

## Unforgiven

I didn't say my prayers last night. For the first night in my life, I didn't ask for anything, I didn't thank for anything, I didn't hope for anything. I couldn't bear hearing myself one more night pleading so desperately about something that would never be granted to me.

At first I prayed to God to change the others, the many: the unjust ones that deprived me of my right to *be*.

I prayed and prayed.

But it never happened.

Then I started asking God to change *me*. Perhaps -I thought- this would be easier. Perhaps God would not think it fair to change all these people, so that I, just one person, would be satisfied. So, I prayed and I prayed again. And every morning I woke up, I looked at the mirror to see if anything had changed. And I always, always looked the same; and more importantly, I felt the same. My thoughts, my desires, my dreams. I was still me.

And then I started asking for strength, and courage, and hope. But I kept hearing my voice trembling in despair. No more, no more.

How can people say that anything is possible? That faith can actually change the world?

“Our mammy doesn't let us play with you anymore.”

With these merciless words still echoing in my head,  
how could I  
believe in miracles?