

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 13
Number 1 *The Dreaming Tree*

Article 24

Winter 3-1-1994

Colours

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Recommended Citation

Lie, Kam (1994) "Colours," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 13 : No. 1 , Article 24.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol13/iss1/24>

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Colours
by Kam Lie

Love makes the world go around they say.
From the looks of things I would say that it is money.
People ignoring the wrongs of the world,
Just living in their own little corner.

Oh where has the love gone, I know not.
For me there has only been hatred and greed.
I was born into a world that knows not its purpose.
For it destroys itself constantly.

Did everyone just stop caring at once?
It definitely seems so to me.
Where people are judged by how they look.
And the colour of the skin they were born with.

Sometimes I wonder what my life would be
With a different skin colour than my own.
Would people not stare and gasp,
Had I the same skin tone as their own?

But life is never fair, this I am told
And this is my only realization thus far.
Yet I still spend my life searching,
for that elusive feeling of being loved.

The world is one of conformity,
It is much easier to hate than to love.
And so the world goes on hating,
But what this world needs really is love.