

Story 5: The poem of a poor man

Story shared by: *Zlata*

Representing: *Roma and lives in Belgrade.*

The Story:

Because I'm poor, no one cares for me,
When they see me near, they turn and flee.
If I asked for bread, for my children a tiny piece,
I'd fear they'd turn away in peace.
For the poor, the table is kept out of sight,
They close their doors, even at first light.
Is it just because I have no gold?
No one asks about the heart I hold,
Only how much wealth my hands can fold.