

**The world has a language,
That the human population uses,
But it's not made of 26 letters,
It's made of scars,
and bruises.
There are so many dots and dashes,
Dictators speak of love,
and nothing of hate,
Yet there are situations of racial clashes.
It has now become our fate.
We don't understand the language,
That the world we live in speaks,
So we ridicule the poems and proses,
As a sign of being weak.
What has this world come to?
Why are there scars and bruises?
If asked, we pretend to not have a clue.
Don't ask me why, it's what this world chooses.
There will come a time,
Where there will be no hatred,
All perspectives...
Will soon be related.**

- r.m