

Children Of War

Innocent children killed every day,
It cannot be avoided, for they can't run away.
They do not understand and we can only ask why.

I see no reason for them to die.

They have done nothing; they are not to blame,

They should not be a part of this adult game.

A young child stands alone in a devastated street,

His parents are dead; he has no shoes on his feet.

As day turns to night, he is all alone,

In a deserted world, which to him is unknown.

His eyes search the debris, he does not ask for much,

Just a comforting word and a tender touch.

As it starts to get colder, he begins to cry.

Another helpless child left to die.