

## CREATIVE SPACE

## I wonder, I wonder

## ANOUSH SARDESAI SADAT

Walking down the street,	With many dreams,
She wondered if she was alone	And spirit galore,
But a boy,	But behind his face,
Curled up in his room, was with her.	Was the hidden secret,
Little did either know;	Of his attraction to his classmate
And as tears poured down his cheeks, he wondered	And her brother too,
If he would ever be accepted,	He wondered how it would be,
Just as she wondered the same.	In a new world,
	Where both feelings would be accepted,
While another, in a land far away,	Not just by a few.
Crippled with fear,	
As she lay on her bed,	Just as a flower would dance in the breeze,
Adorned with flowers,	A little boy climbed up into his mother's boudoir,
Dreading the act to follow,	Sneakily wearing her jewels,
As a new bride,	Little did he know
Terrified of her one true love,	That his little fun,
For what if he didn't understand	His innate nature,
Her repulsion from the deed	Would one day be considered a curse,
Didn't really mean she felt any less for him?	And he an outcast from his family,
And so she waited,	So maybe then, he'll finally accept himself,
Hoping for a miracle.	Or should I say herself,
Another arose,	For it has been years since she came out,
	And the penalties never end.
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Education, Manipal, Karnataka, 576 104, INDIA.	These are the stories of just a few,

These are the stories of just a few, For there are so many, Some named, Some not, But as I write this, I wonder, Will there ever be a time,

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When they are all accepted for who they are,

And not for what they are,

And with this thought, I pray

That a day may come soon,

A golden day adorned with rainbows,

A day where finally they can be, Not anything else, But just themselves…

I wonder.

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