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"In Our World, There Are Children"

In our world, there are children in classrooms,
reading until they can't take another word,
writing letters in all arrangements,
finding their way in a world still so new.

They dread homework and projects,
and they dream of the sound of the last bell.

In our world, there are children in warzones,
grieving their destroyed routine,
attending crumbling classrooms,
learning about the harshness of the world.

They dread the sound of the last siren.
and they dream of dreading homework again.

In our world, some children have homes,
And after school, they can bathe in warm water,
and eat warm food,
and sleep in a warm bed.

They fall asleep and dream of worlds not like their own,
of aliens, or wizards, or creatures unknown.

In our world, some children who had homes,
but who now cannot have clean water to drink,
and go days without food to eat,
and have no safe place to sleep.



They lie in bed and dream of worlds not like their own, of comfort, or memories of their old home.

In our world, children are stumbling through grass,

knees bruised from playing in the park,

cheeks sore from smiling,

ribs aching from laughing,

heart full from living.

They point up at a plane, and chase after it,

dreaming of flying one day.

In our world, children are trudging on ruptured pavement,

knees scraped from lying in rubble,

cheeks wet from crying,

ribs ache from starving,

heart dull from living.

They point up at a plane, and run from it,

tears tear through dirt as they cry.

In our world, some children are treated as individuals.

Their ideas are entertained,

their feelings are acknowledged,

Their life is valued.

They are seen as gifts to the world,

And their teachers and guardians would agree, they are the future of the world.

In our world, some children's lives are treated as numbers.

Their very existences are treated as a statistic,

their survival is reduced to a 'political debate,'

Their life is placed under the land they stand on.

They are bombed, starved, and killed,

while the news outlets dance around the word genocide.

In our world, some children would've been friends,

If they hadn't been born in different lands,

not in the earth, or the skies, or the sea,

but in the ways they saw the world to be.

In our world, there are children, much the same as you and me.

They breathe the same,

they feel the same,

They bleed the same.

But in our world, some children think the world can do no wrong,

who only know the sunshine and the hope of days to come,

while other children pray for heaven before their lives are done.

Zoe loves all things music and enjoys playing the guitar and writing lyrics in her free time. She serves as vice president of her school's History Club, participates in the school dance group, and is passionate about volunteering. Zoe aspires to become a successful musician in the future.