

Make peace, not war

Make peace, not war, dear one

For there is naught a war that has ever truly been won.

Weapons and guns, they are not right,

Against bombs and tanks one cannot fight.

So see the blood that pours down thy skin,

See the salty tears of thy kin,

See the eternal gray that is the sky,

For as that bullet passes by,

A child will run for mother,

And watch the poison smother

Everyone, who is unfortunate

Enough, to be within the gate.

Oh! The confines that they create,

Make thou unable to escape thy fate.

Alas, the war of arms is not the only one fought.

Sometimes, in thy worries, thou shalt get caught.

And then how, my sweet, will thou fight?

How will thou showcase all thy might?

Will on thy skin, create scars thee?

Will thou be prepared to pay the fee?

Of being able to survive such sorrow;

Or that of being thine own hero?

Perhaps, thou are not strong,

Or maybe thou have warred far too long.

Is it something cruel thou heard,

That made thy soul spoil like curd?

Have the voices started whispering yet?

*Telling thou, once more to fret,
About what thou did years before.
Something that shook thy very core.
And if thou have survived till now,
And learnt to love thyself somehow,*

*Then at thy feet, I fall,
Asking thou to forgive us all,
For the sins that made thou bleed,
For the pain we constantly feed,
With our bitter, stinging words,
That cut thou like sharpened swords.
But if thou haven't yet made peace,
Then thy demons shall never cease.*

*So make peace, not war, dear one
For there is naught a war that has ever truly been won.*

- Trisha Gaitonde

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