

A Child's Cry

by Roanda Smith

When you look at me what do you see? Do you see just another starving, helpless child on T.V? Or do you see the real me?

Yes, I live in a land far away, but I am also here very near, facing the same struggles, challenges and fears. But for me there is no McDonalds for a burger and some fries. I barely get a bowl of rice and often then, it's halfway gone, eaten up by flies.

We struggle here for food both day and night, but do you see that in your busy life? With your fancy homes and tummies full, do you see me at all? I know you know that I am there, but when will I see you really care?

I'm so far away, just a face on T.V. I wonder at all do you really see me. Each day I push on with what little I have and hold on to the thought of you lending a hand, to help stop the hunger across the land.

I know that you see me and know that I'm there. Now I am waiting to see if you really care.