Written by Moses ABOLADE

TEACH US PEACE

Before the First Bullet

I saw calm women on the street,
Their children safe, the air was sweet.
No sound of sirens, no fear to flee;
Just laughter rising, wild and free.
That's the peace we long to keep.

No rubble, smoke, or school in flames,
No boys with guns, no warlike games.
Just books and dreams inside their hands,
And teachers drawing peaceful plans.
Don't wait to teach, while time still stands.

It's cheap right now, just words and will,
No coffins yet, no blood to spill.
But when the sky begins to burn,
And lessons cease, and none return,
You will wish you taught when there was time still.

Don't be the one who speaks too late,
When peace is ash and sealed by fate.
The best defense is minds aware;
Plant hope before there's none to care,
Before war poisons every gate.

So teach us peace while hearts are still,
Before the pull, before the kill.
Before the drums, before we fall,
Before the bullet silences all,
Teach us peace...before the call.