

Hope

We are the children, the children of this earth,
we are all different, but the same in so many ways.
We all have people that make the mountains steeper,
who make the valleys lower
to stop us from being able to cross.
But, someday, we will have a say, as this is our future, not yours.

*They say hope is the thing with feathers
and I believe them as I see mine floating further and further away.*

I can only dream for every child an even chance,
a fair chance at a life they so very deserve.
But some people, most people, believe that life is a dictatorship,
not a democracy.
They make choices for the children,
silencing their voices.

*They say hope is the thing with feathers
and I believe them as I see mine floating further and further away.*

Our future should be in the hands of children,
their innocence should lead the way.
I won't stand by and let ignorance spread like mould,
there are still children sleeping in the cold
and yet you spend money on skyscrapers and gold?

*They say hope is the thing with feathers
and I believe them as I see mine floating further and further away.*

I do still have hope that we will become
righteous, compassionate, equal, able and free.
But it won't be easy, you see?
Like the words of a wise philosopher:
a man is born free, but kept free only by compassion.

*They say hope is the thing with feathers
and I believe them as it perches in my soul.*

Freya Parker

