

# Y.

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Born to baby boomers, we are a generation that hurried through our childhoods on skateboards, rollerblades and mopeds.

We walked into chat rooms with our adolescence and gave up the phone and love letters for instant messages and emails.

We are the generation who tattoo our stories on our bodies, who pierce what appears impenetrable; we fly our scars like pennants.

We held hands as a millennium passed, coming out of classrooms to hug hard in the smoke left from snipers, campus killers; crumbling towers.

We are a generation, creative and depressed and thriving and vibrant with uncertainty, awaiting an ever changing future that we estimate with promise and anticipation.

We grin optimistically at an ambition to suture the world's wounds. We dare to defy dreams of wealth and luxury with notions of hope; progression.

We are steadfast and thick with resolve. We are resilient and revolutionary. Shrugging at impossibility, we are here.

