

Lara Gilbert, age 17

For G.M.S

Living takes on new meaning when your eyes  
Question and examine, and I  
Can see because of them,  
Can understand your inquiries;  
So gentle, never judging what you see.

Should I falter or refuse to bear  
My load, and cease to care  
What happens or who's hurt,  
I am reminded of the way  
You softly without words reach out to say:

"Try to understand how others see  
And what they need;  
Without seeking to appraise  
Offer them the light that shows  
What living means and how it feels to know."

Rather than feeling solid ground beneath me,  
The earth is air, I float free  
But drift unsurely  
Without the lifting force, a pulling moon;  
The wind supporting my young wings is you.

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