CREATIVE SPACE

I wonder, I wonder

ANOUSH SARDESAI SADAT

Walking down the street,
She wondered if she was alone…
But a boy,
Cruled up in his room, was with her.
Little did either know;
And as tears poured down his cheeks, he wondered
If he would ever be accepted,
Just as she wondered the same.

While another, in a land far away,
Crippled with fear,
As she lay on her bed,
Adorned with flowers,
Dreading the act to follow,
As a new bride,
Terrified of her one true love,
For what if he didn’t understand
Her repulsion from the deed
Didn’t really mean she felt any less for him?
And so she waited,
Hoping for a miracle.
Another arose,

With many dreams,
And spirit galore,
But behind his face,
Was the hidden secret,
Of his attraction to his classmate…
And her brother too,
He wondered how it would be,
In a new world,
Where both feelings would be accepted,
Not just by a few.

Just as a flower would dance in the breeze,
A little boy climbed up into his mother’s boudoir,
Sneakily wearing her jewels,
Little did he know
That his little fun,
His innate nature,
Would one day be considered a curse,
And he an outcast from his family,
So maybe then, he’ll finally accept himself,
Or should I say herself,
For it has been years since she came out,
And the penalties never end.

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,
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.