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Statistic

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Class of 2018

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Statistic

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Michael A. Deleon, Jr. is a Sociology major and is part of the class of 2018.

Statistic

Michael A. Deleon, Jr.

I'm not sure how his mother felt when she realized that she had given birth to a hate crime

Had amity slipped from her lips? Had her olive pale skin converted itself to frozen porcelain? Had she forgiven her son for her biggest mistakes?

Here are a few tips for those who are afraid of becoming a statistic

One, when you leave your home set your timer so you can see just how long it takes for a lead pipe to break your cranium in two like the time when your mother said she was just trying to cure you

Two, do not allow society to turn you into their puppet because they will string you along the George Washington Bridge and dispose of you labeling your death a suicide, I'm sorry Tyler Clementi

They will force feed you outdated Bible verses and picket outside of your father's funeral with banners hissing "Thank God for Dead Soldiers" while they are pissing all over his cherrywood bravery

Thank you Matthew Snyder

They will toss you to the asphalt after punching you dry of all oxygen, rest in peace Sean Kennedy

They will walk you to a fast forward crime scene and link you to a cross after beating you senseless only for your body to be found eighteen hours later and mistaken for a scarecrow, but you are no scarecrow Matthew Shepard

You are beautiful

Three, carry a pistol between your teeth and shoot down all of the homophobic slurs that these fiends will release until you are deceased and they will have the nerve to drag their feet to your memorial site not knowing that you saw their faces in the knife you used to end your life

I am sorry

Four, understand that family can also be the enemy and your tweet about gay marriage rights is only a few retweets away from your loved ones arranging your funeral

Five, swallow all of the pride and optimism that you can to create a red velvet cushioning beneath your heart because finding comfort in love can sometimes be uncomfortable

Six, love yourself

Seven, love yourself

Eight, if you love yourself they cannot change your name from beauty to pain or gay to shame because we are all the same people
Soldiers are still being sent overseas when the real war is right here in our country

Nine, keep in mind that we should be intolerant of intolerance

Ten, it only gets better if we make it get better, we must become the arson that burns down their prejudice and we must be the unity that becomes their rude awakening

Because if we don't, all they will have to remember us is a candlelight vigil and how long before those flames burn out? How long before your mother cuts the umbilical cord that ties her to a hate crime? How long before you begin to live up to your new name: statistic?