Editor's Choice

Maybe it's because I grew up in the rainbow state. On the Big Island of Hawai'i, we are all one big ohana (family). You call your parent's friends "auntie" and "uncle," and you hug them hello even if you just saw them yesterday. I was raised around all different kinds of people with different cultures and backgrounds, learning to love people for who they are. Then I got older, and the reality of hate that exists within the world hit me.

I wrote "Blue" for you. If you are afraid you won't be loved for who you are, please don't. Whether it's because of expectations from family, peer influence, or what society will think of you, don't listen. All you should care about is your happiness, because so many others care about you. And when the day comes that you can let yourself go, we will all be there, and we will love you just as much as before.

But if only for you, show your true color.
Blue

You wore wrinkled shirts
mixed black with brown,
Knowing they were fashion faux pas.
She strutted the halls in what the other boys called,
"Those blue shoes that make her legs look good."
You tried convincing yourself out of knowing
They were from the Marc Jacobs fall collection.
And they weren't just blue,
But 'Bellah' blue,
patent platform stilletos.

You marry her two years later,
and can't help but notice
Her dress is winter white,
While her veil is cream.
Turning to your best man
he places the ring in your hand.
You share a glance that seems to last
the lifetime you wish you had
with him.
For a moment
quick and bright
like the speed of light
you're in New York.
When time climbs up
towards her third trimester
you are plummeting in worry.
Praying to God your son will be nothing
like you.
You will dress him in blue.
You'll teach him how to throw a football.
And when he asks you to pass him
the cornflower colored crayon
you'll say,
"It's blue."