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Kids in the Street

Rachel Kennedy

Smoke fills the air. Buildings tremble
and rupture at the bombs' fall.
Hatred beating from a drum struck centuries ago.
Two brothers fighting a battle already

Lost.

Cherished homes drowned in the blood
Of fallen fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters.
And each night, the air grows heavier and louder
With screams from those already

Dead.

The Blood and War wage on. Night turns into day.
Dusk into dawn. A clock that keeps ticking on.
Survival is all that's on their minds,
For one newborn breath may already be the

Last.

When did our lives become meaningless slaughter?
Filthy words and seven seconds spent worlds away
Decide the lives of the kids here.
Screaming in the street the fight for life already

Rob'd.

The seed that was planted eons ago in a moment of bitter hate,
Nurtured in blood, filled with venom to bring my sisters brothers, and I
Six feet deep, has reddened our hands for long enough
And will be burned from the fires within for we're already

Pis'd.

We are the generation of the end.
End of slaughter, of massacre, of corpses scattered in the streets
Frozen in the last horrors of their lives. This bloodshed
Will never get our last breath for we are already

Gone.

Crumbling our own fortresses and leaving our weapons behind. Running,
Laughing down and across the devastation and rubble.
The kids who dare to hold hands and leave.
The war lost in the yesterdays, the kids who have already

Won.