

*Written by Luis, 24*

Who is an American?

I have no hands no feet no voice. I cannot act; only my passive senses are active. I am a ghost quietly walking the corridors of a full house. Even in these times, not all men are created equal. We, immigrants, are refused our existence though America was built on the backs of migrant labor. It is undeniable that there is talent in the immigrant pool. It is irrefutable that some of the greatest minds to contribute to this country have been of foreign descent. It is unconstitutional that I am denied the freedom of being. I want what you want. I want the chance to fail. Even more, succeed. Now I am merely relegated to my dormant talent. I have nothing, but potential and I'm turning 25 soon. When can I act! What can I possibly prove when I am so grossly handicapped? Did I just manage to go to school to educate myself in all the things I can't have. I know how much there is out there. I want opportunity.

Where is the opposition keeping from my life coming from? Why is everybody so comfortable making choices for everyone else? Live and let live. Worry about yourself and enjoy the freedom to move in your pursuit of happiness. Isn't that why we have a government in place? To set up a framework for its peoples to prosper and consequently have a thriving country. I'm not asking for a free ride, but I think this is a greater issue than just for the estimated 12 million people it affects. If we continue to allow someone else to dictate how we live our lives, gay relationships will never be acknowledged, rape victims will continue having their violator's babies, and I will find no purpose.