

They say the sky was once blue,
really blue.

Before the factories,
before the pipes that slithered through
our backyards like snakes.

Now the trees cough
and the creek behind my house
smells like metal.

But even here,
a dandelion grows through the concrete.
No permission. No applause.
Just stubborn resilient hope.

That is what justice looks like to me.
Not big and loud,
but rooted.
And always reaching for the light.