**OURS TO REASON WHY**

Must I hate my brother’s skin?

Shall I learn the way of war?

Oh the world in my heart knows gentle dreams.

While the fear in my mind knows before.

Have you heard the women screaming to the distant cannon roar?

Counted sleeves pinned neatly at the side?

Legs that met the steel and died?

Loves that read the news and cried?

Old friends who are no more.

Why were they all so poor?

*PHILLIP PAUL. 12/07/1971*

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