

# WE, THE PEOPLE

We, the people, of this  
lonely land,  
Casually lost our intellect  
over false dignity of race.  
I saw the children  
wrap their dolls with the truce.  
Saw 'em carry the weapons  
to the ground of common land.  
I saw the flag covered carcasses  
lowered in a foreign land.  
You waged a war-  
All I can see is the false glory  
In your lonesome abode.

We, the vicious inhabitants, of this  
Forlorn place  
A land with indifferent suns,  
Discriminates it fellows based on their race.  
Embedded with land mines of death,  
By the burning incense of colored remains.  
Childhood dreams are kicked awake  
Into the nightmares of abuse.  
Women left with no man,  
Wombs burnt destroyed.

We, the people, of this  
Tiny drifting planet,  
Embrace our mansions  
From the blood we share kinship with.  
Lay our unique and particular  
Sons and daughters dead,  
Staining the green grass red.  
Yes they lay in  
Identical land of the dead.

We, the savage creatures, of this  
Floating mass,  
Hold the might to fashion  
The earth.  
Let's just create a place  
Where we breathe, live and love without care.  
No more brethren lay buried  
With scars of inhuman humanity.  
The stars twinkle along  
Segregated by none.  
That is when, and only when  
We become the denizens of

This land.

-JANVI  
XI-D