I Raise My Hand

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LAUREN ROBERTS

Sometimes she talks too softly
And I do not understand everything that she is trying to give
So I nod my head
And smile delicately when she does
And hope that a response is not expected
Sometimes she talks a lot
And so consumed I become with all unjustifiable distractions
I simply do not listen
Sometimes she is silent and watches me
From what feels like oceans away
As I scream and cry out
Against the world to which I am ignorant
I wonder if she can hear me
Sometimes when I am hiding in dark rooms
Beneath forgotten blankets
She comes to me
Comforting like rain drops falling to my window
And there we laugh at my worry
My pity and foolishness
And in that pause
She whispers to me
I can hear you

CRAIG BAXTER

How many generations have to suffer, how many have to bleed?
Why can’t our generation be the one to plant the seed?
Why do we dance in the moonlight and play upon the sun?
Why is everyone always miserable, even though they’re having fun?
What do people think when they see a flower bloom?
Then find out that that flower is ultimately doomed?
What is the reason for warm love, if most of us feel cold?
When can we come together and forget the lies we’re told?
Why is everything take, take, take, but always at a loss?
Why can’t we see the vision, he left there on the cross?