

KAITLIN KUBAT

HIS BEAUTIFUL SKIN

We stand in a train.
Two strangers, side by side.
Our eyes met in passing and I,
I am left wondering.
His beautiful skin,
which is not mine,
Seems an inescapable divide.
What beats within
I do not know,
can never know.
We stand side by side,
but miles apart.
Separated by circumstance.
By prejudice.
By life.
I wonder what it is,
to live within his skin.
Dismissed.
Ignored.
Hated.
I burn with shame at the very thought.
My road is nothing
In the face of such a life.

I stare into his soft eyes and I wonder.
I wonder if we will ever see
a world set right for him and me.
I dare to dream.
I dare to hope.
But I watch him leave and I know
we still have such a long way to go.