

Poetry

Echoes of War, Whispers of Peace - Micheal Kwasi Ackumey

The cannons roar, the skies turn gray,
As tears of sorrow flood the land,
Yet hope still flickers in the fray,
A gentle touch, a guiding hand.

The wounded cry, the nations bleed,
While hatred fuels the flames anew,
But love can plant a lasting seed,
Where peace and kindness once outgrew.

So lay your weapons, break the chains,
Let hearts embrace, let wounds be healed,
For mercy's voice still soft remains,
Where swords are dropped and peace revealed.