

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