

World as we know it”
By Tahmina Chowdhury

What do we talk about and what do we not
I wish there was a moment in discussions where we would just stop,
Without any question, or someone to blame,
We will just stop where we have started
And go along with the claim,
We see a world full of victims,
constantly changing its name,
Yet we can never stop being the culprit
it's like a vicious game,
Some deaths would be just numbers,
some would be a race,
You know where you just want to win it,
and gain your desired fame,
I wish we would grieve first then would know his race,
I mean he just wanted to breathe when we saw his face,
I mean how could we forget the air we breathe is still the same,
And even if our skin chose to differ,
We have the same shame,
We are all battling the same fight,
It's just we are in a different flame,
We don't talk much until we lose some souls,
And take pride if we win against the whole,
We have seen chaos when someone takes his life,
And wonder why didn't he talk
Where words are used as knife,
Then we will start the blame game
as we learn to cope,
You were never a saint,
Yet you are what you hope,
I give up being people and stand out along the way,
I chose to be a victim,
And you do justice is what I pray.