

broken ground, common dreams

An Le - Elizabeth College

Trying to start, trying to write,
Creating something bright and beautiful; out of spite,
Instead of falling into despair,
Though sometimes I'm trapped in that snare.
Figuring out how to cope,
Finding how to hold onto this tattered rope
That some people call hope-
But I feel like I'm losing my mind, and someday, I'll just say nope.
This can't be reality, can it?
This is insanity, damn it.
For once, I'm not talking about me,
I'm talking about all that I see...
Change,
Growing up, things rearrange.
We're going to feel so much shame; when we look back at our history,
For all the coming pain and misery.
The depression and sadness that is sweeping our land,
From evil to madness, that go hand in hand.
Violence, corruption, chaos and greed,
The hate, sin, and pain they all feed.
The victims are fighting, no matter the cost,
Until they lose everything until they are lost.
The selfish, the greedy, the evil, the mean -
Must wash out the hate so we all can be clean.
In a world full of anger, plain and overt,
Will always bring sorrow, sadness, and hurt.
The news flares up as I turn my gaze,
With wars that set the world ablaze.
Conflicts grow, and numbers climb,
While hope retreats, time after time.
Blood on the pavement, blood in the sand,
Violence broadcast, trembling hands.
Leaders bicker, nations clash,
Empires crumble into ash.
Oceans are poisoned, skies turn grey,
Even birds have lost their way.
Behind every statistic, a heartbeat cries,
A longing for peace beneath fractured skies.
A mother weeps, a father mourns,
For every child who won't see the dawn.

"Why am I breathing while others are gone?"
"Why do I linger as life marches on?"
Immune to the chaos, people stumble and roam,
Searching for meaning, for safety, for home.
Children robbed of laughter and light,
Trading innocence for shelter at night.
We're hungry for hope, for water, for bread-
For a gentle word, not hatred to spread.
We built our towers, reaching for the sun,
But forgot the roots from which we'd begun.
We battle for justice, for voices restored,
For a world where compassion is never ignored.
But the world's vast afflictions are mirrored at home,
In the loneliness felt when we struggle alone.
A stranger's death stare, a slur in the hall,
The sting of rejection, the urge to withdraw.
And people critic in a momentary glance,
But miss the nuances of life's dance,
The struggles and joys that make me whole,
And the stories that have shaped my soul.
Quick to judge my worth by what I show-
My clothes, my skin, how I let my hair flow.
They weigh my value on shallow scales,
Missing the storms and sun, my spirit hails.
As the world divides-
Everyone deserves more than just to survive.
Is it too much to yearn for dignity's claim?
To insist that, as humans, we're more than a name?
This poem gives voice to agony and strife,
Illuminates the cracks of life.
It's not the clever rhythm or the rhyme
That lifts us up or helps us climb.
It's the honest ache I dare to show,
A reflection of the world that we all know.
To remind us that peace is the greatest gain-
Found walking with others through sunshine or rain.
So I speak, I write, refuse to fade-
What I build with hope that won't be swayed.
The world is changed not by gold or decree,
But by kindness and courage-by you and me.