Violence Poem

There's a lot of violence. But people stay silent and they get lawyers hoping to become clients. People beating up other people and talking about other people's mothers. And lovers can't sleep at night with a pillow and covers. Parents hate to see their kids bruised or crying. Defamately not to see them dying. But when we stick together in any weather to stock up to bullying. Deep inside what are you really doing. And bullies, think about what you are doing is it good or bad. Like your followers or by standers. People like you don't make high standers. That's why you end up in jail.

By, Bethie Jean Clemenceau