"DO THE RIGHT THING POEM"

Violence, behind its own definition it means depression and segregation.

"why! "where!" "how!", is what they say pryingly about their lost ones tragedy.

Others are afraid to go out, thinking them going to get involved in a bout.

Others looking for revenge causing the death rate to never descend, and they never repent.

Kill-> jail-> kill is their drill that fulfils.

Everyday hearing violence in the news gets me thinking "I could also be screwed".

How could my heart be in peace? When I know I could be decease within a "tick".

Worries, hurries something's that I'll have until the violence gets accurately obscurely.

Are y'all tired of being in the depression? , if yes, we could form a big organization and come up with a conclusion.

Actions speak louder than words right? Instead of making a fist, why don't we just talk and let it release?

Without the physical pain, we can use our knowledge and morals to break the chains.

Fighting is useless, but talking and solving is like acing a test.

Our motive should be to decrease the tears from our pears who get depressed every year.