

## **Is it true?**

*Caitlin Brand*

I'm shouting, praying and asking,  
In a pitiful and muffled scream

There are people in the streets,  
Eyes full of hunger and faces full of pained hope, the bones beneath their skin emerging into  
an ugly light, cradling wailing children,  
A man holds up a cardboard sign, asking, the same as I,  
*Where has love gone?*

There are distant sounds of people yelling, Gunshots and an ear-deafening pop.  
There are women, men and children suffering, homes are being burned,  
Death shows no mercy,  
*Why am I being spared?*

There's an illness in the heart, It's black and festering,  
Strangers are screaming and crying for the grip of life to let them go  
There are people taking pills and overdosing, Death is lingering like an unwelcome guest at  
the foot of their beds,  
*Why must they suffer?*

There are teenagers, looking down into white pitted screens,  
Its leeching onto their hand and feasting off them like a virus,  
They're glued to the ultimate fantasy of fame and popularity,  
In a blinding race to be virtually connected, the connection is lost  
*Is this my generation?*

My heart is splitting in a defying cry,  
The Earth is splitting, there are animals dying,  
My tears are like the salty ocean that is rising,  
There's a fire brewing,  
*What have they done to my blooming green forest?*

There are people with weapons of death hidden beneath their extended hand,  
They're lying words are like aimed bullets,  
People in black suits are standing over a corpse,  
Repeating lies like tumbleweed, "Well, it's their fault for being this way, you see, if I was... ",  
*Don't believe their lies.*

There are families breaking,  
I can hear the sound of hitting and kicking,  
I can hear the sound of an erie and fearful quiet,  
I see the bruises, purple and blue  
*What do I do?*

There are people sitting in wide and big houses, they're sitting on thrones of mounted cash and money.

Greed is whispering short wisps of breath in their ears, its tantalizing spell erasing their humanity,

As they take and take till all their pockets are full, not a single thought to the man holding up a cardboard sign

*Is this what will define us?*

There are governments and leaders leading, their marching us to war,

To a war against our world, To a war against ourselves, To a war against the raging universe.

They're dealing in weapons that can damage and destroy our planet in a push of a button,

*Why must we always evolve during conflict?*

While I see and I hear and I feel, I can't do anything,

What can I even do? I have no voice.

Everyone has lost their voices, there's a deep and eternal silence

Nothing I say will matter, my words will be lost in a sea of endless thoughts and songs,

A passing thought, a passing feeling, a passing of time

*What will I think of me, the day that the world ends?*

**Will this be the world I will grow and die in?**

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