

With What

With what reason,
Do we tear apart ourselves, crushing our souls,
Do we pour blood on the path, which we must pass,
Do we play the game of war, with lives that are no pawns.

With what reason,
Do we put ourselves below borders, forgetting who it was that gave them order,
Do we still divide the land, weakening its very sand,
Do we play the game of nations, as we allow the climate to take it all.

With what reason,
Do we create numbers, that take rule over their creators,
Do we let the paper we print, set our fates in ink,
Do we play the game of trade, with that which holds much more than value.

With what power,
Do we deny to play with lives, taking from the chess board its squares and sides,
Do we remember that we bound ourselves, by our own hand in a book of our own rules,
Do we choose to take up the pen once more, assigning our future with more than words.

With what image,
Do we become one people,
Do we say, that we are not separate,
Do we realise, that our breath is one.

All of us,
With the reason given to us,
With the power given to us,
With the image in all of us,