Title: Correcting Our Journeys

Subtitle: Poetry

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People's pain,
And people's shame;
Some think it's all a game?
Yet the game plays us;
We only have free choice.
Sound with our voice,
Instead of keep inside;
We should be building bridges,
Not walls.
Fear is the mind killer;
Life is fun,
To play in the sun.
Not just to work,
And sit there all glum.
That can burn with lies and deceit,
Of every decree,
That can come from that path,
We'll have a laugh;
Yet don't act like the chaff,
That is blown in the wind.
All when young are pure and clear,
Without any fear;
Don't break their backs,
With our lack.
What love is that?
Instead be clear,
Why we are here.
Be free from fear.
As a people,
Shout from every steeple.
"In peace unite,
Don't curse and fight!"
Let's get it right;
The children are light,
For a brighter tomorrow,
With out any sorrow.