

On Caring

By Wanderer

We all have a story

All have our own worries

All just want someone to care.

And yeah, it starts with us being willing and able to share;

But at some point, someone's got to be willing to lend an ear

Because speaking into the air allows your words to travel coast-to-coast, yes, even continent-to-continent and still manage to miss every ear; which means they travel nowhere.

You will never understand what I go through.

And I will never know what it's like to suffer in the manner you do.

We will not always agree.

Take it from me. I'm stubborn.

But I can't be alone in that I'm tired.

I am fighting an uphill battle with enemies in front of and behind me all headed in the same direction.

We are not the same; but we are not so different that we cannot find a way to see, create and reshape.

I don't understand. I just crave to hear someone say

"I care"

About what you're going through.

"I care"

About why you are the way you are and do the things you do.

"I care"

About who you look up to.

"I care"

Enough to help you through.

"I care."

And I hope you do too. You need to know that you matter. Imagine the world that this could be if I was worried more about you and less about me. How hard could it be to take a step back, come together in unity and simply say and mean...

"I care... about you."