

Gen.

Nick Kinder

We, the generation
that sheds others we deem to be “dead weight,”
breaking off as rotten wood left to be found as the snow melts in spring.

We, the generation
branded by the iron of Boomers, the housing industry, and Fox News.

We, the generation
with chains on our ankles and the world on our backs,
as our parents live stream our missteps to their Facebook groups.

We, the generation
condemning the devil’s advocate,
yet wondering why others won’t just look from *our* point of view,
as we sit comfortably in our echo chambers and ricochet off tired points.

We, the generation
who cares for only two things: avocados and *not* uniformity,
raised by the civil union of 9/11 and Columbine.

We, the generation
arrested for throwing tear gas back to the Blue,
who buy Skittles in solidarity and “taste the rainbow” means teeth on
street curbs,
and “no, *all* lives matter.”

We, the generation
where those who Dream are made to leave,
because they aren’t from here,
but “Not *this* immigrant. I own her.”

We, the generation
who sat at the broken-down bar of the Porthole as two young men,
one younger and one with more regrets,
on the lake where kids lie with cinder-block feet,
and one said, “Don’t worry, you’ll get through this too,”
and both grinned,
and both knew this was a lie.