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I Give...

Lindsay Snider
St. John Fisher College

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I Give...

BY LINDSAY SNIDER

Bombs blow and children die
It affects no one
Bob Dylan wants to know...
How many people have to die, before we understand

We are fighting, killing...
Racial, Sexual, Biological Genocide
Rape is no longer a crime
But a punishment to POWs

It is okay
They are the enemy
Was this taught?
Or just “picked up”?

Fighting not for a cause
But for pride of country
Who lost a long time ago
Some say, “it is far from over”

Peace, a lost word
Peace rests at the bottom of an ocean of hate
Peace, is nothing but a fantasy
P.E.A.C.E.

Deaths turn into victories
Goodbye son, daughter, mom, and dad
I will never see you again
I need to fight for a cause I no longer believe in

Difference separates the world
We have rights or that is what the government tells us
Rights. Is that what we are calling them?
Can we do as we please?

Only as long as the power heads can,
Monitor it, read it, restrict it, report it, stop it,
Sell it, change it, fix it, and say no to it.
The word has lost its meaning

I can’t give up or give in
I can’t fight or surrender
I can hope
“Some may call me a dreamer, but I am not the only one”