

BETWEEN THE LINES

Between the lines
There is light
Faint, but there

Between the lines
There's a voice
Will we listen by choice?

Between the lines
There is change
Not arranged
To be directly seen
It's always been there
Only some were aware

Are we going to gain
Or blame another group once again
"Change will come," we chant
While we all wonder, when?

Feels like a moment, not a movement
And that's the tricky part about revolution
The actions we take
The barriers we break
Is it enough to make a change?
My fist raised with hope
On the shoulders of the fallen
Who brought us here
Before me

While I raise my voice to speak
Will my words just escape
From ear to ear
Or will they resonate
With the people who need to hear
The light, the voice, the change
Between the lines.