

Fuschia and Green

She sits in a meadow of fuschia and green,
It's the most beautiful place she's ever been.
She closes her eyes and smells the sweet air,
Flowers, grass, earth everywhere.

It's all very breathtaking, it's true
But she's not just here for a change of perspective.
No, she's here so that if even for one quick second, freedom is a
possibility.

Here she doesn't have to worry about
A flawless face
Or a tiny waist
Or always having grace
As the tears fall down her face.

No.

Here she dreams.

Whether awake or asleep,
Of a world where darkness doesn't sneak
Out of everyone's hearts, day and night

She is the light.

As her fingers pick flowers from the ground
And her feet twirl, the wind caressing her hair.
She looks up at the sky of clouds, birds, and the sun
And knows her time here is about done.

Because no matter how much she wants this world to change,

People will always say girls like her are going against the grain.
Judgement is a bitter, aggressive monster that never leaves.
Loneliness clutches at her chest every time she breathes.

She knows she's okay, it's really not that bad.
She can put up with a little sad.
Because she knows her strength glows, just a tad

She has all she needs.
A place to learn, to eat, to sleep.
A family, a home, it's all perfect it seems!
But still she strives to live in a world where everyone has these
necessities.

And until she makes it back to the meadow of fuschia and green,
still
she
dreams.

Olivia Han

Inspiration: *Still She Dreams* by Sheryl Budnik