When Things Are Looking Down

Huascar Medina

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I tend to blame it on
the beauty of our sunsets,
when a Kansan settles
and never leaves home.
Too down-to-earth
to envision new horizons.
Look up.

Above you,
groupings of stars
bid to be seen,
shake with envy,
await to be named;
to be given your story.

They wish to look,
to sound, to dance
and laugh like you;
to shine amongst us.
Look up.

Pity the far away.
They can’t hear
the songs you sing,
see the lives you touch,
feel the warmth I felt
as I watched you smile.
Look up.

Huascar Medina is the Poet Laureate of Kansas
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promote poetry as a public resource.