As I watch the white morning frost
My brother watches the lives being lost
I drink and eat to my hearts content
But my brother can only eat and drink to lament
I enjoy the company of family and friends
My brother can only witness violent ends

As I look out, I would see laughter and happiness
But as my brother watches he would see despair and sadness
My brother does not eat or drink with me
Nor does he know what joys and privileges I receive
But he is my brother, nonetheless
from the same soil, more or less

In my world people run and jump for sheer competition
People there run and jump when being shot by ammunition
They cannot react in an accepted way
As they do not have time to delay
The point is to be aware and aggressive
Or the results will be dark and massive

Enjoy your company and your festive break
But never forget them for heaven’s sake

by
Neelan Sriranjan
Born in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Neelan is a Grade 10 Student who has visited Northeast Sri Lanka and experienced the situation himself.