

You and I

A poem about diversity

Black, white, green, or blue,
No matter what color, it's still me and you.
Sifting through the night,
We cheer and clap for who we are in the light.
All the noise, hate, and more,
Is down below us as we soar.
We infect others around us with our love,
The good in our hearts is as white as a dove.
We look outside our windows, seeing people with signs,
While we hear the people's cries.
Fires, bullets, and a scream.
Was this really our dream?
But even if those around us shout,
I know the good, once more, can sprout.
Because no matter how low or high,
It's still you and I.