Capabilities
by: Kirsten Lee

Dozens of lanky, pale-skinned arms waving like cattail reeds in the air;
Their dark eyes holding just a faint trail of hope in the Georgian sun’s harsh glare;
Nimble fingers trying to snare the water bottle flying overhead, for a moment they stare at
something so rare.

The plastic cylinder falls;
Out from their lips erupt shrieking calls;
Jostling and shoving, they sprawl and crawl;
Creating a brawl over something so small.

White-hot rays casting it’s splendor against a glittering spring nearby;
Weary children pause their bickering to give it a try;
They venture from the village’s clearing to the water’s edge, bodies quivering like heads of rye;
Only to end their brisk misadventure as they spy the puffs of smog dancing there, it’s smile sly.

“Water, water everywhere, nor a drop to drink”
I think of the water thrown to the side as these children are on the brink of dehydration;
The water used as wasteful decoration as these people can’t find enough clean water in their
nation.

Then I realize all of the capabilities that could come;
All of the possibilities for the people with dry tongues;
To awake with facilities providing them clean water that run;
A question that may raise hostility- will you help them or will only some?
Note:
This poem is based on the lack of water they have in Georgia (the country, not the American state), and the experience my older sister had there. My sister went there on the summer of 2015 for a month with a group, evangelizing the outskirts of Georgia. One day, when they were at a Georgian village, one of her group members accidentally dropped a water bottle, and the children from the village who were playing in the clearing immediately went for it, fighting over a water bottle. One out of the billions we waste around the world.