

Stars

each vulnerable but special
delicately cupped in my hands

10 years ago my mom gave them to me
each representing a desperate wish
hoping that one day I can accomplish them all

I spy a green one hiding
“I am handicapped, jobless, and powerless
I will never get a job – no one wants me
I hope this can change”

I see a black star
“we’re poor with no medical treatment when needed
doctors don’t take us seriously
I hope this can change “

In the corner there is a red one
“I am a girl, a prisoner
because I went shopping alone, because I’m a woman
I hope this can change”

Stars

each one vulnerable but special
delicately cupped in my hands

Wishes

treasured in the bottom of my heart
longing for a world full of peace, love and equality