

War- Two Sides

He packs his bag

-- He packs his bag

Books, papers, pencils, calculator

-- Grenades, bullets, knife, guns

He's the future

-- He's the future

He represents change, hope

-- He represents death, fear

He knows the future is change

-- He knows the future is death

He bids good bye to his family

-- He says nothing to those surrounding him

He dreams of a better tomorrow

-- He stopped dreaming after his first kill's blood covered him

He smiles and jokes while joining friends

-- He silently hurts under the weight of the weapons

He enters school

-- He enters a hole

He reads

-- He checks his clip

He looks across the dusty land

-- He tries to adjust his eyes to the darkness

He opens his book

-- He pulls the pin

He raises his hand

-- He pushes up a cover over the hole

He answers the question with a smile

-- He lobes the grenade forward with hate

Book in his hand he lies in the rubble

-- Gun in his hand he runs through the rubble shooting

A tear escapes his eyes

-- A hesitation, eye contact

A cry for help

-- Tigger pulled, nightmare addition

Death of a child

-- Death to a childhood

Just wanted a future

-- Just wanted a childhood.

Their past

Feet shuffle
Leaning on a cane
Back hunched
Sight fading
Hearing lost
Yet her stubborn ways remain.
They say it's her Irish genes.
I say it was her hard life,
Without a youth,
Lost love,
Lost innocence,
Alone raising 3 families,
She struggled to rise,
Yet never really making it,
But she manages.
Tonight she is escorted,
By her grandchildren,
For a night out.
She is their elder,
Their only past.
There is love,
There is kindness.
They soften her,
They bring small bits of joy,
They bring her smile,
They bring her laughter.
She brings a slower pace,
Electronic free,
Human touch filled.
She is their past
All she has to offer is herself
And a few memories.
She is their teacher
Aging is what she teaches
She will be their first lost
Her final gift will be
Memories,
Of love, loss, joy, sadness, fear,
Of family, heartbreak, and age,
A piece of their past.

Stand

Society says it is so
Holy books dictates it
Masses enforce it
No marriage choice
No education
No rights
No freedom

But I stand
I stand up
For me
For change
For a future.

Wrapped in black
Banished to home prisons
Banned from education
Silenced by violence
Raped by injustice

But I stand
I stand up
For me
For change
For a future.

Watching, I dream
Listening, I hope
Experiencing, I realize
Fighting, I bruise
Standing, I defy

But I stand
I stand up
For me
For change
For a future.

Within, society's future exist
Within, society's cures repose
Within, society's heart beats
Within, society's blood flows
Within, society's strength builds

But I stand
I stand up

For me
For change
For a future.

I am a girl
I am a young lady
I am a women
I am a female

And I stand
I stand up
For me
For change
For a future

Sometimes you are the hero

Sometimes you're the hero
Because you walked into the room,
You faced the fear,
You didn't defeat it,
But you didn't let it stomp you down.
Within those walls someone else almost gave up,
But they saw you,
Silently gaining strength from your presences.
The bruises,
Destroyed belongings,
And names you are called
Don't make you feel like a hero,
Yet your silent determination to be here
Is strength,
Is helpful,
Is heroic.
You step into the room
Despite the pain,
The humiliation,
The fear,
You are a bully's victim,
Yet a hero.

Riot's reality

A blazed is ignorance
Beaten is justice
Murdered are rights
Threatened is freedom

Crying is hope
Retreating is peace
Disappearing is truth
Surviving is life

Razed are communities
Attacked are dreams
Slaughtered is security

Disregarded are laws
Hated is calm
Trashed is beauty

Dictating is hate
Instigating is racism
Reacting are emotions

Ignored is humanity
Imprisoned are children
Trapped are the elderly

Lacking is compassion
Running is love
Embracing is hate

