

We Care.

By Bill Lee

A cold, overcast day.

A gathering of students by the Silent Tree

Chants and holds signs for their cause,

Protesting a measure that like many others

Harms the minority over the majority.

Light rain drizzles down, smearing the words drawn boldly upon

Those signs held aloft.

Curious passersby stare;

Some amused, some bemused,

Others without a care.

A laugh rings out somewhere down Library Walk, as

A group passing by points at the gathering, whispering amongst itself.

One member raises an eyebrow; another shakes his head.

“What are they even protesting, anyway?”

“Who cares? It’s just another protest.”

“Yeah, it’s not like they change anything, after all.”

The rain falls gently and drowns out the frustrated

Chants as students walk past with

Midterms on their mind.