

YOUTH UNITED
POEM BY YADIELL DEAUTRIELL, MIAMI

Youth united, limitless, free — the sky is the limit as far as the eye can see.

Sure, the pressure is very tight — the war for peace is putting up a fight.

But can you handle the responsibility of bringing the world and all humanity to their senses, their missions? Happiness is for all. Happiness is the mission.

As youth, we must challenge to win over darkness that seems to drag us to our knees, down onto the ground, where one finds pennies — that's not where hope is found.

We are sisters, we are brothers—strong beacons, we help one another. Pray for me and I'll pray for you. Soft power is what I am tellin' you!

Not the violence that rains down on me, or the hatred pouring endlessly, with the warm vibes of the sun's rays and the kind words that we all say to each other, my sister girl and my brother.

As we take on this task, we tend to grasp and uproot a handful of karma. Not in my garden of sunflowers! No siree! Those distasteful devilish functions disguised as weeds, trying to grow in my bed of fortune. Not a chance!

Looking into the field of flowers budding our benefits one by one, not forgetting our mission, we have already won!

Leading our fellow youth onto the correct path, one foot in front of the other—we're not looking back!

We're strong and we're youth, the beacons of hope for all humanity.