A True Passion
By Shaun-Pierre Hall

Your perspective on the need for sleep
Has been quickly rearranged,
Your adaptation to multitasking
Resembles skillful or deranged?
Your kindergarten friendships
Where you daily shared all experiences,
Have somewhat dwindled & shriveled
To mere supermarket coincidences.
You long to sleep for hours
But it feels guilty if you do,
As you think that somewhere out there
Others are days ahead of you.
You never just see faces
You see expressions, you see alignment,
You see way past the nods & shakes
You glimpse the desire for contentment.
Each day is a pop quiz
Are you prepared? Are you ready?
The answer not only foretells your grades
It determines your very destiny.
What could possibly make you choose
To live your life with this upheaval?
Praying you’ll make it through the week
Knowing your character is on trial?
It is knowing that at the end
You can help to ease the pain,
Dry the tear, Remove the problem
Help restore the hope again.
No other joy like helping others
No other all-consuming practice,
How Divine is the gift
Of having A True Passion for Service.

Photos By David Alvarez

Top: Look, I found a toy.
Middle: BP Immokalee
Bottom: Don’t take my picture.