

What Is Wrong?

What is wrong with me everywhere I go?
No one seems to look at me.
Sometimes I cry.

I walk through woods and sit on a stone.
I look at the stars and I sometimes wish.

Probably if my wish comes true,
Everyone will look at me.

twelve-year-old girl, Biloxi, Mississippi, 1964

learntoquestion.com/seevak/groups/2001/sites/moses/archives/letters.htm