

I am 25 years old. My birthday is in January. 2020, 25, returned to the USA from Paraguay, all symbols were aligned for a seizing of the day.

It is now the end of March, and as everyone knows, 2020 has strayed from where anyone expected. Elation at Bernie's rise, current confusion and fear at the prospect of a Biden and Trump race. The blowing open of the healthcare debate, the incredible failure to at least wield competency by the democratic establishment. To at least wield morality, when those are the two hooks they have tried to barb Trump with. The public's seeming unwillingness to "risk." Risk what? Choosing a candidate who can at least stand strong on some issues against Trump? Rather than one who will try to get into a juking left and right competition. And one who, it appears, does not have the stamina for that task.

But! Enough politics, COVID-19, coronavirus, or other more...inapt names. Whatever you call it, it seems to have honed the cutting edge of a falling blade which will cut the divide between the have and have-nots in America even wider. Especially in some of the political scenarios one can imagine playing out. Some more will now never own their homes, some more will never have a comfortable wage, some more will live in the semi-permanent stress of one financial disaster. Or, I worry this is the case.

To not have this moment be the clarion call to rally, if not around Bernie, then at least around healthcare as a human right, as the moment for American militaristic and espionage interventionism to end, as the moment to prioritize climate change, is just beyond my understanding.

Had we prioritized these things earlier, the negatives would be less (more gradual job transfer from fossil fuels to clean energy – geographically, easier for the individuals), the changes could be less drastic, the rhetoric could be softer. But, some lied, and many believed, and that is in the past.

I am 25 years old and I want this decade to be remembered as one where we cured some of our societal ills.

It is 2020 and I want these 10 years to be the beginning of a brighter chapter in American history, one wherein politics aren't defined by fear, where daily lives are opened and communities are strengthened and tied together, where people grow closer.

5 years of the 90s, 10 of the 00s, 10 of the 10s. (Hopefully 10) of the 20s.

I think most people want some of the same things, and the best thing we can give ourselves, and each other, to get to these things is an open head/heart/hand.