

What is a home?

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I stand watch in the center of my home as a breeze races through the slightly cracked doors of my balcony. My son, four years old, is learning a lesson in patience as he repeats for the 30th time, "sit, Fisher, sit." My fiancé is typing furiously away at some report. Our bellies are full and my heart over runs with joy. I think to myself, I am happy. This is home.

As a I look out in to the world
I bear witness to the structures that divide us.
It is in this moment that I began to realize
that the answer to my question, "What is a home?"
is so much more than just what my eyes can see.

The truth of home is not found in brick and mortar.
It is the Freedom to roam around your neighborhood knowing
that safety exists with or without street lights.
It's the Peace of Mind that comes when access
to fresh groceries is a given.
The pride of legacy because your children are being educated
in an environment fertile to their growth.

What is a home?

I stand watch in my home and beam as my family thrives, but a feeling of unease begins to arrest me as realize that one day the size of this home will no longer be conducive to our dreams. But when flight is necessary will we be able to land where we need. Will I be shown the homes that work best for me or only homes in communities that find me to be acceptable. Will integration and access remain a dream as segregation and denial reign supreme?

As I look out in to the world
I bear witness to the structures that divide us.
The look less like structures and more like systems-
Less like systems and more like people-
Less like people and more like the worse parts of ourselves-
Devolving to prehistoric instincts of survival.
As if we haven't consistently
proven wrong that a way a person looks
doesn't dictate their behavior,
but the way we treat them does.

If you want to make people feel like outsiders

Leave them outside

Want to make people violent and desperate

Redline them into cages

Want to destroy the heart of a city

Gentrify her people into ghost

What is a home?

No longer a need to ask that question.

The only questions that matters now are-

Will I work to grant dreams,
or ward over a broken reality?

Will you work to grant dreams,
or ward over a broken reality?

Will we be the granters of dreams,
or ward over a broken reality?