

A Message of Hope Mohammed Rumman Hossain

Along the crooked streets,
Of a broken old town,
His body in sync with the local beats,
Walks a man
Who belongs to the clan
With the plan,
Of owning the world.

The man grins
As he reminisces his sins,
And he puts his hands in his pockets.
He brings out machine guns, missiles and rockets,
And as a consolation,
He throws in some white sands
To bury the hands,
That dreamt of defending their lands.

They leave their mothers' hands in bands,
But return with a white cloth covering their heads.
Mother cries and weeps,
For in front of her, her future sleeps.

The man in a corner hisses,
For he is someone who never misses,
Whenever two brothers fight,
He supplies them with knives.
From brothers to families,
From families to next of kin,
It is a sick circle of sin.
And it's not their fault,
Because according to the man,
They are just avenging their blood.

But oh God,
Who will tell them?
That underneath our skins,
We all belong to the realm of human beings.

Who will tell them?
That fury returns fury,

That taking another life doesn't give you glory,
That those are the true heroes
Who prevent their brothers from dying in the ditches.

So, God please teach them,
That when things aren't right
Don't try to fight
But instead try and wear white