

Prison and War

A poem written by a young offender as part of the Creating Community Archives Project

War is like prison in many ways
We're not around for Christmas and birthdays
Our mind wonders and ponders about the day
We're re-united with our families, well we hope and pray

Same stuff going off, just a different day
People hurting one another without little say
Bringing death upon another man is not my game
Stop war or forever hang our heads in shame

I'm sick of soldiers risking their lives in vain
When all the government really fights for is fame
Countries fighting one another without no gain
For money, wealth and power they should be ashamed

In prison the gates open for us one day
We're free to take a breath, and take a step and walk away
Return back to this place, yes some may
However some change their lives, live a better way

In war there's no certain set date
Because any day, lives can be took away
Whether by a knife, gun, bomb or a hand grenade
Families just hope and pray they re-unite some day

Too many die by the hand and a gun
People's fathers, brothers, cousins and sons
Forget wars lets unite as one
Bring peace to the world, get the badness gone

If we take steps together as one
We can make better lives for our grandsons
Good times, we've got them to come
If we get these warzones gone

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