

Poetry by Katie Rodriguez Banister

It's important for people with disabilities, their families and other advocates to make their voice heard when legislators are making budget and policy decisions that intimately affect their lives.

Your Voice and Choice

**As we stand and sit here we have a choice.
To act united and use our voice.**

**Me and my friends aren't just "special" you see.
We want independence in our community.**

**The legislators need to know
Missouri's disabled continue to grow**

**There are many kinds of disabilities
With strong repercussions for each family**

**We ask our Reps and Senators alike.
to fund independence, caregiving for life.**

**I used PCA funding in the past to build me
A foundation for the life of the woman you see.**

**Jefferson City we are asking you
To fund a good life that you would want too.**

**We rally here to budget equality.
Create fair and just policy.**

**When creating laws and spending choice.
Please listen to the disabled voice.**

**Thank you for coming and spreading the word.
Now go through the day. Make your voice heard!**

www.access-4-all.com

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Katie R. Banister is a dynamic and entertaining woman on wheels

The Shade

Life needs light to see so clear.
Deprivation instills fear.
You can't keep someone in the shade, they'll wither, choke and die.
How can they grow? How will they know what it's like to try?
Protection by prejudice is not the way to teach.
Try understanding and compassion and extend beyond your reach.
Cultivate your being. Don't put yourself above.
Shed beams of light. Flee from fright. Because everyone needs love.

Sitting and Singing

I sit and try not to cry at every little thing.
But time goes by and there am I consoled when I start to sing.

Lift me from my chair, taking me where
I can run again.
Have fun again.
Be just one again.

Let the chips fall where they may.
I know I'll be OK.
Yet, I can't forget what I am now
what I used to be
standing tall like a tree
when all I needed was me.

I sit and try not to cry at every little thing.
But time goes by and here am I consoled when I begin to sing.

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Forget Me Not

Anger turned inward is depression.
I hope I don't give you that impression.
But don't you see what's eating me?
It's you who do forgetting me.

Change

I think about things.
I dream. I scheme.
What to do.
Wouldn't you?

To be the best is my goal.
Pay the price. Pay the toll.
When things were tough
I was the type
to turn and walk away.
No time for others
on my path
who were getting in my way.

Now I've learned to make a stance.
Take a chance and grow.
I'm still the same, yet different.
How much you'll never know.

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