

Future (poem): Survival became a game

Green was the prediction,  
peace was the aim.  
Death became the mission,  
survival became the game.  
It started with a single nation,  
and an argument to build a wall,  
lead by a caucasian,  
a war involving all.  
What was once green and blue,  
Now like it's twin Venus,  
It's covered in goo.  
No more religion, no more Jesus.

I guess we finally did it,  
the snow is all kinds of green.  
Our home, we destroyed it,  
all the buildings now lean.  
About our past, our children ask.  
Why can't we leave?  
Why can't we take off the mask?  
Keeping an eye on our oxygen bars,  
living the old video game.  
Staring far at the stars,  
Remembering that peace, was the aim.

-Mohammed Ali