

The boy

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The boy does not know his place.

He does not know he is different. Inferior.

He thinks he is equal.

He thinks he can dream.

We can't really blame the boy. Well... not fully.

He is just 10.

His needs are simple. His dreams, fantastical.

It is the parents.

They have not taught him well.

This boy will be trouble.

He has no fear. He will fight for his rights.

And he is likeable.

This boy who is inferior, will rise above.

He connects at the human level.

This is dangerous.

We must regroup, strategize, hit back.

When he dreams, we must crush his spirit.

When he connects, we must put up barriers.

When he is happy, we must make him sad.

When he doubts, we must swoop in for the kill.

We need a label. We must show he is different. Inferior.

We need to show him. We need to show us.

Rohingya. Haitian. Kurd. Palestinian. Russian.

Any of the above would do.

We need a status. We must show he does not belong. He has no claim.

We need to show him. We need to show us.

Migrant. Illegal. Refugee. Stateless. Displaced. Criminal.

Any combination would do.

We need a motivation. We must justify our decisions.

We need to show him. We need to show us.



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His mother is unequal. His ancestors are not from here. He will steal our jobs.

Any one would do.

We need consequences. We must attach a cost to inferiority. To not belonging.

We need to show him. We need to show us.

Some education, but poor.

Some healthcare that keeps him alive, but malnourished.

Some movement, but not across borders.

Some documentation, but not the right kind.

Some hope, that flickers and fades.

We are not inhuman after all.