

TO ALWAYS SEE THE WORLD AS THE STRAY

The world is not broke, but mending; each day there's not only death, there's hope. You've heard it—the boy saved from the alligator? What about the girl with the prosthetic leg, no longer locked to the bed? Why does the world have to fall apart; why does it have to be ending? Spring is here, Robin has laid her eggs, dandelions sprout everywhere! I hope to always see the world as the stray running our neighborhood: she never thinks about the meals she's missed—only notices the pan of hearty ones she's given.