

i say my little prayers for my city by catheríne sposato-sanchez

there are so many wishes I had for my city

every time i caught

a star in the polluted new york city sky

i prayed to god that i could take all of the knowledge in these
stifling, sorry classrooms and birth an idea that would wash
away

all of the sins committed against us
and bring my people some respite

every time i saw

an 11:11 pop up on my screen

i prayed to god that i could work hard enough at my
suffocating, sardonic job and create a policy that would
transform

the emptied, decrepit lots into lush, green playgrounds
and bring our children a safe place to grow

every time i broke

a wishbone, floating in a pot of
punto fijo sancocho,

i prayed to god that i could do something.
do anything.

oh, passaic, my lovely little city.

how i wish and wish and wish and wish

that one day

all of the hopes and dreams

of your people come true.