

## What are WE anyway?

I stand within the dotted line  
the one with no name, no real place in this structured world,  
the one always ignored, shoved aside, because what are we anyway?

Let me tell you  
because no figure, agency, or system of power will ever have enough time to

I am the WE and WE are the majority.  
WE have been through their system, maybe it's your system  
WE have had our brains endlessly examined, manipulated through surgery, provoked for observation, and drugged.  
WE have been diagnosed and now forever carry a label that defines us as disabled.  
But yet,  
WE run marathons because we can, we laugh because life is beautiful, we are emotionally a tune and academically highly educated.  
WE are world travelers because the earth is irresistible, rich in culture, people to learn from and ecosystems to admire.  
WE dance late into the night to the rhythmic thumping of a bass show finding ourselves within a crowded room with swirling flashing lights because it's fun.  
WE love cooking, snowboarding, mountainbiking, and we enjoy the sound of crashing waves when we fall asleep under the starry moonlit sky because we go camping.

But yet we remain unnamed, without a place, no identity to claim.  
WE are neither you nor them. Neither normal nor disabled.  
Too abnormal, too different, too disabled to be considered as "normal."  
but yet too functioning, too sociable, too regular, too normal to fully fit in with the "disabled."

Who are WE, what am I?  
We're back again, within this dotted line  
Where society has no space for us, no purpose for us, and no intentions on creating an environment where this line is recognized, where WE are recognized.