

Who Said?

By Eve Browne - Thomas S. Wootton High School

Who says there has to be sadness?
Who said I couldn't just touch my fingers to the earth
And let my love flow into the soil?
God knows our roots need it.
Who says there has to be chaos?
Who said I have to quarter Famine and War and Pollution in my head
And let them ravage me?
Their kingdoms stretch too far already – they don't get my heart, too.
Who says life has to be gray?
Who made living vicariously, vociferously, vivaciously
a crime punishable by death?
Don't we dish our dimes for color, don't we sell our souls for art?
Aren't you sick of seeing gray on grey on gray?
Who says life's got to be hatred?
Who said that my love has no roots here?
Who says I can't pour out my diamond words
And refuse to believe those who call them rocks?
Who says I am not –
Who said I cannot be –
Magic?