

I had a paintbox-  
Each colour glowing with delight,  
I had no red for wounds or blood,  
I had no black for an orphaned child,  
I had no white for the face of the  
dead,  
I had no yellow for burning sands,  
I had orange for joy and life,  
I had green for buds and blooms,  
I had blue for clear blue skies,  
I had pink for dreams and rest,  
So I sat down  
And painted  
Peace



Poem taken from "My Shalom, My Peace" – Paintings and poems by Jewish & Arab Children"  
The poem is by a nine-year-old boy who has known only war since he was born.