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### Escape

Chaos, crime, and fires rage. Groups gather and chant as they light the flag ablaze. Flooded streets of people yelling and assault. Society collapsing of looting and fires. Their losing their homes, losing their money, losing their lives, everything is gone. We are the good guys forcing people to bow to our organization. We are the good guys diluting personal health and safety. We are the good guys smashing our nation into fragments. They wanted equality, they wanted peace.

As I ran through the screaming crowd of people torching a building, “BLACK LIVES MATTER”. I passed a line of rioters with assault weapons blocking the fire department, “BLACK LIVES MATTER”. I turned and saw hundreds of people surrounding a police officer being shot and set ablaze in his patrol car fighting for his life, “BLACK LIVES MATTER”. Nearby a crowd of people tackled a trump supporter and beat him to death, “BLACK LIVES MATTER”.

I waded through a crowd of people screaming and chanting, I was almost there. I saw people throwing rocks and bombs as I forced myself away from fires and towards violence. I fled towards the center, the evil, the deceitful as clouds of smoke and tear gas pad the concrete floor like a blanket. I broke through to the front where people had full military body armor and assault rifles. I caught my breath as I saw the line. The line of shields, the line of lenses, the line of betrayal.

I get shoved to the floor as I scramble to look for an opening. People tripping and stepping on me as I find a breath of air. I wanted to see the truth, I wanted to see what was beyond this chaos even if its just one peak. I drag myself out of the crowd and towards the shields facing towards me. I struggle to find a hole somewhere as the shields shift in and out of operation.

I saw the other side for one split second. I heard a glimpse of music and the engine roar of cars racing around a track. I saw people hanging out in groups drinking beer. I saw White, Asian, Hispanic, and Black Americans waving our flag with pride. I saw Christians, Atheists, Catholics, Jews, and Agnostics chanting, "AMERICA!". People were working on their cars that they had built over years. People were showing off their guns to others as they all drank beer and laughed.

I was trapped in this world, this endless war for nothing but self esteem. I struggled to stand up and I get shoved by a shield. I steadily back up, sprint, and brace for my life. I shoved myself past the shields as the lenses stared me down to hell. I got grabbed by the shields as I struggled to be set free. I broke free and ran, as fast as I could away from the line. I collapse under my breath and fall down onto the ground, the grass. I stand up and scramble to a ladder and clime up it. I can see everything, fires, death, chaos, and destruction. "I cant have a Trump sticker on my car for fear of Vandalism. I cant ware a MAGA hat for fear of assault. I cant post my opinions on Facebook for fear of being banned. I AM the silent majority".