Black & White

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I want to write something that makes people hold their heads up high. I want to pen an essay that will fill the air with patriotic pride. My words humming the national anthem in the reader's ears. But I cannot do this. Before I go to bed, I turn on the News, like I have done every day since I was a little girl. When I was younger, I watched to see the birthday list (hoping I was on it even if it wasn't my birthday), and later, I admit, I would watch to see the cute, local news anchor. Now, I watch to be informed, to see the state of the nation I was so lucky to be born in. Some days, I watch and I am filled with guilt and sadness, other days I feel like I will drown in my anger. But I am rarely proud.

I flip from channel to channel, and the voices do nothing but disagree with each other. I admit that the world isn't black and white, but there is still a difference between truth and falsity. When did this nation become like this? The news should not be about what sells or what we want to hear, but what is happening. While we are officially a democracy, what is a democracy worth when the voters have no idea what world they truly live in? Beliefs are worth nothing when they are founded on lies and manipulation. Politics, in itself, is a game, filled with artifice and polite speech. I will not judge a man who smiles when he does not want to smile, but I will judge the man who claims that he is smiling when he is not. Politics used to be about twisting facts, presenting the truth, to the public, in a way that supports your perspective. Now, it is about lying. It doesn't matter if it happened or not, just if you can get enough people to believe it.

When I finally turn eighteen, the first thing I want to do is vote, and I'm terrified that I'll vote wrong, that my beliefs are the ones that are founded on lies. Because that is the truth, isn't it? We all think we are the ones in the right.