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ENG1101

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Unit 3 Project

Poverty

Sadness showered his face, eyes pleading for attention

For help, “look at me sitting, begging the rich in a city made of millions”

His coffee cup singing with hope

Hoping the city that towers him would rain

Drops of change hitting his cup

Something, anything

He won't beg, but you could see the plead in his eyes

Watering, crying, “maybe my tears will turn gold”

A coffee cup filled with more hope than him

His face showered with sadness

All he dreamed of was rain and change

The sound of hope coming from down below

Will the city notice

Any notice that he one of hundreds in a city of millions