Canada.

Often viewed as “the good country”, it is a political state that governs my homeland.

While I may not be able to vote yet, nor can I resonate with everything the government does, I do feel a very strong affinity for the land I call my home.

Why is this my home?

My family lives here; at least, the ones closest to me do.

This is where I was born and raised, and I love my house and the land on which it sits.

Politics have always bored me; but now I realize some of the demographics that I fit into are “controversial”, so I will always have to contend with it.

Being me is a political statement. I hope that, soon, my identities will become normalized and accepted.

Canada is good; it could be great.

What if we started tracking the *real* suspicious people, like the ones who threaten violence online or harass others, instead of targeting people of colour who “look shady”; A.K.A., standing on a street corner or wearing a hoodie?

Canada is my home. No doubt about that. But is it really safe for people like me?

Will I ever be able to exist in a Western or West-influenced society without fear?

I’m glad we have laws like the Greenbelt Act, which protect the parts of the land that I feel most connected to. There are so many people who cherish the green spaces in our country, and including the First Nations people in this conversation is especially important.

I hope that Canada can become a role model for the rest of the world in the subject of human rights. I want everyone to feel safe and have a sense of belonging, wherever they may be. All people deserve the freedom to express themselves in a safe and celebratory manner.

As an opinionated young man who is part of marginalized groups, I believe that I must protect other members of marginalized groups who cannot protect themselves. I will join the fight for all of our right to exist in peace and comfort.

I am Indian, and Trinidadian, but I was born and raised in Canada.

Does that make me Canadian?