

**“Manifesto Destiny”**  
**By Sierra Coleman**

I would so much rather be a starving artist than a prisoner to capitalism.  
I would rather sip chicken broth and scarf down bread  
than drink two Diet Cokes a day on my breaks,  
lunch and a 15.  
I'd wanna swap the same shirts and pants between the same three friends  
as our needs and wants and weights shift.  
I'll pick through the thrift store piles for \$2 gems.  
You can keep the sweatshop top and designer bags.

Give me the pen and paper, not the 9 to 5.  
Health insurance, 401k, savings, checking, credit.  
Leave it all and give me the corner with a typewriter, a cardboard sign and a dream.  
I don't dream of mansions and ranches and riches.  
I dream of a book with my name on a bedroom shelf  
belonging to a kid who watches the stars for a sign to keep writing.