

## **The Culture of Peace**

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We have all once dreamt of a different life,  
Mine hit me like a cold shower today,  
As a family of cyclists rode past me,  
I cannot cycle to save my life,  
Nor do I want to, really.  
But I wondered what that would look like.

"What if I was born in a different country?"  
A different family. With different friends,  
"Who would I be?"  
Another accent. Another struggle.  
Another dot of data.

Speaking of struggles,  
What does a girl in Gaza wish for?  
Or a boy in South Sudan?  
The Chibok girls didn't dream of dolls for Christmas.

They dreamt of peace,  
Of the warmth of their mother's bosom,  
Of laughter and carefree play,  
Of choice and freedom to be,  
And although I may be a thousand miles away,  
I echo that cry.

Peace speaks many languages,  
In Yoruba, IsiXhosa, or Spanish.  
It's in the silent prayers and loud marches,  
It says only one thing;  
"Give me a chance to dream and hope",  
Because beneath our skin tones and ideologies,  
Peace is the hope we share.