

Voice for Choice

Eyes full of wonder,
Wandering the midnight sky,
Heart, having time to ponder,
Of the privilege we have by our side.

There is always light, There is equally dark,
They are balanced, and in between,
Choice, freedom to choose our voice.

Yet beyond some experiences,
To parts of humanity we see,
Their fairness more like an empty void,
Compared to you or me.

Under control,
People suffer,
Because of no rights,
They have to obey.

Religion. So tightly squeezed. Too controlled to guide.
Cultures. So pushed aside, too ignored to mean.
Democracy. No right to say against, too fenced to have value.

Since we have the choice,
Where do we use our voice?

To vote, to express, to show our opinions.
Our rights should be told to more than millions.
We have the privilege, we have the freedom,

So let's raise our flag,
Protest against stag events,
Rip the gag and use our voice,
To balance out our light and dark.

Eyes full of answers.
Staring at the light of dawn
Heart, agreeing the end result,
Of how privilege should be given to all humankind.