

## Borders Within Borders

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Our country is made of lines and divisions.

Every map is a nesting place for boundaries - *this* one's home, *that* one's a culture,

*this* is us, and *that* is them. Borders come to us too easily, I think, and with each new one we draw, we distance ourselves a little further. Our houses and belts widen, and we draw more borders.

Colours, vibrant and full of life, become just another reason we can abuse and injure and turn a blind eye to our fellow man, from *clothes* with varying shades to *skin* of another hue.

We love our borders, and so when the way they speak, or worship, or live do not match our ways - it makes it easy to say *this* is us, and *that* is them.

Even if the difference is slight.

Those that have a little bit of more than one vivid story cannot belong.

They are nowhere- no one.

It makes it easy to see their houses crumble and their families shatter, and when they beg for refuge we convince ourselves that their lives are just folklore, their deaths are statistics.

There are too many barriers separating *us* from *them*,

so many that we convince ourselves that they must not be real, their blood must not be red, their dreams must not be meaningful. From our screens we see them weep,

we feel a brief, passing sorrow and soon after we revert to *this* is us, and *that* is them.

Our world should not have lines, nor divisions.

There is only one World after all, whether a one is born as the First or the Mixed,

They are born free and equal in dignity. There will be no borders between them and their rights. nor between *us*.

For now, however, we still cling onto the borders within borders.

I am young, and perhaps in my old age I will hear

"*This* is us, *that* is us, and the country is *our* home."