

“Hungry. Help. Anything please”.

Worn cardboard signs we see

of those desperate in need.

And yet,

eyes averted

looking aside,

maybe both theirs and mine,

but reality shows it's I

that can't meet their eyes.

Hurried voices and motions

to scatter away

to not feel shame

to not be swayed.

“I give not because I have not,

but if I had

I would give.”

Am I convincing them

or am I convincing me?

Blessed beyond measure,

roof over my head

mouths in my home fed.

A light within grows

begun from some time ago.

A time in school

learning of nourishing food.

A pack of help,

a source of strength and health.

Cups of fruit and some protein,

and a chance to finally, be seen.

To heed their plea,

eyes filled with sweet relief.

A moment to breathe,

a moment to eat

and eyes finally meet.