

this poem goes out
to the believers, I mean
the leaders, the seekers
of hope. I mean,
those who hold
faith in their hands and
never let go.
I`m talking to the
youth,
to the younger generation
those who are young and
yet wise, they`re teaching
us to unite
shout out to
the elders,
who pass down
legacies with
their very hands
with words of encouragement
and experience
this goes out
to those with black skin,
who wear it with pride
and refuse to be defined
by a colour
with history etched
into every scar
and to people
who are white or
mixed race
to those who
have freckles all
over their face
I want the
immigrants to hear
this,

thank you
for blessing us with
the gift of hearing
your language;
thank you
for risking it all
and holding the
hope
give it up for
the peace makers,
the ones who
refuse to back down
make some noise
for the rainbow nation,
filled with pride
this poem goes out
to single mums and dads
they work so
hard to give their
children
the brightest future
available
this poem
is for the big
girls who
are sick of being
told to go on a diet
it`s for the skinny
girls who
don`t want to
be told to eat
a Happy Meal
I`m speaking to
the men and boys
who are too scared

to cry or
appear weak
to the males
who are ashamed they`re
not “man” enough
not “masculine” enough
not wanting to appear meek
I`d like to
hear you cheering
for the disabled,
who never
stop giving it their all
get out of your seat,
for the Paralympic contestant
who doesn`t get nearly
enough medals for their display
of determination
to the athlete
who aspires to improve
every time
this poem goes out
to the kid at the back of the class,
the kid whop revises each night,
the kid
who is “unintelligent”
but just thinks outside the box
speaking loud
and clear for those with
curly hair,
straight hair,
wild hair,
wavy hair,
tangled hair,
the hair that just screams
I don`t care.

raise the roof
for young carers who
Never stop giving,
they never stop loving
I want you to
put your hands together
for the doctors,
the nurses, who save
lives every day;
for the teachers,
the educators, who help
move our goals within
reach
for the police,
the soldiers, who go out of
their way to protect us.
show your love
for the teen girl with
autism,
the ninety year old with
dementia
and for the young boy
battling cancer, who never
stops smiling
this poem goes out to all of you
this poem is inclusive
you see, the truth is...
this poem celebrates everyone
this poem celebrates how different
we all are, it shows us what it`s like
to be unique and unite
this poem celebrates our diversity
so one last time;

this poem goes out
to the dreamers, I mean
the religions of peace and love,
the morality keepers.
I mean everyone out there
who`s ever felt alone,
everyone out there
who`s ever felt excluded
this is for everyone
who needs to know
it`s okay to be different
thank you for being different
thank you for making a
difference
for being that difference
and thank you for being you.

By Jacqueline Daggers

In support of #SDW19