The poem of grandfathers and hands

Today we hold each others' hand
we're one- we're friends- we are
people who are fighting
for peace and not for war.

Our grandfathers couldn't believe there's peace
couldn't believe there will be an end
four years in fear, for years in pain
to understand we are the same.

Today we are not enemies
we're one- we're friends- we are
people who were invited
by the others not so far.

We want to make you see
We want to make you know
One generation plants the tree
the others get the shade
It may be many years ago
but it is not too late.

Vanessa Keller, 12.11.2013