Shielded

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Why must everyone say I’ve changed, with the notion I should be ashamed?
When I was young I did not know of the monsters beyond my doorstep.
I did not realize that the voices on the news shook with doubt and concern.
I never knew choosing my favorite cereal for breakfast was a privilege.
I took my backyard play set for granted and ventured past my doorstep.
Now everything seems to cost something, and things are done out of spite.
We are taught to share, but this world is so greedy.
They say “You’re different now.”
As a little girl I held a shield, I never saw these monsters then.
Now I know he doesn’t sit on the curb because he likes the weather.
She doesn’t check the mirror religiously because she thinks she’s beautiful.
The news will tug at your heartstrings, and facing trials becomes inevitable.
And one day, our shields are stripped from our tightly clenched fists
As we hurdle towards a pool of preconceived ideas and real world monsters