



All day, every day there are those that walk freely  
Me to you; history slows to a crawl  
Fear envelops a passerby,  
We all shift lanes,  
From left to right,  
Right from right to left  
Why do they stare so?  
At us? At our souls?  
Viewers strain  
Crane necks  
See the open wounds our hearts pour forth

Change begins but slowly  
As minds shift  
Dreams are driven  
Beauty – defined as a physical attribute,  
Though the stigma that endures is ugly, ugly  
A fierceness fought only  
By the open-minded  
If we all shift our minds and dream  
Me to you,  
We will have a better tomorrow

Stephanie K., Brendan V., and Jennifer M., 2010

A stylized sun graphic with a green and yellow geometric pattern, located behind the "YOUTH MOVE" text.

**YOUTH MOVE**

Bringing the Brilliance of Maine Youth to a New Horizon