Caring For All
BY: SARITHA TIRUMALASETTY

The past is not so distant.
Rudimentary settings where hope is lost,
In villages and communities,
Are found here
Found across shores.

Pain and longing are not new.
These feelings are shared
Among brethren
Around the world
Throughout time.

Yet there is a beacon of light.
Made up of people
The light grows
Lit by warmth
From good hearts.

Above us shine the stars.
In the darkness,
They shine for all.
And all mankind
Receive the light equally.

The future may be close.
The underserved may be healed.
Is it a dream?
To me,
It is reality in progress.

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Here
BY: SARAH MIKE

6am sun shines orange on the cotton fields, this town sleeps as I drive toward destiny, as I make one last trip to the middle of nowhere to hone my skills on life’s grindstone.

Here among this tall grass, these barefoot-ed children, the slow as molasses home town life I am found.

Tears are falling and I am barely breathing while I realize what I am and how perfectly I fit into this space that was carved for me.

Here among the thorns of disbelief my fate has found me, and oh the joy of my one true calling.