

Poem to mark the 75th anniversary of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights

The Battle of...

The crimson red stain on the landscape,
reeks of a thick, rich odour.
Prying hands of restraint
grasp my chains, holding me,
Placing a mask on my
withering, fruitless face.
Silencing the voice echoing within.

A raw light creeps upon my face,
ripping off the mask.
Releasing my enriched song,
inheriting the fresh air we
breathe to fight the beast.
For freedom goes beyond any
injustice of corrupt beings faced.

By Hadassah Smith, Manx Youth Bard