

A People's Place

If this is not a place where tears are understood.

Where do I go to cry?

If this is not a place where my spirit can take wing.

Where do I go to fly?

If this is not a place where my questions can be asked.

Where do I go to seek?

If this is not a place where feelings can be heard.

Where do I go to speak?

If this is not a place where you will accept me as I am.

Where do I go to be?

If this is not a place where I can try to learn and grow.

Where can I just be me?

W J Crocket

