

this is the call.

Written by Miriam Hechtman for ACOSS

Every day
The sun rises for everyone
Through clouds and rain
A wild storm or a hurricane
It rises
Over mountain ranges and cityscapes
Through fields of green and murky lakes
From the street to the home
From the fourth floor to the fifth zone
Its rays hide from no one
Its warmth does not discriminate
Its power does not differentiate
Its light does not segregate
It rises and it rises and it rises
For every one

This is the call.

Please value my care
I'm raising society
From the womb to the tomb
Through the cycles of the moon
My care is not an equation
That requires multiplication
It is abstract, it is timeless
Please value it, don't assign it

From mouths to feed
Big ideas dissolved at seed
Hearts that bleed
From relentless promises I never agreed
Invisible thoughts that you cannot read
The never-ending inventory of children's needs
I am asking you to heed my plea
Please value my care

This is the call.

Please trust my words
I give them to you without fanfare
When I say I am in need
I say this without greed
The black dog has taken the lead
I have dreams of being freed
But for now, just lend me your ear
It is my story that you need to hear

My invitation is to you
Although you cannot walk in my shoes
My footprints can take you through
To a place where our meeting is true
And you will understand that what I can do
Is compromised because this way of life is new
I no longer have a rose coloured view
Please trust my words

This is the call.

Please value my worth
I was once like you are now
I am educated and very proud
With qualifications but I am not allowed
I have many times addressed the crowd
But now my skills have been disavowed
I can be a productive member of society
I can tick all the boxes of propriety

Just give me a chance
I am tired of being marginalized
The humiliation of being stigmatized
When you defer me I can no longer act surprised
Let's challenge these biases that have disguised
Let's take a gamble and act civilized
My merit is not being utilized
Please value my worth

This is the call.

Please care for me
You'll be old one day too
You'll see your reflection
And remember with affection
When you were given some attention
Not just potions for infection
I look frail but my mind is sharp
Look in my eyes, that's where we can start

I have a history that's worth examination
Wisdom that could assist this beautiful nation
Experience from years of committed vocation
I'm not looking for a golden salvation
Just some tenderness to relieve this frustration
I'm not invisible, I'm still here
Please care for me

Every night
The moon rises for every one
Through each of its phases
Its glow marks time's traces
It rises
Over mountain ranges and cityscapes
Through fields of green and murky lakes
From the street to the home
From the fourth floor to the fifth zone
Its shine hides from no one
Its gravitational pull does not discriminate
Its forces do not differentiate
Its light does not segregate
It rises and it rises and it rises
For every one