

The world is at rest, breathing in and out, everything silent.
The birds flying through the air do not make a sound,
The fish in the sea do not spew bubbles.
They are scared to cry out,
scared to raise their voice against Him.
The wolves do not howl and the frogs do not croak.
The beasts do not produce a noise
This is the world I was born into.
But I am not like the others, their stares, trying to stop me,
Their looks, trying to keep me from standing up
For me
For the birds, and the beasts,
For the children and the adults
For everyone.
Because I am the only one with a voice.
I am the only one not scared to cry out,
I rebel when no one else does,
And I am punished simply for having a voice

I live in a world split in two
The Light side lives in riches, gold and wine
The Dark side lives in poverty and dirt.
He rules from the light,
Punishes us,
Abuses us.
Just because we look different from Him,
We are treated like outcasts in our home country
We are put down,
Shamed,
Humiliated,
Called criminals for a crime we didn't commit,
Called thieves for something someone else stole.
This is the world I live in.

There are two kinds of people on the Light side.
There are the people who know about us, and don't care
They ignore our pleas for help and shun us,
And there are people who don't know about us,
Sheltered from knowing that there is a whole other world
right past the gates of the Light.

I know that this sounds like a fantasy novel,
But the saddening truth is that this,
This isn't that different from the real world