

Dichotomies

From our first breaths
we began to find our voice.

We drew, we danced, we painted
we invented, we innovated, we designed
simply creating for the pure pleasure of it.

There were no standards
no expectations
no box we had to fit into.

But at some point we stopped.

Creativity got left behind
and labels were pasted
identities were dictated by the world we designed.

Incredulity was met by anyone who practiced self-expression.
It was ok as long as it fit society's standards.
We were told: this is *what you do*
this is *who you are*.

But society failed to erase creativity.
It was still alive in the misfits who refused to conform.
Those who embraced everything that they were
and weren't afraid to carve their own path.

So the world lay in surrender
to all those who were brave enough to challenge it.

Now self-expression is a democracy.
It's a freedom shared by all,
thanks to those very people.
The people that embraced their dichotomies,
their ups and downs,
their successes and failures,
the serene and the chaotic.

It's the biology fanatic who produces films.
The art major who formulates computer code.
The finance expert who choreographs ballet.
It's those who don't allow apprehension to outrun reality.
It's those who are unapologetically themselves,
creating simply because they were meant to do so.

It's those who are my heroes.