

some
by Nishaun Smith

Some only clothes is tattered and torn.
Some deprived baby just been born.
Some live all day on a dime from dawn.
Some fight all the way till their energy is gone.
Some have no place, of destiny, only for others they run.
Some ask in wonder, "When I grow up, why can't I become?"
Some sing the song of enslavement till their sound is faded on.

www.nishaun.com

www.about-god.org

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