

# **Discrimination Has No Bounds**

By Mariam Atcha

## **More than Color**

In this world filled with vast colors and hues,  
The world is happy and vibrant and true.  
But somewhere along the way hatred sank deep,  
And soon the wounds of discrimination began to weep.

Black we know, a color of resilience and strength,  
Was cast aside by the world and held at arm's length.  
The color so strong, was struck by prejudice,  
It became a target for hatred, fueled by pure injustice.

White we know too, a color of purity, painted their own image,  
As the color of peace was concealed, by burning privilege.  
Committing wrongful acts and enforcing their superiority,  
Years of abuse and hatred made black a wrongfully feared minority.

White became tainted and black was tamed,  
Bigotry and bias, discrimination was named.

The world was bright and had so much to offer.  
But slowly it dulled, and things became somber.  
The vibrant hues vanished, and blues took its place.  
Now, the world was focused on skin color and race.

## **Silent Thoughts, Rageful Fires**

I think to myself...  
Our faith, it is varying.  
Our souls, they are carrying.  
But differences of one's religion  
Are creating immense societal division.

When beliefs clash and disturb the peace,  
That is when religious discrimination plants its seed.  
Whether it is in mosques, temples or churches and halls.  
It is not our right to judge whether any god is true or false.

But still, we find a way to do,  
as the drift between us all grows, and hatred obstructs our view.  
Hate crimes committed, gods and places of worships defiled,  
Tell me, when did the world and its people become so *vile*?

I may believe in this, and you may believe in something different.  
But let us not tear each other apart, we must refuse to be so insolent.  
There is enough room in this world for multiple faiths.  
Why do we hate one another when every one of our gods is great.

So let us work with one another to slay this demon,  
Of religious discrimination, causing conflict with no reason.  
Let us live in peace with one another despite our differences.  
Let us achieve the highest level possible of unified wholeness.

But somehow...  
I feel like I'd be preaching to a deaf choir,  
As I watch on the news,  
my father's mosque, burning like a pyre.

## **A Mothers Love**

I will teach my daughter and my son,  
That they are both equal, they are both a one.  
He is not more, and she is not less,  
They both must remember and not forget.

Society will work hard to tear her down.  
And build his ego high and put him in a crown.  
But a mother will work harder to save her children,  
What any person says, they mustn't listen.

Because the world we know, has fixed gender norms.  
With power dynamics, they'll worked tirelessly to see our kids conform.  
But from mother to mother, we can change this fate.  
If we only raise our children better and get rid of this hate.

From man to woman and person to person,  
We can change the world, get rid of this version.  
A world where we are not influenced by looks and gender.  
So, our sons and daughters can *both* be at the center.

I refuse to see my children, in competition,  
With one another when both deserve recognition.  
So, I say these words in hopes that they listen,  
Let love, unity and respect guide their ambition.