

Poem written by Madeleine Kate McGowan  
At 'Art on Prescription' gathering in Vilnius, November 2025

## Oh, human

By Madeleine Kate McGowan

**Interreg**  
Baltic Sea Region



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**Arts on Prescription**

The color of anger.  
The shape of war.  
This darkness inside me.  
As a song for more.

A book as a bullet.  
A dance as a pill.  
A case full of poems,  
were the doctors will.

A feeling expressed,  
because loneliness kills.  
To be genuinely curious.  
Brings life in, still.

This language of art.  
Who does it belong to?  
It makes you choose life.  
Depression gone years ago.

A sense of belonging.  
It sharpens your senses.  
Stories as evidence.  
Reflected through different lenses.

Oh human! (*chorus*)  
What does it feel like  
this life of yours?

Oh human! (*chorus*)  
What does it smell like  
this joy of yours?

Oh, human! (*chorus*)  
What does it taste like  
this dream of more?

Oh, human! (*chorus*)  
How do you dance  
this life of yours?

Oh human! (*chorus*)  
How does it sound  
when you sing your fear?

This is our shared language.  
This art of ours.  
Crossing borders and nations.  
Touching our deeper powers.

Oh human! (*chorus*)  
How is it  
to care so deeply?

A young soldier  
Walking through long grass  
Walking through a field  
In a night  
Not long from here  
He carries no bullets  
Just a case in his hand  
A case full of poems  
With the grace of the land

There is a young woman  
Divided by war  
With a mother who's distant  
And a father that wants no more  
She steps into a space  
Where she can just be  
Where her sorrow becomes color  
And her pain is sung free  
In this room full of poets  
Because that's what we are  
If we dare to stay open  
To the mud and the stars  
To the shakes of aliveness  
In the song of a bird

Oh human - (*chorus*)  
Let your songs  
be heard!

