

Is hard to

In every single cell
See a nest of questions:
“Why? How? Where?”

Some talk and complain:
“Why have you departed?”

Wonder how to tell them:
“Branch was cut away!”

I love simple people,
Men, women, children,
The rulers were burners,
So, hate the governments!

Black, White, any race:
“All of us are preys,
In hands of the rulers!”

With one life, not afraid,
I stand, will face them:
“Get lost and go to hell!”

Varied are my friends,
By races and genders
Of their pain, I suffer,
As if head is hammered.

Indigenous and Slaves,
The workers, labourers,
Spend the night and day,
Serving those with power.

And pay back? And return?

Greedy seeks more wealth,
Pay some, fix governments,
Corrupt makes corrupted!

Must stand and face them:
“Get lost and go to hell!”