

Reaching

By Nicole Etchemendy

There are hands overflowing
From birth never knowing the lack of anything

Hands holding the beauty of an unaware baby
Asking how am I going to feed you... leave you...save you...

Hands outstretched asking for nothing
But another day in the light that never decides to shine on them

Grasping hands that pray
Between the cracks of the empty for the land of plenty

Of the man you walk by so quickly, looking skyward
He looks there always, what is different today

I was born with hands never deprived
Thankful but weary, understanding my luxury

That the mere slip of fate placed me where I am
But I see the disparity, the gap of uncertainty

And there are hands overflowing
While others are reaching

A King had a dream of equal prosperity
And I dream that it will not remain... a dream.