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The Cage

I am imprisoned inside a cage.

A cage that has no key and that hasn't been unlocked ever since my young age.

The first side of the cage is filled with orphans of ages three and four.

Orphans that haven't seen their long gone parents before.

Orphans that haven't felt the feeling of a mothers hug.

Orphans that have been played with by men of war, like they were hockey pucks.

The second side of this putrid cage, is filled with parents, whom have seen their children get tortured to death

Parents that always think about their lost children, trying to catch their breath.

Parents that cherish their children's key chain, or t-shirt every day.

Remembering how they used to happily play.

The third side is filled with peacemakers from around the world, hoping they could stop the war step by step, or piece by piece.

Peacemakers who have tried to make the men of war convert to men of peace.

Peacemakers whom have tried to put an end to the ruckus.

And then give the traumatized people their well-deserved justice.

Finally, the entrance of this jail cell, is replete with the men of war.

The men whom have caused the heartache, and the pain of not knowing if we'll see the sun again.

If we'll get to live another day.

If we'll get to have the chance to say goodbye to my parents, and the world they ruined.

There is still a sliver of hope I have left in my pierced heart.

Hope that I can save the parents, orphans, and peacemakers from this room filled with deaths art.

Hope that we don't have to die today.

Hope that we don't have to die in this terrible way.

Hope that we'll make it out of this, and back to where we belong, back home entrapped and unable to leave the arms of my mother and father.

Hope that my country won't have to fall into the eternal pit of darkness.

Hope that this nightmare of horror will end.