

Where?

Where is the world we were told that we'd share?

A place we all feel loved, accepted, all fair -

Where one's life isn't judged just by colors or hair?

And to be somewhat different wouldn't make you feel scared -

Because life and its people aren't one judgment, we're layered -

Where? Where is that world?

Where?

Where is the promise that many would declare?

That hard work, dedication, and empathy pays manageable wages -

Where one's title or trade won't get judgmental glares?

There are young with no food while billionaires hide in their lairs -

The best deals now repeatedly checked to ensure they're not snares -

Tragedies now only refunded in a wave of thoughts and prayers?

Where?

Where is the fair share they said would be there?

Where?

Where?

Where is the peace that removes your despair?
Do you seek it in moments or in drugs that impair?
Is it worth all of your riches or just some small flair?
Is it all that you have, is it too much to spare?
In the time of your passing, will it go to your heir?
Can you show it to others or is it a silent cross to bear?
Would it make others proud or make them silently stare?
Could you live life without it, like water or air?
Is it comfort and safety, special armor you'd wear?
Do you need more than others because life's been unfair?
Does it make you complete, does it make you aware?
Are you compatible with it, you and it a perfect pair?
So many deep questions, probably starting to scare -
Do you know where your peace is? Where is it?

Where?

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