

# Hopeful For The Houseless

By Maggie Moore

Some things make me sad,  
When I look all around,  
Seeing the trees droop right to the ground.  
And the people at night,  
Cold on the street,  
Wishing they had something to eat.  
Someplace where family,  
Would hug them tight,  
Soothing them through the night.  
But they have no place to go,  
No house to be,  
No food to soothe their hungry bellies.  
Some things they know they will never have,  
That makes me extremely sad.

But there are things,  
That make me happy again,  
Like the understanding voice,  
Of a helpful friend.  
Or the smile of my siblings,  
That makes me smile, too.  
Or the hugs of my mother,  
Through and through.  
Or the way the sun sets,  
All through the sky,  
Beautiful colors,  
Zoom right by.  
Or the way the birds sing,  
Every morning with glee,  
Makes me so very happy.

Of course I'm sad from time to time,  
When I think of this horrible crime.  
People outside all cold all alone,  
Having to make due with a battered old stone.  
But I'm hopeful again because I know what to do,  
Even though I can only help a few.  
But by raising money,  
my way each and every single day.  
Through and through, even when it gets rough,  
Maybe even a little tough.  
Some people might think it's strange  
But I am hopeful I can make a change.  
Even though I'm only nine,  
It is about time,  
I start being stronger,  
And do what I think is right.  
Despite all the people who say,  
"Wait until you're older."  
They are a pebble and  
I am a boulder!