

Our "Adult" Society

From an early age we are taught to mold into the bonds of society
From an early age we are thrust into a cage too small for the great minds we have yet to develop
And we can't help but wonder
What might have been
If our minds had been freed.
From an early age we are taught to keep our voices lowered, heads bowed, and mutter a gracious, "yes ma'am" and "no sir" when asked if we would like a lollipop, or if we wrote our English essay, or if we know the first 10 digits of e.
The boy who wants to sing his soul out is quickly brushed away, the girl who wants to share her knowledge is quickly tossed to the curb.
From an early age we are pushed unwillingly into a sea of a language we hardly know, and we are drowning in all letters of the alphabet from "appointments" you must keep to the "zeros" on your math quiz.
Our voices are stolen at the age we watch Ursula take away the voice of the little mermaid,
Our feet are bound as soon as the glass slipper glides onto the perfectly sized foot of Cinderella.
In kindergarten we are taught to raise our hands before we speak, wash our hands before dinner, make our bed before school.
Before we can even walk or talk, our cries are silenced by a mother's gentle "shhhhhhh", our father's strong embrace.
And when we can talk, we must keep "indoor voices" and the teachers are always "hush, hush".
How easily were our imaginative fairy tales and action heroes snatched from our hands and innocent eyes, replaced deftly with heavy volumes of biology, math, and history.
How simply can that outgoing, fun-loving girl grow into that quiet, introverted, eye-averted woman, sitting there in the corner of the coffee shop
With those big, studious glasses
As she sips her coffee
Her nose buried in a
Volume of words
And pages
That
She
Still
Is drowning in.

It is no wonder this generation is becoming more machine than human,
More technology than that which in our hands.
It is no wonder the people that make machines are machines.
It is no wonder that that woman is still sitting there in the coffee shop.
Our voices have been taken, our free paths directed by green lights, and red lights, and yellow lights, and the rule that if Simon doesn't say, then you are out.
It is no wonder we are all clawing to the top, when not so long ago, it was the first person to the treasure box who got first pick.
It's no wonder people say "impossible"
More than "I'm possible"
That they say they are trapped in the stocks
And stuck in the bonds
That society so kindly lays out for them.
It is no wonder we play the game of London bridge the length of our lives,

Never wanting to be there when the bridge comes down, and
Hoping, wishing, that the bridge falls on our friends.
It is no wonder that we always need to ask "y" and that we always
Feel trapped, trapped by our "x" 's we still remember from twenty years ago,
and that we look to formulas, charts, and books
For all our answers
Instead of first within ourselves.
We are stronger than we think
But only if we think that we are stronger,
Only if we realize that some of us are strong
And some of us are thinkers.
We must realize we are not the same mold,
Not the same exact lego man with the same exact red brick house
In every home in America,
Not destined to be that Barbie doll but something more than
Pretty faces, shy princesses, helpless damsels in distress.

And it is no wonder we are all still playing the silent game,
No one daring to mutter a word,
A silence so established,
So permanent,
So familiar
That to utter a word
And break the delicate
Quiet
Would be to
shatter
The glass slipper.