

Writing History

We do have our own stories
They are etched deep in our souls
But they rarely end up on paper
For we are not in control
We are not the ones to say
Just how we think and feel
Only when others write it for us
Does our history become real

When they look at us they see nothing
In our weary eyes they cannot see
A reflection of their hopes and fears
Of our own shared humanity
So they write our history for us
As they decide who lives and dies
Filling the pages of their nooks
With myths, half-truths and lies

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