

# Diversity

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I sat on the top deck of the bus, aware of the beauty in everyone, whereas before I had only seen difference. Diversity puts the wrong focus on the issue of how different cultures are when really we should be celebrating our shared humanity. The aroma of beer fills the deck, people chat among themselves as the scenes of nighttime London flash by. Women totter in their high heels and the men strut about with their chests puffed out. And yet there are those from lands far away, in their denim and sandals, woollen hats in summer, slightly sallower skin than the english milk white. A young couple flirt by the tube stop sign, next to a man with a paunch smoking an e-cigarette who could be the boy in ten years. The circus plays out, and reminds me we are all the same. I feel connected to everyone.

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