

War..



*it is just a little word
but keeps in itself the condition
for -what there seems no description*

*it produces loss and hopelessness
and pushes aside love and peace
the fear becomes your closest attendant
who lets you see death in front of you*

*between desperation and violence
you think about the sense of life
and often the thought demands your belief.
that keeps you alive*

*it wakes this process
which infests you
but there are still lights in the darkness
who forget their own pain
to give others hope again*

...and Peace

