a "try-hard" when I try hard to point out the racism in our history textbook, told to "deal
with" every assumption after assumption, stereotype after stereotype.
I am not an Indian because I am dark.
I am not a slave because I am African.
I am not a terrorist because I am Muslim.
Do not fit me in a category because it is easy.
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I am simply me.
And I choose to expand America, our melting pot,
To make room for other flavors.
And others who maybe, are like me.

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