

## **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