

## Red Tape

this place was not made for me  
established before I was welcome  
constructed before I was embraced  
dying the wool before the  
measurements were even made  
and I'm afraid this place has hardly changed

policies refined to claim equality,  
but are the band-aid fixes  
on foundational cracks running so deep  
seeping problems that they sweep under rugs  
'we've changed,' they claim  
while smothering the voices of those weak, buried  
under the barriers of society

bureaucracy hides these barricades,  
laid ironclad bars, dressed as aids  
and I'm waiting.  
for a decision,  
for a change,  
for help,

for something that doesn't sound like sweet nothings,  
or soothings to shut me up,  
that are proving just that  
this place doesn't care about equality,  
as long as they get my dime

administrative hands, bound by the ease  
of blanket rigidity set by the system to simplify  
their lives instead of those they are meant to aid  
creating a system spread too thin, failed communication  
when it comes to my education, now I'm angry  
there's tape threading this place's welcome,  
and I see red