

Where we stand

I used to walk with quiet dread,
Afraid of words not truly said -
The looks, the laughs, the sideways stare,
That told me hate still lingers there.

Not Swastikas or flames at night,
But subtle things that dim the light -
A joke, a post, a spiteful grin,
The kind that crawls beneath the skin.

I feared the past would rise once more,
In ways we'd failed to see before,
That in these halls, behind closed eyes,
Old wounds would surface in disguise.

But then I found, at SMU,
A place where something bright felt true.
Where hands reached out instead of harm,
And difference met with open arms.

Where stories shared and voices heard
Could turn the silence into word.
And hearts, though shaped by different scars,
Could still align beneath the stars.

I still feel fear - it doesn't flee
But here, I'm not alone to be.
In classmates, friends, and those who care,
I've found a strength that we can share.

So let us learn, and let us teach,
And raise the truths we each can reach.
For when we stand as one, not few,
There's nothing hate can truly do.

Ben
Kaplan