Help Stop the Violence

It was a normal summer night
Or at least that's how it began
When a shot broke out during a fight
And lying dead was one man
Little did the murderer know
What he had caused people to go through
Or of the places that he would go
And that there were other people he hurt too.

The mom was watching a T.V. show
When the phone rang that night
When the officer told her what she needed to know
Of that fatal fight
She started to scream and she started to cry
And asked the Lord why her son had to die
How was she to go on without her son
She could only visit his grave and that isn't fun.

They caught the man and brought him in
He denied doing that horrible sin
He was found guilty and was sentenced to death
That's when he gave up telling the lie
He was powerful with a gun
But he was powerless when he didn't have a gun

Sure he made some money and was on a roll
But at the same time he took a soul
That is something he can't give back
So doesn't he think he should get on the right track?
What does violence solve when you go through each day?
Nothing at all! So why did he do it?

The answer that comes to mind is ignorance
Not knowing the victim's feelings or the effect
Or the effect of his victimizing during those moments
Or of the many lives that he chose to destroy
He was taught but it never sank in
Until after he went to court and his "new life" began

Five years down the road the mom is still in grief
There seems to be nothing that gives her some relief
Every night she cries herself to sleep
The wound that the crime caused was real deep
She quit going to work and then lost her job
Because of the effects when one man decided to rob
Not only did he steal her son's personal things
But he stole her son and gave her all the pain that it brings

The violence needs to stop but we don't know where to begin
The will to change and help has to come from within
Until we stop and take a look at the pain we are causing
People will continue to get hurt and it just keeps evolving
The best way to help is not to hurt a single person
So the world gets better and doesn't worsen.

By Tremaine Fung